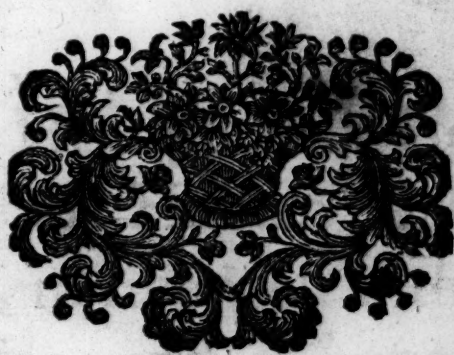


T H E
G U A R D I A N.

V O L. II.



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THE

GUARDIAN

VOLUME



Presented to the British Museum
by the Trustees of the
British Museum



T O

Mr. *PULTENEY*.

S I R,



THE greatest Honour
of Human Life, is
to live well with Men
of Merit; and I hope You
will pardon me the Vanity of
Publishing, by this Means, my
Happiness in being able to
Name You among my Friends.

A 2

The

The Dedication.

The Conversation of a Gentleman, that has a refined Taste of Letters, and a Disposition in which those Letters found nothing to Correct, but very much to Exert, is a good Fortune too uncommon to be enjoyed in Silence: In others, the greatest Business of Learning is to weed the Soil; in You, it had nothing else to do, but to bring forth Fruit. Affability, Complacency, and Generosity of Heart, which are natural to You, wanted nothing from Litterature, but to refine and direct the Application of them. After I have boasted I
had



The Dedication.

had some share in Your Familiarity, I know not how to do You the Justice of celebrating You for the Choice of an Elegant, and Worthy Acquaintance, with whom You live in the happy Communication of generous Sentiments, which contribute, not only to Your own mutual Entertainment and Improvement, but to the Honour and Service of Your Country. Zeal for the Publick Good is the Characteristick of a Man of Honour, and a Gentleman, and must take place of Pleasures, Profits, and all other private Gratifications.

The Dedication.

tifications; whoever wants this Motive, is an open Enemy, or an Inglorious Neuter to Mankind, in Proportion to the misapplied Advantages with which Nature and Fortune have blessed him. But You have a Soul animated with Nobler Views, and know that the Distinction of Wealth and Plenteous Circumstances, is a Tax upon an Honest Mind, to endeavour, as much as the Occurrences of Life will give him leave, to guard the Properties of others, and be vigilant for the Good of his Fellow-Subjects.

This

The Dedication.

This generous Inclination, no Man possesses in a warmer degree than your self; which, that Heaven would Reward with long Possession of that Reputation into which You have made so early an Entrance, the Reputation of a Man of Sense, a good Citizen, an agreeable Companion, a disinterested Friend, and an unbiaffed Patriot, is the hearty Prayer of,

S I R,

Your most Obliged,

and most Obedient,

Humble Servant,

The GUARDIAN,

This generous Inclination,
no Man possesses in a warmer
degree than your self; which
that Heaven would reward with
long Possession of that Reputa-
tion into which You have made
so early an Entrance, the Re-
putation of a Man of sense,
a good Citizen, an agreeable
Companion, a disinterested
Friend, and an unbiased Part-
is the hearty Prayer of





THE GUARDIAN.

VOL. II.

N^o 83. Tuesday, June 16. 1713.

*Nimirum insanus paucis videatur, eo quod
Maxima pars hominum morbo jactatur eodem.* Hor.

THERE is a restless Endeavour in the Mind of Man after Happiness. This Appetite is wrought into the Original Frame of our Nature, and exerts it self in all parts of the Creation that are endued with any degree of Thought or Sense. But as the Human Mind is dignified by a more comprehensive Faculty than can be found in the Inferior Animals, it is natural for Men not only to have an Eye, each to his own Happiness, but also to endeavour to promote that of others in the same Rank of Being: And in proportion to the Generosity that is ingredient in the Temper of the Soul, the Object of its Benevolence is of a larger or narrower Extent. There is hardly a Spirit upon

VOL. II.

B

Earth

Earth so mean and contracted, as to center all Regards on its own Interest, exclusive of the rest of Mankind. Even the selfish Man hath some share of Love, which he bestows on his Family and his Friends. A nobler Mind hath at Heart the common Interest of the Society or Country of which he makes a Part. And there is still a more diffusive Spirit, whose Being or Intentions reach the whole Mass of Mankind, and are continued beyond the present Age, to a Succession of future Generations.

THE Advantage arising to him who hath a Tincture of this Generosity on his Soul, is, that he is affected with a sublimer Joy than can be comprehended by one who is destitute of that noble Relish. The Happiness of the rest of Mankind hath a natural Connexion with that of a reasonable Mind. And in proportion, as the Actions of each Individual contribute to this End, he must be thought to deserve well or ill both of the World and of himself. I have in a late Paper observed, that Men who have no reach of Thought do oft misplace their Affections on the Means, without respect to the End, and by a preposterous desire of things in themselves indifferent, forego the Enjoyment of that Happiness which those things are instrumental to obtain. This Observation has been considered with regard to Critics and Misers; I shall now apply it to *Free-Thinkers*.

LIBERTY and Truth are the main Points which these *Free-Thinkers* pretend to have in view;



view; to proceed, therefore methodically, I will endeavour to shew in the first Place that Liberty and Truth are not in themselves desirable, but only as they relate to a further End. And Secondly, that the sort of Liberty and Truth (allowing them those Names) which our *Free-Thinkers* use all their Industry to promote, is destructive of that End, viz. Human Happiness: And consequently, that Species, as such, instead of being encouraged or esteemed, merit the Detestation and Abhorrence of all honest Men. And in the last Place I design to shew, that under the Pretence of advancing Liberty and Truth, they do in reality promote the two contrary Evils.

AS to the first Point, It has been observed that it is the Duty of each particular Person to aim at the Happiness of his Fellow-Creatures; and that as this View is of a wider or narrower Extent, it argues a Mind more or less virtuous. Hence it follows, that a Liberty of doing good Actions which conduce to the Felicity of Mankind, and a Knowledge of such Truths as might either give us Pleasure in the Contemplation of them, or direct our Conduct to the great Ends of Life, are valuable Perfections. But shall a good Man, therefore, prefer a Liberty to commit Murder or Adultery, before the wholsom restraint of Divine and Human Laws? Or shall a wise Man prefer the Knowledge of a troublesom and afflicting Truth, before a pleasant Error that would cheer his Soul with Joy and Comfort, and be attended with no ill Consequen-

ces? Surely no Man of common Sense would thank him, who had put it in his Power to execute the sudden Suggestions of a Fit of Passion or Madness, or imagine himself obliged to a Person, who by forwardly informing him of ill News, had caused his Soul to anticipate that Sorrow which she would have never felt, so long as the ungrateful Truth lay concealed.

LET us then respect the Happiness of our Species, and in this Light examine the Proceedings of the *Free-Thinkers*. From what Giants and Monsters would these Knight-errants undertake to free the World? From the Ties that Religion imposeth on our Minds, from the Expectation of a future Judgment, and from the Terrors of a troubled Conscience, not by reforming Mens Lives, but by giving Encouragement to their Vices. What are those Important Truths of which they would convince Mankind? That there is no such thing as a wise and just Providence; That the Mind of Man is Corporeal; That Religion is a State-trick, contrived to make Men honest and virtuous, and to procure a Subsistence to others for teaching and exhorting them to be so; That the good Tidings of Life and Immortality, brought to Light by the Gospel, are Fables and Impostures: From believing that we are made in the Image of God, they would degrade us to an Opinion that we are on a Level with the Beasts that perish. What Pleasure or what Advantage do these Notions bring

bring to Mankind? Is it of any Use to the Publick that good Men should lose the comfortable Prospect of a Reward to their Virtue, or the Wicked be encouraged to persist in their Impiety, from an Assurance that they shall not be punished for it hereafter?

ALLOWING, therefore, these Men to be Patrons of Liberty and Truth, yet it is of such Truths and that sort of Liberty which makes them justly be looked upon as Enemies to the Peace and Happiness of the World. But upon a thorough and impartial View it will be found that their Endeavours, instead of advancing the Cause of Liberty and Truth, tend only to introduce Slavery and Error among Men. There are two Parts in our Nature, the Baser, which consists of our Senses and Passions, and the more Noble and Rational, which is properly the *Human* Part, the other being common to us with Brutes. The inferior Part is generally much stronger, and has always the start of Reason, which, if in the perpetual Struggle between them, it were not aided from Heaven by Religion, wou'd almost universally be vanquish'd, and Man become a Slave to his Passions, which as it is the most grievous and shameful Slavery, so it is the genuine Result of that Liberty which is proposed by overturning Religion. Nor is the other Part of their Design better executed. Look into their pretended Truths; are they not so many wretched Absurdities, maintained in Opposition to the Light of Nature and Divine Revelation by sly Innuendos and cold

Jeſts, by ſuch pitiful Sophiſms and ſuch confuſed and indigeſted Notions, that one would vehemently ſuſpect thoſe Men uſurped the Name of *Free-Thinkers*, with the ſame View that Hypocrites do that of Godlineſs, that it may ſerve for a Cloak to cover the contrary Deſect.

I ſhall cloſe this Diſcourſe with a Parallel Reflection on theſe three Species, who ſeem to be allied, by a certain Agreement, in Mediocrity of Underſtanding. A *Critick* is intirely given up to the Purſuit of Learning; when he has got it, is his Judgment clearer, his Imagination livelier, or his Manners more polite than thoſe of other Men? Is it obſerved that a *Miſer*, when he has acquired his ſuperfluous Eſtate, eats, drinks, or ſleeps with more Satisfaction, that he has a chearfuller Mind, or reliſhes any of the Enjoyments of Life better than his Neighbours? The *Free-Thinkers* plead hard for a Licence to think freely; they have it; but what Uſe do they make of it? Are they eminent for any ſublime Discoveries in any of the Arts and Sciences? Have they been Authors of any Inventions that conduce to the Well-being of Mankind? Do their Writings ſhew a greater depth of Deſign, a clearer Method, or more juſt and correct Reasoning than thoſe of other Men?

THE RE is a great Reſemblance in their Genius, but the *Critick* and *Miſer* are only Ridiculous and Contemptible Creatures, while the *Free-Thinker* is alſo a Pernicious one.

Wednesday,

N^o 84. Wednesday, June 17.

Non missura cutem nisi plena cruoris hirudo. Hor.

To the Honour'd NESTOR IRONSIDE, Esq;

SIR, Middle-Temple, June 12.

PRESUMING you may sometimes con-
 descend to take Cognizance of small
 Enormities, I here lay one before you, which
 I proceed to without further Apology, as
 well knowing that the best Compliment to
 a Man of Business is to come to the Point.
THERE is a silly Habit among many of
 our Minor Orators, who display their Elo-
 quence in the several Coffee-houses of this
 fair City, to the no small Annoyance of con-
 siderable Numbers of her Majesty's spruce
 and loving Subjects, and that is a Humour they
 have got of twisting off your Buttons. These
 Ingenious Gentlemen are not able to ad-
 vance three Words till they have got fast
 hold of one of your Buttons; but as soon as
 they have procured such an excellent han-
 dle for Discourse, they will indeed proceed
 with great Elocution. I know not how well
 some may have escaped, but for my part I
 have often met with them to my Cost; hav-
 ing I believe within these three Years last

‘ past been argued out of several Dozens; in-
‘ somuch that I have for some Time ordered
‘ my Taylor to bring me home with every
‘ Suit a dozen at least of spare ones, to supply
‘ the Place of such as from time to time are
‘ detached as an Help to Discourse, by the
‘ vehement Gentlemen before-mentioned.
‘ This way of holding a Man in Discourse is
‘ much practised in the Coffee-houses within
‘ the City, and does not indeed so much pre-
‘ vail at the politer End of the Town. It is
‘ likewise more frequently made use of a-
‘ mong the small Politicians, than any other
‘ Body of Men: I am therefore something
‘ cautious of entering into a Controversie
‘ with this Species of Statesmen, especially
‘ the younger Fry; for if you offer in the least
‘ to dissent from any thing that one of these
‘ advances, he immediately steps up to you,
‘ takes hold of one of your Buttons, and in-
‘ deed will soon convince you of the Strength
‘ of his Argumentation. I remember upon
‘ the News of *Dunkirk* being delivered into
‘ our Hands, a brisk little Fellow, a Politi-
‘ cian and an able Engineer, had got into the
‘ middle of *Batson’s* Coffee-house, and was
‘ fortifying *Graveling*, for the Service of the
‘ most Christian King, with all imaginable Ex-
‘ pedition. The Work was carried on with
‘ such Success, that in less than a quater of
‘ an Hour’s time he had made it almost im-
‘ pregnable, and, in the Opinion of several
‘ worthy Citizens who had gather’d round
‘ him, full as strong both by Sea and Land as

‘ *Dun-*

‘ *Dunkirk* ever could pretend to be. I hap-
‘ pened, however, unadvisedly to attack some
‘ of his Outworks ; upon which, to shew his
‘ great Skill likewise in the Offensive Part, he
‘ immediately made an Assault upon one of
‘ my Buttons, and carried it in less than two
‘ Minutes, notwithstanding I made as hand-
‘ some a Defence as was possible: He had
‘ likewise invested a second, and would cer-
‘ tainly have been Master of that too in a very
‘ little time, had not he been diverted from
‘ this Enterprize by the Arrival of Courier,
‘ who brought Advice that his Presence was
‘ absolutely necessary in the Disposal of a Bea-
‘ ver; upon which he raised the Siege, and
‘ indeed retired with some Precipitation. In
‘ the Coffee-houses here about the *Temple* you
‘ may Harangue even among our Dablers in
‘ Politicks for about two Buttons a Day, and
‘ many times for less. I had yesterday the good
‘ Fortune to receive very considerable Addi-
‘ tions to my Knowledge in State Affairs, and
‘ I find this Morning that it has not stood me
‘ in above a Button. In most of the eminent
‘ Coffee-houses at the other end of the Town,
‘ for example, to go no farther than *Will’s* in
‘ *Covent-Garden*, the Company is so refined,
‘ that you may hear and be heard, and not
‘ be a Button the worse for it. Besides the
‘ Gentlemen before-mentioned, there are o-
‘ thers who are no less active in their Ha-
‘ rangues, but with gentle Services rather than
‘ Robberies. These, while they are impro-
‘ ving your Understanding, are at the same
‘ time

‘ time setting off your Person ; they will new
‘ pleat and adjust your Neckcloth.

‘ BUT tho’ I can bear with this kind of Ora-
‘ tor, who is so humble as to aim at the good
‘ Will of his Hearer by being his *Valet de*
‘ *chambre*, I must rebel against another Sort
‘ of them. There are some, Sir, that do not
‘ stick to take a Man by the Collar when they
‘ have a Mind to persuade him. It is your
‘ Business, I humbly presume, Mr. *Ironside*,
‘ to interpose, that a Man is not brought over
‘ to his Opponent by force of Arms. It were
‘ requisite therefore that you should name a
‘ certain Interval, which ought to be prefer-
‘ ved between the Speaker and him to whom
‘ he speaks. For sure no Man has a Right,
‘ because I am not of his Opinion, to take a-
‘ ny of my Cloaths from me, or dress me ac-
‘ cording to his own liking. I assure you, the
‘ most becoming thing to me in the World
‘ is in a Campaign Perriwig to wear one Side
‘ before and the other cast upon the collate-
‘ ral Shoulder. But there is a Friend of mine
‘ who never talks to me but he throws that
‘ which I wear forward upon my Shoulder,
‘ so that in restoring it to its Place I lose two
‘ or three Hairs out of the Lock upon my
‘ Buttons ; though I never touched him in
‘ my whole Life, and have been acquainted
‘ with him this ten Year. I have seen my
‘ eager Friend in danger sometimes of a Quar-
‘ rel by this ill Custom, for there are more
‘ young Gentlemen who can feel than can un-
‘ derstand. It would be therefore a good Of-
‘ fice

‘ fice to my good Friend if you advised him
 ‘ not to Collar any Man but one who knows
 ‘ what he means, and give it him as a stan-
 ‘ ding Precaution in Conversation, that none
 ‘ but a very good Friend will give him the Li-
 ‘ berty of being seen, felt, heard, and un-
 ‘ derstood all at once.

I am, S I R,

Your most Humble Servant,

Johannes Misochiropophus.

P. S. ‘ I have a Sister who saves her self
 ‘ from being handled by one of these manual
 ‘ Rhetoricians by giving him her Fan to play
 ‘ with; but I appeal to you in the behalf of us
 ‘ poor helpless Men.

May 15, 1713:

I Am of Opinion, that no Orator or Speaker
 in Publick or Private has any Right to med-
 dle with any Body’s Cloaths but his own: I in-
 dulse Men in the Liberty of playing with their
 own Hats, fumbling in their own Pockets,
 settling their own Perriwigs, tossing or twist-
 ing their Heads, and all other Gesticulations
 which may contribute to their Elocution,
 but pronounce it an Infringement of the *En-
 glish* Liberty for a Man to keep his Neigh-
 bour’s Person in Custody in order to force an
 Hearing; and farther declare, that all Assent
 given by an Auditor, under such Constraint,
 is of it self void and of no Effect.

NESTOR IRONSIDE.

Thurs

N^o 85. Thursday, June 18.

— *Sed te decor iste, quod optas,
Esse vetat, votoque tuo tua forma repugnat.* Ovid.

TO suffer Scandal (says somebody) is the Tax which every Person of Merit pays to the Publick; and my Lord *Verulam* finely observes, that a Man who has no Virtue in himself, ever envies Virtue in others. I know not how it comes to pass but Detraction thro' all Ages has been found a Vice which the Fair Sex too easily give into. Not the *Roman* Satyrists could use them with more Severity than they themselves do one another. Some audacious Criticks, in my Opinion, have launched out a little too far, when they take upon them to prove, in Opposition to History, that *Lais* was a Woman of as much Virtue as Beauty, which violently displeasing the *Phrynes* of those times, they secretly prevailed with the Historians to deliver her down to Posterity under the infamous Character of an extorting Prostitute. But tho' I have the greatest Regard imaginable to that softer Species, yet am I sorry to find they have very little for themselves. So far are they from being tender of one another's Reputation, that they take a malicious Pleasure in destroying it. My Lady the other Day, when *Jack* was asking who could be so base to spread such a Report about Mrs. —, answer'd, None, you may

may be sure, but a Woman. A little after *Dick* told my Lady, that he had heard *Florella* hint as if *Cleora* wore artificial Teeth; The Reason is, said she, because *Cleora* first gave out, that *Florella* ow'd her Complexion to a Wash. Thus the industrious pretty Creatures take Pains, by Invention, to throw Blemishes on each other, when they don't consider that there is a profligate Sett of Fellows too ready to taint the Character of the virtuous, or blast the Charms of the blooming Virgin. The young Lady, from whom I had the honour of receiving the following Letter, deserves, or rather claims, Protection from our Sex, since so barbarously treated by her own. Certainly they ought to defend Innocence from Injury, who gave ignorantly the Occasion of its being assaulted. Had the Men been less liberal of their Applauses, the Women had been more sparing of their calumnious Censures.

To the GUARDIAN.

S I R,

I Don't know at what nice Point you fix the Bloom of a young Lady; but I am one who can just look back upon Fifteen. My Father dying three Years ago, left me under the Care and Direction of my Mother, with a Fortune not profusely great, yet such as might demand a very handsome Settlement, if ever Proposals of Marriage should be offered. My Mother, after the usual time of retired Mourning was over, was so affectionately

nately indulgent to me, as to take me along with her in all her Visits; but still not thinking she gratified my Youth enough, permitted me further to go with my Relations to all the publick, chearful, but innocent Entertainments, where she was too reserved to appear her self. The two first Years of my Teens were easie, gay and delightful. Every one carested me; the old Ladies told me how finely I grew, and the young ones were proud of my Company; but when the third Year had a little advanced my Relations used to tell my Mother that pretty Miss *Clary* was shot up into a Woman. The Gentlemen begun now not to let their Eyes glance over me, and in most Places I found my self distinguished; but observed the more I grew into the Esteem of their Sex, the more I lost the Favour of my own. Some of those whom I had been familiar with, grew cold and indifferent: Others mistook, by design, my Meaning, made me speak what I never thought, and so by degrees took occasion to break off all Acquaintance. There were several little insignificant Reflections cast upon me, as being a Lady of a great many Quaintnesses and such like, which I seemed not to take notice of. But my Mother coming home about a Week ago, told me there was a Scandal spread about Town by my Enemies, that would at once ruin me for ever for a Beauty; I earnestly entreated her to know it, she refused me, but Yesterday it

dis-

‘ discovered it self. Being in an Assembly of
 ‘ Gentlemen and Ladies, one of the Gentle-
 ‘ men who had been very facetious to seve-
 ‘ ral of the Ladies, at last turning to me, And
 ‘ as for you, Madam, *Prior* has already giv-
 ‘ en us your Character,

*That Air and Harmony of Shape express,
 Fine by degrees, and beautifully less.*

‘ I perceived immediately a malignant Smile
 ‘ display it self in the Countenance of some
 ‘ of the Ladies, which they seconded with a
 ‘ scornful flutter of the Fan, till one of them
 ‘ unable any longer to contain, ask’d the Gen-
 ‘ tleman if he did not remember what *Con-
 greve* said about *Aurelia*, for she thought
 ‘ it mighty pretty. He made no Answer,
 ‘ but instantly repeated the Verses.

*The Mulcibers, who in the Minories sweat,
 And Massive Bars on stubborn Anvils beat;
 Deform’d themselves, yet forge those Stays of
 Steel*

Which arm Aurelia with a Shape to kill.

‘ This was no sooner over, but it was easily
 ‘ discernable what an ill-natured Satisfaction
 ‘ most of the Company took, and the more
 ‘ Pleasure they showed by dwelling upon the
 ‘ two last Lines, the more they increased my
 ‘ Trouble and Confusion. And now, Sir,
 ‘ after this tedious Account, what would you
 ‘ advise me to? Is there no way to be cleared
 ‘ of these malicious Calumnies? What is Beau-
 ‘ ty worth, that makes the Possessor thus Un-
 ‘ happy?

' happy ? Why was Nature so lavish of her
 ' Gifts to me, as to make her Kindness prove
 ' a Cruelty ? They tell me my Shape is deli-
 ' cate, my Eyes sparkling, my Lips I know
 ' not what, my Cheeks, forsooth, adorned
 ' with a just mixture of the Rose and Lillie ;
 ' but I wish this Face was barely not disagreea-
 ' ble, this Voice harsh and unharmonious,
 ' these Limbs only not deformed, and then
 ' perhaps I might live easie and unmolested,
 ' and neither raise Love and Admiration in
 ' the Men, nor Scandal and Hatred in the
 ' Women.

Your very humble Servant,

CLARINA.

THE best Answer I can make my fair
 Correspondent is, That she ought to comfort
 her self with this Consideration, that those
 who talk thus of her know it is false, but wish
 they could make others believe it true. 'Tis
 not they think you deform'd, but are vex'd
 that they themselves were not as nicely fram-
 ed. If you will take an old Man's Advice,
 laugh, and be not concerned at them; they
 have attain'd what they endeavoured if they
 make you uneasie, for it is Envy that has
 made them so. I would not have you wish
 your Shape one sixtieth Part of an Inch dis-
 proportioned, nor desire your Face might be
 impoverished with the Ruin of half a Feature,
 tho' numbers of remaining Beauties might
 make the Loss insensible; but take Courage,

go into the brightest Assemblies, and the World will quickly confess it to be Scandal. Thus *Plato*, hearing it was asserted, by some Persons, that he was a very bad Man, *I shall take care*, said he, *to live so, that no Body will believe them.*

I shall conclude this Paper with a Relation of matter of Fact. A gay young Gentleman in the Country, not many Years ago, fell desperately in Love with a blooming fine Creature, whom give me leave to call *Melissa*. After a pretty long Delay, and frequent Sollicitations, she refused several others of larger Estates, and consented to make him happy. But they had not been marry'd much above a Twelve-month, till it appear'd too true, what *Juba* says,

*Beauty soon grows familiar to the Lover,
Fades in the Eye, and palls upon the Sense.*

Polydore (for that was his Name) finding himself grow every Day more uneasie, and unwilling she should discover the Cause, for Diversion came up to Town, and to avoid all Suspicions brought *Melissa* along with him. After some Stay here, *Polydore* was one Day informed, that a Sett of Ladies over their Tea Table, in the Circle of Scandal, had touched upon *Melissa*——And was that the silly Thing so much talked of? How did she ever grow into a Toast? For their parts they had Eyes, as well as the Men, but could not discover where her Beauties lay. *Polydore* upon hearing this flew immediately home, and

told *Melissa*, with the utmost Transport, that he was now fully convinced how numberless were her Charms, since her own Sex would not allow her any.

Mr. IRONSIDE, *Button's Coffee-house.*

I Have observed that this Day you make Mention of *Will's* Coffee-house, as a Place where People are too Polite to hold a Man in Discourse by the Button. Every body knows your Honour frequents this House, therefore they will take an Advantage against me, and say if my Company was as Civil as that at *Will's*, you would say so: Therefore pray your Honour do not be afraid of doing me Justice, because People would think it may be a Conceit below you on this Occasion to name the Name of,

Your humble Servant,

Daniel Button.

THE young Poets are in the back Room, and take their Places as you directed.



Friday,

N^o 86. Friday, June 19.

Cui Mens divinator, atque Os

Magna sonaturum

Hor.

To NESTOR IRONSIDE, Esq;

SIR,

Oxford, June 16, 1713.

THE Claffical Writers, according to
 your Advice, are by no means neglect-
 ed by me, while I purfue my Studies in Di-
 vinity. I am perfwaded that they are Foun-
 tains of good Sense and Eloquence; and
 that it is absolutely neceffary for a young
 Mind to form itfelf upon fuch Models. For,
 by a careful Study of their Stile and Man-
 ner, we fhall at leaft avoid thofe Faults, in-
 to which a youthful Imagination is apt to
 hurry us; fuch as Luxuriance of Fancy,
 Licentiousnefs of Stile, Redundancy of
 Thought, and falfe Ornaments. As I have
 been flattered by my Friends that I have
 fome Genius for Poetry, I fometimes turn
 my Thoughts that way; and with Pleafure
 reflect, that I have got over that childifh
 part of Life, which delights in Points and
 Turns of Wit; and that I can take a man-
 ly and rational Satisfaction in that, which
 is called Painting in Poetry. Whether it
 be, that in thefe Copyings of Nature the Ob-

ject is placed in such Lights and Circumstances, as strike the Fancy agreeably; or whether we are surprized to find Objects, that are absent, placed before our Eyes; or whether it be our Admiration of the Author's Art and Dexterity; or whether we amuse our selves with comparing the Picture and the Original; or rather (which is most probable) because all these Reasons concur to affect us, we are wonderfully charmed with these Drawings after the Life, this Magic that raises Apparitions in the Fancy.

LANDSKIPS, or Still Life, work much less upon us, than Representations of the Postures or Passions of living Creatures. Again, those Passions or Postures strike us more or less, in proportion to the Ease or Violence of their Motions. An Horse grazing moves us less than one stretching in a Race, and a Racer less than one in the Fury of a Battel. It is very difficult, I believe, to express violent Motions, which are fleeting and transitory, either in Colours or Words. In Poetry it requires great Spirit in Thought, and Energy in Stile; which we find more of in the *Eastern* Poetry, than either the *Greek* or *Roman*. The Great Creator, who accommodated himself to those he vouchsafed to speak to, hath put into the Mouths of his Prophets such sublime Sentiments and exalted Language, as must abash the Pride and Wit of Man. In the Book of *Job*, the most Ancient Poem in the World, we have such Paintings and Descriptions, as I have
spoken

‘ spoken of, in great variety. I shall at present make some Remarks on the celebrated Description of *the Horse* in that Holy Book, and compare it with those drawn by *Homer* and *Virgil*.

‘ *HOMER* hath the following Similitude of an Horse twice over in the *Iliad*, which *Virgil* hath copied from him; at least he hath deviated less from *Homer*, than Mr. *Dryden* hath from him.

*Freed from his Keepers, thus with broken Reins,
The wanton Courser prances o’er the Plains;
Or in the Pride of Youth o’erleaps the Mounds,
And snuffs the Females in forbidden Grounds;
Or seeks his Wat’ring in the well-known Flood,
To quench his Thirst, and cool his fiery Blood:
He swims luxuriant in the liquid Plain,
And o’er his Shoulders flows his waving Mane:
He neighs, he snorts, he bears his Head on high,
Before his ample Chest the frothy Waters fly.*

‘ *Virgil*’s Description is much fuller than the foregoing, which, as I said, is only a Simile; whereas *Virgil* professes to treat of the Nature of the Horse. It is thus admirably translated.

*The fiery Courser, when he hears from far
The sprightly Trumpets, and the Shouts of War,
Pricks up his Ears; and trembling with Delight
Shifts Pace, and paws; and hopes the promis’d Fight.
On his Right Shoulder his thick Mane reclin’d,
Ruffles at speed, and dances in the Wind.*

His horny Hoofs are jetty black, and round;
His Chino is double; starting, with a bound
He turns the Turf, and shakes the solid Ground.
Fire from his Eyes, Clouds from his Nostrils flow;
He bears his Rider headlong on the Foe.

‘ NOW follows that in the Book of Job;
 ‘ which under all the Disadvantages of having
 ‘ been written in a Language little under-
 ‘ stood; of being exprest in Phrases peculiar
 ‘ to a Part of the World, whose manner of
 ‘ Thinking and Speaking seems to Us very
 ‘ uncooth; and above all, of appearing in a
 ‘ Prose Translation; is nevertheless so trans-
 ‘ cendently above the Heathen Descriptions,
 ‘ that hereby we may perceive, how faint
 ‘ and languid the Images are which are for-
 ‘ med by mortal Authors; when compared
 ‘ with That, which is figured, as ’twere, just
 ‘ as it appears in the Eye of the Creator. God
 ‘ speaking to Job, asks him,

‘ *H A S T* thou given the Horse strength?
 ‘ *hast* thou cloathed his neck with thunder? Canst
 ‘ *thou* make him afraid as a grasshopper? the
 ‘ *glory* of his nostrils is terrible. He paweth
 ‘ *in the vally*, and rejoyceth in his strength:
 ‘ *he* goeth on to meet the armed men. He mock-
 ‘ *eth* at fear, and is not affraid; neither turn-
 ‘ *eth* he back from the sword. The quiver rat-
 ‘ *leth* against him, the glittering spear and the
 ‘ *shield*. He swalloweth the ground with fierce-
 ‘ *ness* and rage: neither believeth he that it is
 ‘ *the sound* of the trumpet. He saith amongst
 ‘ *the trumpets*, Ha, ha; and he smelleth the
 ‘ *battel*

*battel afar off; the thundring of the Captains,
and the shouting.*

‘ HERE are all the great and sprightly Images, that Thought can form, of this generous Beast; exprest in such Force and Vigour of Style, as would have given the great Wits of Antiquity new Laws for the Sublime, had they been acquainted with these Writings. I cannot but particularly observe, that whereas the Classcal Poets chiefly endeavour to paint the outward Figure, Lineaments, and Motions; the Sacred Poet makes all the Beauties to flow from an inward Principle in the Creature he describes; and thereby gives great Spirit and Vivacity to his Description. The following Phrases and Circumstances seem singularly remarkable.

‘ *HAST thou clothed his neck with thunder?* Homer and Virgil mention nothing about the Neck of the Horse, but his Mane: The Sacred Author, by the bold Figure of *Thunder*, not only expresses the shaking of that remarkable Beauty in the Horse, and the Flakes of Hair which naturally suggest the Idea of Lightning; but likewise the violent Agitation and Force of the Neck, which in the Oriental Tongues had been flatly exprest by a Metaphor less than this.

‘ *CANST thou make him afraid as a grasshopper?* There is a two-fold Beauty in this Expression, which not only marks the Courage of this Beast, by asking if he can be scared? but likewise raises a noble Image of his Swift-

‘ neſs, by inſinuating, that if he could be frightened he would bound away with the nimbleneſs of a Graſhopper.

‘ *THE* glory of his noſtrils is terrible. This is more ſtrong and concise than that of *Virgil*, which yet is the nobleſt Line that was ever written without Inſpiration.

Colleſtumque premens volvit ſub naribus ignem.

‘ *HE* rejoyceth in his ſtrength — He mocketh at fear — neither believeth he that it is the ſound of the trumpet — He ſaith among the trumpets *Ha, ha*; — are Signs of Courage, as I ſaid before, flowing from an inward Principle. There is a particular Beauty in his not believing it is the Sound of the Trumpet: That is, he cannot believe it for Joy; but when he is ſure of it, and is amongſt the Trumpets, he ſaith, *Ha, ha*; he neighs, he rejoices. His Docility is elegantly painted in his being unmoved at the rattling Quiver, the glittering Spear and the Shield; and is well imitated by *Oppian* (who undoubtedly read *Job* as well as *Virgil*) in his Poem upon Hunting.

*How firm the Manag'd War-houſe keeps his Ground,
Nor breaks his Order, though the Trumpets ſound!*

With fearleſs Eye the glitt'ring Hoſt ſurveyſ,

And glares directly at the Helmet's Blaze:

The Maſter's Word, the Laws of War he knows;

And when to ſtop; and when to charge the Foes.

‘ *He*

‘ HE swalloweth the Ground is an Expressi-
 ‘ on for prodigious Swiftneſs, in Uſe amongſt
 ‘ the Arabians, Job’s Country-men, at this
 ‘ Day. The Latins have ſomething like it.

Latumq; fugâ conſumere campum. Nemeſian.
Carpere prata fugâ. Virg.

campumque volatu
Cum rapuere, pedum veſtigia quæras. Sil. Ital.

‘ It is indeed the boldeſt and nobleſt of Ima-
 ‘ ges for Swiftneſs ; nor have I met with a-
 ‘ ny thing that comes ſo near it, as Mr. Pope’s
 ‘ in *Windsor Foreſt*.

Th’ impatient Courſer pants in ev’ry Vein,
And pawing, ſeems to beat the diſtant Plain ;
Hills, Vales and Floods appear already croſt,
And ere he Starts, a thouſand Steps are loſt.

‘ He ſmelleth the Battel afar off, and what
 ‘ follows about the ſhoutiſg, is a Circumſtance
 ‘ expreſſed with great Spirit by *Lucan*.

So when the Ring with joyful Shouts rebounds,
With Rage and Pride th’imprison’d Courſer bounds :
He frets, he foams, he rends his idle Rein ;
Springs o’er the Fence, and headlong ſeeks the Plain.

I am, S I R,

Your ever Oblig’d Servant,

John Lizard.

Saturday,

N° 87. Saturday, June 20.

*Constiterant hinc Thisbe, Pyramus illinc,
Inque vicem fuerat jactatus anbelitus oris. Ovid.*

MY Precautions are made up of all that I can hear and see, translate, borrow, paraphrase or contract, from the Persons with whom I mingle and converse, and the Authors whom I read. But the grave Discourses which I sometimes give the Town, do not win so much Attention as lighter Matters. For this Reason it is, that I am obliged to consider Vice as it is ridiculous, and accompanied with Gallantry, else I find in a very short time I shall lye like waste Paper on the Tables of Coffee-houses: Where I have taken most Pains I often find my self least read. There is a Spirit of Intrigue got into all, even the meanest of the People, and the very Servants are bent upon Delights, and commence Oglers and Languishers. I happened the other Day to pass by a Gentleman's House, and saw the most flippant Scene of low Love that I have ever observed. The Maid was rubbing the Windows within side of the House, and her humble Servant the Footman was so happy a Man as to be employed in cleaning the same Glass on the side toward the Street. The Wench began with the greatest Severity of Aspect imaginable, and breathing on the Glass, followed it with a dry Cloth; her Opposite

posite observed her, and fetching a deep Sigh, as if it were his last, with a very disconsolate Air did the same on his side of the Window. He still worked on and languished, 'till at last his Fair one smiled, but covered her self, and spreading the Napkin in her Hand, concealed her self from her Admirer, while he took Pains, as it were, to work through all that intercepted their Meeting. This pretty Contest held for four or five large Panes of Glass, 'till at last the Waggery was turned to an humourous way of Breathing in each others Faces, and catching the Impression. The gay Creatures were thus Loving, and pleasing their Imaginations with their Nearness and Distance, till the Windows were so transparent that the Beauty of the Female made the Man-Servant impatient of beholding it, and the whole House besides being abroad, he ran in, and they romped out of my Sight. It may be imagined these Oglers of no Quality made a more sudden Application of the Intention of kind Sighs and Glances than those whose Education lays them under greater Restraints, and who are consequently more slow in their Advances. I have often observed all the low Part of the Town in Love, and taking a Hackney Coach have considered all that passed by me in that Light, as these Cities are composed of Crowds wherein there is not one who is not lawfully or unlawfully engaged in that Passion. When one is in this Speculation, it is not unpleasant to observe Alliances between those Males and Females whose Lot

it

it is to act in Publick. Thus the Woods, in this middle of Summer, are not more entertaining with the different Notes of Birds, than the Town is of different Voices of the several Sorts of People who act in Publick; they are divided into Classes, and Crowds made for Crowds. The Hackney Coach-men, Chair-men, and Porters, are the Lovers of the Hawker-Women, Fruiteresses and Milkmaids. They are a wild World by themselves, and have Voices significant of their private Inclinations, which Strangers can take no Notice of. Thus a Wench with Fruit looks like a Mad-woman, when she cries Wares you see she does not carry, but those in the Secret know that Cry is only an Assignment to an Hackney Coach-man who is driving by, and understands her. The whole People is in an Intrigue, and the undiscerning Passengers are unacquainted with the Meaning of what they hear all round them: They know not how to separate the Cries of mercenary Traders from the Sighs and Lamentations of languishing Lovers. The common Face of Modesty is lost among the ordinary part of the World, and the general Corruption of Manners is visible from the loss of all deference in the low People towards those of Condition. One Order of Mankind trips fast after the next above it, and by this Rule you may trace Iniquity from the Conversations of the most Wealthy to those of the humblest Degree. It is an act of great Resolution to pass by a Crowd of polite Footmen, who can rally,

ly, make love, ridicule, and observe upon all the Passengers who are obliged to go by the Places where they wait. This Licence makes different Characters among them, and there are Beaux, Partymen and *Free-Thinkers* in Livery. I take it for a Rule, that there is no bad Man but makes a bad Woman, and the Contagion of Vice is what should make People cautious of their Behaviour. *Juvenal* says, there is the *greatest reverence to be had to the Presence of Children*; it may be as well said of the Presence of Servants, and it would be some kind of Virtue if we kept our Vices to our selves. It is a feeble Authority which has not the support of Personal Respect, and the Dependance founded only upon their receiving their Maintenance of us, is not of force enough to support us against an habitual Behaviour, for which they condemn and deride us. No Man can be well served, but by those who have an Opinion of his Merit, and that Opinion cannot be kept up but by an Exemption from those Faults which we would restrain in our Dependants.

THOUGH our Fopperies imitated are Subjects of Laughter, our Vices transferred to our Servants give matter of Lamentation. But there is nothing in which our Families are so docile, as in the Imitation of our Delights. It is therefore but common Prudence to take care that our Inferiors know of none but our Innocent ones. It is, methinks, a very arrogant thing to expect that the single Consideration of not offending us should curb our Servants

vants from Vice, when much higher Motives cannot moderate our own Inclinations. But I began this Paper with an Observation that the lower World is got into fashionable Vices, and above all to the understanding the Language of the Eye. There is nothing but writing Songs which the Foot-men do not practise as well as their Masters. Spurious Races of Mankind, which pine in Want, and perish in their first Months of Being, come into the World from this Degeneracy. The Possession of Wealth and Affluence seems to carry some faint Extenuation of his Guilt who is sunk by it into Luxury; but Poverty and Servitude accompanied with the Vices of Wealth and Licentiousness is, I believe, a Circumstance of Ill peculiar to our Age. This may, perhaps, be matter of Jest, or is overlooked by those who do not turn their Thoughts upon the Actions of others. But from that one Particular, of the Immorality of our Servants arising from the Negligence of Masters of Families in their Care of them, flows that irresistible Torrent of Disasters which spreads it self through all Human Life. Old Age oppressed with Beggary, Youth drawn into the Commission of Murders and Robberies, both owe their Disaster to this Evil. If we consider the Happiness which grows out of a fatherly Conduct towards Servants, it would encourage a Man to that Sort of Care, as much as the Effects of a Libertine Behaviour to them would afright us.

LTCURGVUS

LYCURGUS is a Man of that noble Disposition, that his Domesticks, in a Nation of the greatest Liberty, enjoy a Freedom known only to themselves, who live under his Roof. He is the Banker, the Council, the Parent of all his numerous Dependants, Kindness is the Law of his House, and the way to his Favour is being gentle and well-natured to their Fellow-Servants. Every one recommends himself, by appearing officious to let their Patron know the Merit of others under his Care. Many little Fortunes have streamed out of his Favour, and his Prudence is such, that the Fountain is not exhausted by the Channels from it, but its way cleared to run into new *Meanders*. He bestows with so much Judgment, that his Bounty is the Increase of his Wealth; all who share his Favour are enabled to enjoy it by his Example, and he has not only made, but qualified many a Man to be Rich.

N^o 88. *Monday, June 22.*

Mens agitat molem ———

Virg.

TO one who regards things with a Philosophical Eye, and hath a Soul capable of being delighted with the Sense that Truth and Knowledge prevail among Men, it must be a grateful Reflection to think that the sublimest Truths, which among the Heathens only here and there one of brighter Parts and more Leisure than ordinary could attain

to,

to, are now grown familiar to the meanest Inhabitants of these Nations.

WHENCE came this surprising Change, that Regions formerly inhabited by ignorant and savage People should now outshine Ancient *Greece*, and the other Eastern Countries, so renowned of old, in the most elevated Notions of Theology and Morality? Is it the effect of our own Parts and Industry? Have our common Mechanics more refined Understandings than the Ancient Philosophers? It is owing to the God of Truth, who came down from Heaven, and condescended to be himself our Teacher. It is as we are *Christians*, that we profess more excellent and Divine Truths than the rest of Mankind.

IF there be any of the *Free-Thinkers* who are not direct Atheists, Charity would incline one to believe them ignorant of what is here advanced. And it is for their Information that I write this Paper, the design of which is to compare the Ideas that Christians entertain of the Being and Attributes of a God, with the gross Notions of the Heathen World. Is it possible for the Mind of Man to conceive a more august Idea of the Deity than is set forth in the Holy Scriptures? I shall throw together some Passages relating to this Subject, which I propose only as Philosophical Sentiments, to be considered by a *Free-Thinker*.

‘ THO’ there be that are called Gods, yet
‘ to us there is but one God. He made the
‘ Heaven, and Heaven of Heavens, with all
‘ their Host; the Earth and all things that are
‘ there-

‘ therein; the Seas and all that is therein; He
‘ said, Let them be, and it was so. He hath
‘ stretched forth the Heavens. He hath found-
‘ ed the Earth, and hung it upon nothing.
‘ He hath shut up the Sea with Doors, and
‘ said, Hitherto shalt thou come and no fur-
‘ ther, and here shall thy proud Waves be
‘ staid. The Lord is an invisible Spirit, in
‘ whom we live, and move, and have our
‘ Being. He is the Fountain of Life. He
‘ preserveth Man and Beast. He giveth Food
‘ to all Flesh. In his Hand is the Soul of every
‘ living thing, and the Breath of all Mankind.
‘ The Lord maketh poor and maketh rich.
‘ He bringeth low and lifteth up: He killeth
‘ and maketh alive. He woundeth and he
‘ healeth. By him Kings Reign, and Prin-
‘ ces Decree Justice, and not a Sparrow fal-
‘ leth to the Ground without him. All
‘ Angels, Authorities and Powers are sub-
‘ ject to him. He appointeth the Moon for
‘ Seasons, and the Sun knoweth his going
‘ down. He thundreth with his Voice, and
‘ directeth it under the whole Heaven, and
‘ his Lightning unto the ends of the Earth.
‘ Fire and Hail, Snow and Vapour, Wind
‘ and Storm, fulfil his Word. The Lord is
‘ King for ever and ever, and his Dominion
‘ is an everlasting Dominion. The Earth and
‘ the Heavens shall perish, but thou O Lord
‘ remainest. They all shall wax old, as doth
‘ a Garment, and as a Vesture shalt thou fold
‘ them up, and they shall be changed; but
‘ thou art the same, and thy Years shall have

‘ no end. God is perfect in Knowledge; his
‘ Understanding is infinite. He is the Father
‘ of Lights. He looketh to the ends of the
‘ Earth, and seeth under the whole Heaven,
‘ The Lord beholdeth all the Children of Men
‘ from the place of his Habitation, and con-
‘ sidereth all their Works. He knoweth our
‘ down-sitting and uprising. He compasseth
‘ our Path, and counteth our Steps. He is
‘ acquainted with all our ways; and when we
‘ enter our Closet, and shut our Door, he
‘ seeth us. He knoweth the things that come
‘ into our Mind, every one of them: And no
‘ Thought can be with-holden from him. The
‘ Lord is good to all, and his tender Mercies
‘ are over all Works. He is a Father of the
‘ Fatherless and a Judge of the Widow. He
‘ is the God of Peace, the Father of Mercies,
‘ and the God of all Comfort and Consolati-
‘ on. The Lord is great and we know him
‘ not: His Greatness is unsearchable. Who
‘ but he hath measured the Waters in the hol-
‘ low of his Hand, and meted out the Hea-
‘ vens with a Span? Thine, O Lord, is the
‘ Greatness, and the Power, and the Glory,
‘ and the Victory, and the Majesty. Thou
‘ art very Great, thou art clothed with Ho-
‘ nour. Heaven is thy Throne and Earth is
‘ thy Footstool.

CAN the Mind of a Philosopher rise to a
more just and magnificent, and at the same
time a more amiable Idea of the Deity, than
is here set forth in the strongest Images and
most emphatical Language? And yet this is
the

the Language of Shepherds and Fishermen. The illiterate Jews and poor persecuted Christians retain'd these noble Sentiments, while the polite and powerful Nations of the Earth were given up to that sottish Sort of Worship of which the following elegant Description is extracted from one of the inspired Writers.

‘ W H O hath formed a God, or molten
 ‘ an Image that is profitable for nothing? The
 ‘ Smith with the Tongs both worketh in the
 ‘ Coals and fashioneth it with Hammers, and
 ‘ worketh it with the Strength of his Arms:
 ‘ Yea he is hungry and his Strength faileth.
 ‘ He drinketh no Water and is faint. A
 ‘ Man planteth an Ash, and the Rain doth
 ‘ nourish it. He burneth part thereof in the
 ‘ Fire. He roasteth Roast. He warmeth
 ‘ himself. And the Residue thereof he ma-
 ‘ keth a God. He falleth down unto it, and
 ‘ worshippeth it, and prayeth unto it and
 ‘ saith, Deliver me for thou art my God. None
 ‘ considereth in his Heart, I have burnt part
 ‘ of it in the Fire, yea also, I have baked
 ‘ Bread upon the Coals thereof: I have roa-
 ‘ sted Flesh and eaten it; and shall I make
 ‘ the residue thereof an Abomination? Shall
 ‘ I fall down to the Stock of a Tree?

IN such Circumstances as these, for a Man to declare for Free-thinking, and disengage himself from the Yoke of Idolatry, were doing Honour to Human Nature, and a Work well becoming the great Asserters of Reason. But in a Church, where our Adoration is directed to the supreme Being, and (to say the least)

where is nothing either in the Object or Manner of Worship that contradicts the Light of Nature, there, under the Pretence of Free-thinking, to rail at the Religious Institutions of their Country, sheweth an undistinguishing Genius that mistakes Opposition for Freedom of Thought. And, indeed, notwithstanding the Pretences of some few among our *Free-Thinkers*, I can hardly think there are Men so stupid and inconsistent with themselves, as to have a serious Regard for natural Religion, and at the same time use their utmost Endeavours to destroy the Credit of those sacred Writings, which as they have been the Means of bringing these Parts of the World to the Knowledge of natural Religion, so in Case they lose their Authority over the Minds of Men, we should of Course sink into the same Idolatry which we see practised by other unenlightened Nations.

IF a Person who exerts himself in the Modern way of Free-thinking be not a stupid Idolater, it is undeniable that he contributes all he can to the making other Men so, either by Ignorance or Design; which lays him under the *dilemma*, I will not say of being a Fool or Knave, but of incurring the Contempt or Detestation of Mankind.

Tuesday,

N^o 89. Tuesday, June 23.

*Ignis est ollis vigor, & cœlestis origo
Seminibus. ————— Virg.*

THE same Faculty of Reason and Understanding, which placeth us above the Brute part of the Creation, doth also subject our Minds to greater and more manifold Disquiets than Creatures of an inferior Rank are sensible of. It is by this that we anticipate future Disasters, and oft create to our selves real Pain from imaginary Evils, as well as multiply the Pangs arising from those which cannot be avoided.

IT behoves us therefore to make the best Use of that sublime Talent, which, so long as it continues the Instrument of Passion, will serve only to make us more miserable, in Proportion as we are more excellent than other Beings.

IT is the Privilege of a thinking Being to withdraw from the Objects that sollicit his Senses, and turn his Thoughts inward on himself. For my own Part, I often mitigate the Pain arising from the little Misfortunes and Disappointments that chequer Human Life by this Introversion of my Faculties, wherein I regard my own Soul as the Image of her Creator, and receive great Consolation from beholding those Perfections which testify her Divine Original, and lead me into some Knowledge of her everlasting Archetype.

BUT there is not any Property or Circumstance of my Being that I contemplate with more Joy than my Immortality. I can easily overlook any present momentary Sorrow, when I reflect that it is in my Power to be happy a thousand Years hence. If it were not for this Thought, I had rather be an Oyster than a Man, the most stupid and senseless of Animals that a reasonable Mind tortured with an extream innate Desire of that Perfection which it despairs to obtain.

IT is with great Pleasure that I behold Instinct, Reason and Faith concurring to attest this comfortable Truth. It is revealed from Heaven, it is discovered by Philosophers, and the ignorant, unenlighten'd Part of Mankind have a natural Propensity to believe it. It is an agreeable Entertainment to reflect on the various Shapes under which this Doctrine has appeared in the World. The *Pythagorean* Transmigration, the sensual Habitations of the *Mahometan*, and the shady Realms of *Pluto*, do all agree in the main Points, the Continuation of our Existence, and the Distribution of Rewards and Punishments, proportioned to the Merits or Demerits of Men in this Life.

BUT in all these Schemes there is something gross and improbable, that shocks a reasonable and speculative Mind. Whereas nothing can be more rational and sublime than the Christian Idea of a future State. *Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive the things which God hath prepared for those that love him.*

him. The above-mentioned Schemes are narrow Transcripts of our present State: But in this indefinite Description there is something ineffably great and noble. The Mind of Man must be raised to a higher Pitch, not only to partake the Enjoyments of the Christian Paradise, but even to be able to frame any Notion of them.

NEVERTHELESS, in order to gratify our Imagination, and by way of Condescension to our low way of thinking, the Ideas of Light, Glory, a Crown, &c. are made use of to adumbrate that which we cannot directly understand. *The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them into living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their Eyes. And there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away, and behold all things are new. There shall be no night there, and they need no candle neither light of the sun: for the Lord God giveth them light, and shall make them drink of the river of his pleasures: and they shall reign for ever and ever. They shall receive a crown of Glory which fadeth not away.*

THESE are chearing Reflections: And I have often wondered that Men cou'd be found so dull and phlegmatick, as to prefer the Thought of Annihilation before them; or so ill-natur'd, as to endeavour to persuade Mankind to the Disbelief of what is so pleasing and profitable even in the Prospect; or

so blind, as not to see that there is a Deity, and, if there be, that this Scheme of things flows from his Attributes, and evidently corresponds with the other Parts of his Creation.

I know not how to account for this absurd turn of Thought, except it proceed from a want of other Employment joined with an Affectation of Singularity. I shall, therefore, inform our Modern *Free-thinkers* of two Points, whereof they seem to be ignorant. The first is, that it is not the being singular, but being singular for something that argues either extraordinary Endowments of Nature, or benevolent Intentions to Mankind, which draws the Admiration and Esteem of the World. A Mistake in this Point naturally arises from that Confusion of Thought which I do not remember to have seen so great Instances of in any Writers, as in certain Modern *Free-thinkers*.

THE other Point is, that there are innumerable Objects within the reach of a Human Mind, and each of these Objects may be viewed in innumerable Lights and Positions, and the Relations arising between them are innumerable. There is, therefore, an Infinity of things whereon to employ their Thoughts, if not with Advantage to the World, at least with Amusement to themselves, and without Offence or Prejudice to other People. If they proceed to exert their Talent of *Free-thinking* in this way; they may be innocently dull, and no one take any Notice of it. But to see Men without either Wit or Argument pretend to run down Divine and Human Laws,
and

and treat their Fellow-Subjects with Contempt for professing a Belief of those Points on which the present as well as future Interest of Mankind depends, is not to be endured. For my own part, I shall omit no Endeavours to render their Persons as despicable, and their Practices as odious, in the Eye of the World, as they deserve.

N^o 90. *Wednesday, June 24.*

—————*Fungar Vice Cotis*—————

Hor.

IT is, they say, frequent with Authors to write Letters to themselves, either out of Laziness or Vanity. The following is Genuine, and, I think, deserves the Attention of every Man of Sense in *England*.

To the GUARDIAN.

S I R,

June 20.

THOUGH I am not apt to make Complaints, and have never yet troubled you with any, and little thought I ever should, yet seeing that in your Paper of this Day, you take no Notice of Yesterday's *Examiner*, as I hoped you would, my Love for my Religion, which is so nearly concerned, would not permit me to be silent. The Matter, Sir, is this. A Bishop of our Church (to whom the *Examiner* himself has nothing to Object, but his Care and Concern for the Protestant

‘ testant Religion, which by him, it seems, is
‘ thought a sufficient Fault,) has lately pub-
‘ lish’d a Book, in which he endeavours to
‘ shew the Folly, Ignorance, and Mistake of
‘ the Church of *Rome* in its Worship of Saints:
‘ From this the *Examiner* takes Occasion to
‘ fall upon the Author with his utmost Malice,
‘ and to make him the Subject of his Ridi-
‘ cule. Is it then become a Crime for a
‘ Protestant to speak or write in Defence of
‘ his Religion? Shall a Papist have leave to
‘ Print and Publish in *England* what he plea-
‘ ses in Defence of his own Opinion, with
‘ the *Examiner*’s Approbation; and shall not a
‘ Protestant be permitted to write an Answer
‘ to it? For this, Mr. *Guardian*, is the pre-
‘ sent Case. Last Year a Papist (or to please
‘ Mr. *Examiner*, a Roman Catholick) pub-
‘ lished the Life of St. *Wenefrede*, for the use
‘ of those devout Pilgrims who go in great
‘ Numbers to offer up their Prayers to her at
‘ her Well; this gave Occasion to the wor-
‘ thy Prelate, in whose Diocess that Well is,
‘ to make some Observations upon it, and in
‘ order to undeceive so many poor deluded
‘ People, to shew how little Reason, and
‘ how small Authority there is, not only to
‘ believe any of the Miracles attributed to
‘ St. *Wenefrede*, but even to believe there e-
‘ ver was such a Person in the World. And
‘ shall then a good Man, upon such an Ac-
‘ count, be liable to be abused in so publick a
‘ Manner? Can any good Church-of-*England*
‘ Man bear to see a Bishop, one whom her
present

present Majesty was pleased to make, treated in so ludicrous a Way? Or should one pass by the Scurrility and the Immodesty that is to be found in several Parts of the Paper, who can with Patience see St. *Paul* and St. *Wenefrede* set, by the *Examiner*, upon a level, and the Authority for one made by him to be equal with that for the other? Who, that is a Christian, can endure his insipid Mirth upon so serious an Occasion? I must confess it raises my Indignation to the greatest height, to see a Pen that has been long employed in writing Panegyricks upon Persons of the first Rank, (who would be indeed to be pitied, were they to depend upon that for their Praise) to see, I say, the same Pen at last made use of in Defence of Popery.

I think I may now, with Justice, congratulate with those whom the *Examiner* dislikes; since, for my own Part, I should reckon it my great Honour to be worthy his Dis-esteem, and should count his Censure Praise.

I am, S I R,

Your most humble Servant.

THE above Letter complains, with great Justice, against this Incurable Creature; but I do not insert any thing concerning him, in hopes what I say will have any effect upon him, but to prevent the Impression what he says may have upon others. I shall end this Paper with a Letter I have just now written to a Gentleman, whose Writings are often inserted

serted in the *Guardian* without Deviation of one Tittle from what he sends me.

S I R,

June 23.

I Have received the Favour of yours with the enclosed, which made up the Papers of the two last Days. I cannot but look upon my self with great Contempt and Mortification, when I reflect that I have thrown away more Hours than you have lived, though you so much excel me in every thing for which I would live. 'Till I knew you, I thought it the Privilege of Angels only to be very Knowing and very Innocent. In the Warmth of Youth to be capable of such abstracted and virtuous Reflections, (with a suitable Life) as those with which you entertain your self, is the utmost of Human Perfection and Felicity. The greatest Honour I can conceive done to another, is when an Elder does Reverence to a Younger, though that Younger is not distinguished above him by Fortune. Your Contempt of Pleasures, Riches and Honour, will Crown you with them all, and I wish you them not for your own sake, but for the Reason which only would make them eligible by your self, the Good of others. I am,

Dearest Youth,

Your Friend and Admirer,

NESTOR IRONSIDE.

N^o 91. Thursday, June 25.*Inest sua gratia Parvis.*

Virg.

IT is the great Rule of Behaviour to follow Nature; the Author of the following Letter is so much convinced of this Truth, that he turns what would render a Man of a little Soul exceptious, humourfome, and particular in all his Actions, to a Subject of Raillery and Mirth. He is, you must know, but half as tall as an ordinary Man, but is contented to be still at his Friend's Elbow, and has set up a Club, by which he hopes to bring those of his own Size into a little Reputation.

To NESTOR IRONSIDE, Esq;

S I R,

I Remember a Saying of yours concerning
 ‘ Persons in low Circumstances of Stature,
 ‘ that their Littleness would hardly be taken
 ‘ Notice of, if they did not manifest a Consci-
 ‘ ousness of it themselves in all their Behavi-
 ‘ our. Indeed, the Observation that no Man
 ‘ is ridiculous for being what he is, but only
 ‘ in the Affectation of being something more,
 ‘ is equally true in regard to the Mind and the
 ‘ Body.

‘ I question not but it will be pleasing to
 ‘ you to hear, that a Sett of us have formed
 ‘ a Society, who are Sworn to *Dare to be*
 ‘ *Short,*

‘ *Short*, and boldly bear out the Dignity of
‘ *Littleness* under the Noses of those Enor-
‘ mous Engrossers of Manhood, those Hyper-
‘ bolical Monsters of the Species, the tall Fel-
‘ lows that overlook us.

‘ THE Day of our Institution was the *Tenth*
‘ of *December*, being the *Shortest* of the Year,
‘ on which we are to hold an Annual Feast o-
‘ ver a Dish of *Shrimps*.

‘ THE Place we have chosen for this Mee-
‘ ting is in the *Little Piazza*, not without an
‘ Eye to the Neighbourhood of Mr. *Powel’s*
‘ Opera, for the Performers of which we have,
‘ as becomes us, a Brotherly Affection!

‘ AT our first Resort hither an old Wo-
‘ man brought her Son to the Club Room,
‘ desiring he might be Educated in this School,
‘ because she saw here were finer Boys than
‘ ordinary. However, this Accident no way
‘ discouraged our Designs. We began with
‘ sending Invitations to those of a Stature not
‘ exceeding *five Foot*, to repair to our Assem-
‘ bly; but the greater part returned Excuses,
‘ or pretended they were not qualified.

‘ ONE said he was indeed but five Foot at
‘ present, but represented that he should soon
‘ exceed that Proportion, his Perriwig-maker
‘ and Shoe-maker having lately promised him
‘ three Inches more betwixt them.

‘ ANOTHER alledged he was unfortunate
‘ as to have one Leg shorter than the
‘ other, and whoever had determined his Sta-
‘ ture to *five Foot*, had taken him at a Disad-
‘ vantage; for when he was mounted on the
‘ other

other Leg he was at least *five Foot two Inches and a half*.

THERE were some who questioned the exactness of our Measures, and others, instead of complying, returned us Informations of People yet shorter than themselves. In a Word, almost every one recommended some Neighbour or Acquaintance, whom he was willing we should look upon to be less than he. We were not a little ashamed that those, who are past the Years of Growth, and whose Beards pronounce them Men, should be guilty of as many unfair Tricks, in this Point, as the most aspiring *Children* when they are measured.

WE therefore proceeded to fit up the Club-Room, and provide Conveniences for our Accommodation. In the first Place we caus'd a total Removal of all the *Chairs, Stools, and Tables*, which had served the *gross of Mankind* for many Years. The Disadvantages we had undergone, while we made use of these, were unspeakable. The President's whole Body was sunk in the Elbow-Chair, and when his Arms were spread over it, he appeared (to the great lessening of his Dignity) like a *Child* in a *Go-cart*: It was also so wide in the Seat, as to give a Wag Occasion of saying, that notwithstanding the President sate in it there was a *Sede Vacante*. The Table was so high that one, who came by chance to the Door, seeing our Chins just above the Pewter Dishes, took us for a Circle of Men that sate ready to be shaved,

' shaved, and sent in half a dozen Barbers.
 ' Another time one of the Club spoke contumeliously of the President, imagining he had
 ' been Absent, when he was only eclipsed by
 ' a *Flask of Florence* which stood on the Table in a Parallel Line before his Face. We
 ' therefore new furnished the Room in all Respects proportionably to us, and had the
 ' Door made lower, so as to admit no Man
 ' of above five Foot high, without brushing
 ' his Foretop, which whoever does is utterly unqualified to sit among us.

Some of the Statutes of the Club are as follow:

' I. If it be proved upon any Member, tho' never so duly qualified, that he strives as much as possible to get above his Size, by Stretching, Cocking, or the like; or that he hath stood on Tiptoe in a Crowd, with design to be taken for as tall a Man as the rest; or hath privily conveyed any large Book, Cricket, or other Device under him, to exalt him on his Seat: Every such Offender shall be sentenced to Walk in Pumps for a whole Month.

' II. IF any Member shall take Advantage from the Fulness or Length of his Wig, or any part of his Dress, or the immoderate Extent of his Hat, or otherwise, to seem larger or higher than he is; *it is Ordered*, he shall wear *Red Heels* to his Shoes, and a *Red Feather* in his Hat, which may apparently mark and set Bounds to the Extremities of his small Dimension, that all People

‘ ple may readily find him out between his
‘ Hat and his Shoes.

‘ III. IF any Member shall purchase a
‘ Horse for his own Riding, above fourteen
‘ Hands and a half in height, that Horse shall
‘ forthwith be Sold, a *Scotch* Galloway bought
‘ in its stead for him, and the Overplus of the
‘ Mony shall treat the Club.

‘ IV. IF any Member, in direct Contradi-
‘ ction to the Fundamental Laws of the So-
‘ ciety, shall wear the Heels of his Shoes ex-
‘ ceeding one Inch and half, it shall be inter-
‘ preted as an open Renunciation of Little-
‘ ness, and the Criminal shall instantly be ex-
‘ pell’d. *Note*, The Form to be used in ex-
‘ pelling a Member shall be in these Words;
‘ *Go from among us, and be tall if you can!*

‘ IT is the unanimous Opinion of our
‘ whole Society, that since the Race of Man-
‘ kind is granted to have decreas’d in Sta-
‘ ture from the beginning to this present, it
‘ is the Intent of Nature it self, that Men
‘ should be little; and we believe, that all
‘ Human Kind shall at last *grow down to Per-*
‘ *fection*, that is to say, be reduced to our
‘ own Measure.

I am, very Litterally,

Your humble Servant,

BOB SHORT.

N^o 92. Friday, June 26.

Homunculi quanti sunt, cum recogito! Plautus.

TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, Esq;

S I R,

THE Club rising early this Evening, I have time to finish my Account of it. You are already acquainted with the Nature and Design of our Institution; the Characters of the Members, and the Topicks of our Conversation, are what remain for the Subject of this Epistle.

THE most eminent Persons of our Assembly are a little Poet, a little Lover, a little Politician, and a little Heroe. The first of these, *Dice Distick* by Name, we have elected President, not only as he is the shortest of us all, but because he has entertained so just a Sense of the Stature, as to go generally in Black that he may appear yet Less. Nay, to that Perfection is he arrived, that he *stoops* as he walks. The Figure of the Man is odd enough; he is a lively little Creature, with long Arms and Legs: A Spider is no ill Emblem of him. He has been taken at a Distance for a *small Windmill*. But indeed what principally moved us in his Favour was his Talent in Poetry, for he hath promised to undertake a long Work in *short Verse* to celebrate the Heroes

‘ Heroes of our Size. He has entertained so
 ‘ so great a Respect for *Statius*, on the Score
 ‘ of that Line,

Major in exiguo regnabat corpore virtus,

‘ that he once designed to translate the whole
 ‘ *Thebaid* for the sake of little *Tydeus*.

‘ *TOM. Tiptoe*, a dapper black Fellow, is
 ‘ the most gallant Lover of the Age. He is
 ‘ particularly nice in his Habilliments; and
 ‘ to the end Justice may be done him that
 ‘ way, constantly employs the same Artist
 ‘ who makes Attire for the neighb’ring Prin-
 ‘ ces and Ladies of Quality at *Mr. Powell’s*.
 ‘ The Vivacity of his Temper inclines him
 ‘ sometimes to boast of the Favours of the
 ‘ Fair. He was, t’other Night, excusing his
 ‘ Absence from the Club on Account of an
 ‘ Affignation with a Lady, (and, as he
 ‘ had the Vanity to tell us, a Tall one too)
 ‘ who had consented to the full Accomplish-
 ‘ ment of his Desires that Evening. But one
 ‘ of the Company, who was his Confident,
 ‘ assured us she was a Woman of Humour,
 ‘ and made the Agreement on this Condition
 ‘ that his Toe should be tied to hers.

‘ *OUR Politician* is a Person of *real Gra-*
 ‘ *vity*, and *professed Wisdom*. Gravity in a
 ‘ Man of this Size, compared with that of
 ‘ one of ordinary Bulk, appears like the Gra-
 ‘ vity of a Cat compared with that of a Lion.
 ‘ This Gentleman is accustomed to talk to
 ‘ himself, and was once over-heard to com-
 ‘ pare his own Person to a *little Cabinet*,

wherein are locked up all the Secrets of State, and refined Schemes of Princes. His Face is pale and meager, which proceeds from much watching and studying for the Welfare of *Europe*, which is also thought to have stunted his Growth: For he hath destroyed his own Constitution with taking care of that of the Nation. He is what *Monf. Balzac* calls a great *Distiller of the Maxims of Tacitus*: When he Speaks, it is slowly and Word by Word, as one that is loth to enrich you too fast with his Observations; like a Limbeck that gives you, Drop by Drop, an Extract of the Simples in it.

THE last I shall mention is *Tim. Tuck*, the Hero. He is particularly remarkable for the length of his Sword, which intersects his Person in a cross Line, and makes him appear not unlike a Fly, that the Boys have run a Pin thro', and set a walking. He once challenged a tall Fellow for giving him a Blow on the Pate with his Elbow as he pass'd along the Street. But what he especially values himself upon is, that in all the Campaigns he has made, he never once Duck'd at the whizz of a Cannon Ball. *Tim.* was full as large at fourteen Years old as he is now. This we are tender of mentioning, your little Heroes being generally Cholerick.

THESE are the Gentlemen that most enliven our Conversation: The Discourse generally turns upon such Accidents, whether Fortunate or Unfortunate, as are daily occasioned by our Size: These we faithfully

‘ fully communicate, either as Matter of
‘ Mirth, or of Consolation to each other. The
‘ President had lately an unlucky Fall, being
‘ unable to keep his Legs on a Stormy Day;
‘ whereupon he informed us it was no new
‘ Disaster, but the same a certain Ancient
‘ Poet had been subject to; who is recorded
‘ to have been so light, that he was obliged
‘ to poize himself against the Wind with Lead
‘ on one side, and his own Works on the o-
‘ ther. The *Lover* confest the other Night
‘ that he had been cured of Love to a tall
‘ Woman, by reading over the Legend of
‘ *Ragotine* in *Scarron*, with his Tea, three
‘ Mornings successively. Our Hero rarely
‘ acquaints us with any of his unsuccessful Ad-
‘ ventures: And as for the *Politician*, he de-
‘ clares himself an utter Enemy to all kind
‘ of Burlesque, so will never discompose the
‘ Austerity of his Aspect by laughing at our
‘ Adventures, much less discover any of his
‘ own in this ludicrous Light. Whatever he
‘ tells of any Accidents that befall him is by
‘ way of Complaint, nor is he ever laughed
‘ at but in his Absence.

‘ WE are likewise particularly careful to
‘ communicate in the Club all such Passages
‘ of History, or Characters of Illustrious Per-
‘ sonages, as any way reflect Honour on lit-
‘ tle Men. *Tim. Tuck* having but just Read-
‘ ing enough for a Military Man, perpetual-
‘ ly entertains us with the same Stories of lit-
‘ tle *David* that conquered the mighty *Goli-*
‘ *ab*, and little *Luxembourg* that made *Lewis*

XIV. a *Grand Monarque*, never forgetting Little *Alexander the Great*. *Dick Distick* celebrates the exceeding Humanity of *Augustus*, who called *Horace*, *Lepidissimum Humunciolum*; and is wonderfully pleased with *Voiture* and *Scarron* for having so well described their Diminutive Forms to all Posterity. He is peremptorily of Opinion, against a great Reader, and all his Adherents, that *Æsop* was not a jot properer or handsomer than he is represented by the common Pictures. But the Soldier believes with the Learned Person above-mentioned; for he thinks none but an impudent Tall Author could be guilty of such an unmannerly Piece of Satire on little Warriors, as his Battle of the *Mouse* and the *Frog*. The *Politician* is very proud of a certain King of *Egypt*, called *Bocchor*, who, as *Diodorus* assures us, was a Person of very low Stature, but far exceeded all that went before him in *Discretion and Politicks*.

A S I am a Secretary to the Club, 'tis my Business whenever we meet to take Minutes of the Transactions: This has enabled me to send you the foregoing Particulars, as I may hereafter other Memoirs. We have Spies appointed in every Quarter of the Town, to give us Informations of the Misbehaviour of such refractory Persons as refuse to be subject to our Statutes. Whatsoever aspiring Practices any of these our People shall be guilty of in their Amours, single Combats, or any indirect means to
Manhood,

‘ Manhood, we shall certainly be acquainted
 ‘ with, and publish to the World for their
 ‘ Punishment and Reformation. For the Pre-
 ‘ sident has granted me the sole Propriety of
 ‘ exposing and showing to the Town all such
 ‘ intractable Dwarfs, whose Circumstances
 ‘ exempt them from being carried about in
 ‘ Boxes: Reserving only to himself, as the
 ‘ Right of a Poet, those *Smart Characters* that
 ‘ will shine in *Epigrams*. Venerable Nestor,
 ‘ I salute you in the Name of the Club.

BOB SHORT, *Secretar.*

N^o 93. *Saturday, June 27.*

— *Eft animus Lucis contemptor.* Virg.

THE following Letters are curious and
 instructive, and shall make up the Busi-
 ness of the Day.

To the Author of the GUARDIAN.

S I R,

June 25, 1713.

‘ THE inclosed is a faithful Translation
 ‘ from an old Author, which if it de-
 ‘ serves your Notice, let the Readers guess
 ‘ whether he was Heathen or Christian.

I am,

Your most Humble Servant.

‘ I cannot, my Friends, forbear letting you
 ‘ know what I think of Death; for methinks

‘ I view and understand it much better, the
‘ nearer I approach to it. I am convinced that
‘ your Fathers, those Illustrious Persons whom
‘ I so much loved and honoured, do not
‘ cease to live, tho’ they have passed through
‘ what we call Death; they are undoubtedly
‘ still Living, but ’tis that sort of Life which
‘ alone deserves truly to be called Life. In
‘ effect, while we are confined to Bodies we
‘ ought to esteem our selves no other than a
‘ sort of Gally-Slaves at the Chain, since the
‘ Soul, which is somewhat Divine, and de-
‘ scends from Heaven as the Place of its O-
‘ riginal, seems debased and dishonoured by
‘ this Mixture with Flesh and Blood, and to
‘ be in a State of Banishment from its Celesti-
‘ al Country. I cannot help thinking too,
‘ that one main Reason of uniting Souls to
‘ Bodies was, that the great Work of the
‘ Universe might have Spectators to admire
‘ the beautiful Order of Nature, the regular
‘ Motion of heavenly Bodies, who should
‘ strive to express that Regularity in the Uni-
‘ formity of their Lives. When I consider
‘ the boundless Activity of our Minds, the
‘ Remembrance we have of things past, our
‘ Foresight of what is to come: When I re-
‘ flect on the noble Discoveries, and vast Im-
‘ provements, by which these Minds have
‘ advanced Arts and Sciences; I am entirely
‘ perswaded, and out of all doubt, that a Na-
‘ ture which has in it self a Fund of so many
‘ excellent Things cannot possibly be Mortal.
‘ I observe further, that my Mind is altoge-
‘ ther

‘ther simple, without the mixture of any
‘Substance or Nature different from its own,
‘I conclude from thence that ’tis indivisible,
‘and consequently cannot perish.

‘BY no means think therefore, my dear
‘Friends, when I shall have quitted you, that
‘I cease to be, or shall subsist no where. Re-
‘member that while we live together you
‘do not see my Mind, and yet are sure that
‘I have One actuating and moving my Body;
‘doubt not then but that this same Mind will
‘have a Being when ’tis separated, tho’ you
‘cannot then perceive its Actions. What Non-
‘sense would it be to pay those Honours to
‘great Men after their Deaths, which we con-
‘stantly do, if their Souls did not then sub-
‘sist? For my own part, I could never ima-
‘gine that our Minds live only when united
‘to Bodies, and die when they leave them;
‘or that they shall cease to think and under-
‘stand, when disengaged from Bodies, which
‘without them have neither Sense or Reason;
‘on the contrary, I believe the Soul, when
‘separated from Matter, to enjoy the great-
‘est Purity and Simplicity of its Nature, and
‘to have much more Wisdom and Light than
‘while it was united. We see when the Bo-
‘dy dies what becomes of all the Parts which
‘composed it; but we do not see the Mind,
‘either in the Body, or when it leaves it. No-
‘thing more resembles Death than Sleep, and
‘’tis in that State that the Soul chiefly shews
‘it has something Divine in its Nature. How
‘much more then must it shew it, when
‘entirely disengaged?

To

To the Author of the GUARDIAN.

S I R,

SINCE you have not refused to insert Matters of a Theological Nature in those excellent Papers, with which you daily both instruct and divert us, I earnestly desire you to Print the following Paper. The Notions therein advanced are, for ought I know, new to the *English* Reader, and if they are true, will afford Room for many useful Inferences.

NO Man that reads the Evangelists, but must observe that our Blessed Saviour does upon every occasion bend all his Force and Zeal to rebuke and correct the Hypocrisie of the *Pharisees*. Upon that Subject he shews a Warmth which one meets with in no other part of his Sermons. They were so enraged at this Publick Detection of their Secret Villanies, by one who saw through all their Disguises, that they joined in the Prosecution of him, which was so vigorous, that *Pilate* at last consented to his Death. The Frequency and Vehemence of these Reprehensions of our Lord, have made the Word *Pharisee* to be looked upon as odious among Christians, and to mean only one who lays the utmost Stress upon the Outward, Ceremonial, and Ritual Part of his Religion, without having such an inward Sense of it, as would lead him to a general and sincere Observance of those Duties which can only arise from the Heart, and which

which cannot be supposed to spring from a Desire of Applause or Profit.

‘ THIS is plain from the History of the Life and Actions of our Lord, in the four Evangelists. One of them, St. *Luke*, continued his History down in a second Part, which we commonly call the *Acts of the Apostles*. Now it is observable, that in this second Part, in which he gives a particular Account of what the Apostles did and suffered at *Jerusalem* upon their first entring upon their Commission, and also of what St. *Paul* did after he was consecrated to the Apostleship ‘till his Journey to *Rome*, we find not only no Opposition to Christianity from the *Pharisees*, but several signal Occasions in which they assisted its first Teachers, when the Christian Church was in its Infant State. The true, zealous and hearty Persecutors of Christianity at that Time were the *Sadducees*, whom we may truly call the *Free-Thinkers* among the *Jews*. They believed neither Resurrection, nor Angel, nor Spirit, *i. e.* in plain *English*, they were *Deists* at least, if not *Atheists*. They could outwardly comply with, and conform to the Establishment in Church and State, and they pretended forsooth to belong only to a particular Sect, and because there was nothing in the Law of *Moses* which in so many Words asserted a Resurrection, they appeared to adhere to that in a particular manner beyond any other part of the Old Testament. These Men therefore justly dreaded the spreading of Christi-

‘ anity

‘ anity after the Ascension of our Lord, be-
‘ cause it was wholly founded upon his Re-
‘ surrection.

‘ ACCORDINGLY therefore when
‘ *Peter* and *John* had cured the blind Man
‘ at the beautiful Gate of the Temple, and
‘ had thereby raised a wonderful Expectati-
‘ on of themselves among the People, the
‘ Priests and *Sadducees*, *Acts* 4. clapt them
‘ up, and sent them away for the first Time
‘ with a severe Reprimand. - Quickly after,
‘ when the Deaths of *Ananias* and *Saphira*,
‘ and the many Miracles wrought after those
‘ severe Instances of the Apostolical Power,
‘ had alarmed the *Priests*, who looked upon
‘ the Temple Worship, and consequently their
‘ Bread, to be struck at, these Priests, and all
‘ they that were with them, who were of the
‘ Sect of the *Sadducees*, imprisoned the A-
‘ postles, intending to examine them in the
‘ great Council the next Day. Where, when
‘ the Council met, and the Priests and *Saddu-
‘ cees* proposed to proceed with great Rigor
‘ against them, we find that *Gamaliel* a ve-
‘ ry eminent *Pharisee*, *St. Paul*’s Master, a
‘ Man of great Authority among the People,
‘ many of whose Determinations we have
‘ still preserved in the Body of *Jewish* Tra-
‘ ditions, commonly called the *Talmud*, op-
‘ posed their Heat, and told them, that, for
‘ ought they knew, the Apostles might be a-
‘ cted by the Spirit of God, and that in such a
‘ Case it would be in vain to oppose them, since,
‘ if they did so, they would only fight against
‘ God,

God, whom they could not overcome. *Gamaliel* was so considerable a Man amongst his own Sect, that we may reasonably believe he spoke the Sense of his Party as well as his own. *St. Stephen's* Martyrdom came on presently after, in which we do not find the *Pharisees*, as such, had any Hand; it is probable that he was prosecuted by those who had before imprisoned *Peter* and *John*. One Novice indeed of that Sect was so zealous, that he kept the Cloaths of those that stoned him. This Novice, whose Zeal went beyond all Bounds, was the great *St. Paul*, who was peculiarly honoured with a Call from Heaven by which he was converted, and he was afterwards, by God himself, appointed to be the Apostle of the *Gentiles*. Besides him, and him too reclaimed in so glorious a Manner, we find no one *Pharisee* either named or hinted at by *St. Luke*, as an Opposer of Christianity in those earliest Days. What others might do we know not. But we find the *Sadducees* pursuing *St. Paul* even to Death, at his coming to *Jerusalem*, in the 21st of the *Acts*. He then, upon all Occasions, owned himself to be a *Pharisee*. In the 22^d Chap. he told the People, that he had been bred up at the Feet of *Gamaliel* after the strictest Manner, in the Law of his Fathers. In the 23^d Chap. he told the Council that he was a *Pharisee*, the Son of a *Pharisee*, and that he was accused for asserting the Hope and Resurrection of the dead, which was their darling Doctrine.

Here-

‘ Hereupon the *Pharisees* stood by him, and
‘ tho’ they did not own our Saviour to be the
‘ Messiah, yet they wou’d not deny but some
‘ Angel or Spirit might have spoken to him,
‘ and then if they opposed him they should
‘ fight against God. This was the very Ar-
‘ gument *Gamaliel* had used before. The Re-
‘ surrection of our Lord, which they saw so
‘ strenuously asserted by the Apostles, whose
‘ Miracles they also saw and owned, (*Acts* 4.
‘ 16.) seems to have struck them, and many
‘ of them were converted (*Acts* 15. 5.) even
‘ without a Miracle, and the rest stood still
‘ and made no Opposition.

‘ WE see here what the Part was which the
‘ *Pharisees* acted in this important Conjun-
‘ cture. Of the *Sadducees*, we meet not with
‘ one in the whole Apostolic History that was
‘ converted. We hear of no Miracles wrought
‘ to convince any of them, tho’ there was an
‘ eminent one wrought to reclaim a *Pharisee*.
‘ St. *Paul*, we see, after his Conversion al-
‘ ways gloried in his having been bred a *Pha-
‘ risee*. He did so to the People of *Jerusa-
‘ lem*, to the great Council, to King *Agrip-
‘ pa*, and to the *Philippians*. So that from
‘ hence we may justly infer, that it was not
‘ their Institution, which was in it self lau-
‘ dable, which our Blessed Saviour found
‘ Fault with, but it was their Hypocrisie, their
‘ Covetousness, their Oppression, their O-
‘ vervaluing themselves upon their Zeal for
‘ the Ceremonial Law, and their adding to
‘ that Yoke by their Traditions, all which
‘ were

‘ were not properly Essentials of their Institution, that our Lord blamed

‘ BUT I must not run on. What I would observe, Sir, is, that Atheism is more dreadful, and would be more grievous to Human Society, if it were invested with sufficient Power, than Religion under any Shape, where its Professors do at the bottom believe what they profess. I despair not of a Papist’s Conversion, tho’ I would not willingly lie at a Zealot Papist’s Mercy, (and no Protestant would, if he knew what Popery is) tho’ he truly believes in our Saviour. But the *Free-Thinker*, who scarcely believes there is a God, and certainly disbelieves Revelation, is a very terrible Animal. He will talk of *natural Rights*, and the just Freedoms of Mankind, no longer than till he himself gets into Power; and by the Instance before us, we have small Grounds to hope for his Salvation, or that God will ever vouchsafe him sufficient Grace to reclaim him from Errors which have been so immediately levelled against himself.

‘ IF these Notions be true, as I verily believe they are, I thought they might be worth Publishing at this time, for which Reason they are sent in this Manner to you, by,

S I R,

Your most humble Servant,

M. N.

Saturday,

N^o 94. Monday, June 29.

*Ingenium sibi quod vacuas desumpsit Athenas,
Et studiis annos septem dedit, insenuitque
Libris & Curis; statuâ taciturnius exit
Plerumque, & risu Populum quatit* —

Hor.

SINCE our Success in Worldly Matters may be said to depend upon our Education, it will be very much to the Purpose to enquire if the Foundations of our Fortune could not be laid deeper and surer than they are. The Education of Youth falls of Necessity under the Direction of those who, thro' fondness to us and our Abilities, as well as to their own unwarrantable Conjectures, are very likely to be deceived; and the Misery of it is, that the poor Creatures, who are the Sufferers upon wrong Advances, seldom find out the Errors till they become irretrievable. As the greater Number of all Degrees and Conditions have their Education at the Universities, the Errors which I conceive to be in those Places fall most naturally under the following Observations. The first Mismanagement in these Publick Nurseries, is the calling together a number of Pupils, of howsoever different Ages, Views and Capacities, to the same Lectures: But surely there can be no Reason to think, that a delicate tender Babe, just wean'd from the Bosom of his Mother, indulg'd in all the Impertinences of his Heart's Desire,

Desire, should be equally capable of receiving a Lecture of Philosophy, with a hardy Russian of full Age, who has been occasionally scourged thro' some of the great Schools, groaned under constant Rebuke and Chastisement, and maintain'd a ten Years War with Literature under very strict and rugged Discipline.

I know the Reader has pleas'd himself with an Answer to this already, *viz.* That an Attention to the particular Abilities and Designs of the Pupil, can't be expected from the trifling Salary paid upon such Account. The Price indeed which is thought a sufficient Reward, for any Advantages a Youth can receive from a Man of Learning, is an abominable Consideration, the enlarging which, would not only increase the Care of Tutors, but would be a very great Encouragement to such as design'd to take this Province upon them, to furnish themselves with a more general and extensive Knowledge. As the Case now stands, those of the first Quality pay their Tutors but little above half so much as they do their Footmen. What Morality, what History, what Taste of the Modern Languages, what, lastly, that can make a Man happy, or great, may not be expected in return for such an immense Treasure! 'Tis monstrous indeed, that the Men of the best Estates and Families, are more Sollicitous about the Tutelage of a favourite Dog or Horse, than of their Heirs Male. The next Evil is the Pedantical Veneration that is maintained at the University

for *Greek* and *Latin*, which puts the Youth upon such Exercises as many of them are incapable of performing with any tolerable Success. Upon this Emergency they are succoured by the allow'd Wits of their respective Colleges, who are always ready to befriend them with two or three hundred *Latin* or *Greek* Words thrown together, with a very small Proportion of Sense.

BUT the most establish'd Error of our University Education, is the general Neglect of all the little Qualifications and Accomplishments which make up the Character of a well-bred Man, and the general Attention to what is called deep Learning. But as there are very few blessed with a Genius that shall force Success by the Strength of it self alone, and few Occasions of Life that require the Aid of such Genius, the vast Majority of the unblest'd Souls ought to store themselves with such Acquisitions, in which every Man has Capacity to make a considerable Progress, and from which every common Occasion of Life may reap great Advantage. The Persons that may be useful to us in the making our Fortunes, are such as are already happy in their own; I may proceed to say, that the Men of Figure and Family are more superficial in their Education than those of a less Degree, and, of Course, are ready to encourage and protect that Qualification in another which they themselves are Masters of. For their own Application implies the Pursuit of something commendable; and when they see their own Cha-

Characters propos'd as imitable, they must be won by such an irresistible Flattery. But those of the University, who are to make their Fortunes by a ready Insinuation into the Favour of their Superiors, condemn this necessary Foppery so far, as not to be able to speak Common Sense to them, without Hesitation, Perplexity and Confusion. For want of Care in acquiring less Accomplishments which adorn ordinary Life, he that is so unhappy as to be born poor, is condemned to a Method that will very probably keep him so.

I hope all the Learned will forgive me what is said purely for their Service, and tends to no other Injury against them, than admonishing them not to overlook such little Qualifications, as they every Day see defeat their greater Excellencies in the Pursuit both of Reputation and Fortune.

IF the Youth of the University were to be advanced, according to their Sufficiency in the severe Progress of Learning; or *Riches could be secured to Men of Understanding, and Favour to Men of Skill*; then indeed all Studies were solemnly to be desied, that did not seriously pursue the main End: But since our Merit is to be tried by the unskilful Many, we must gratifie the Sense of the injudicious Majority, satisfying our selves that the Shame of a trivial Qualification sticks only upon him that prefers it to one more Substantial. The more Accomplishments a Man is Master of, the better is he prepared for a more extended Acquaintance, and upon these Considerations

tions without doubt, the Author of the *Italian* Book called *Il Cortegiano*, or the Courtier, makes throwing the Bar, Vaulting the Horse, nay even Wrestling, with several other as low Qualifications, necessary for the Man whom he Figures for a perfect Courtier; for this Reason no doubt, because his End being to find Grace in the Eyes of Men of all Degrees, the Means to pursue this End, was the furnishing him with such real and seeming Excellencies as each Degree had its particular Taste of. But those of the University, instead of employing their leisure Hours in the Pursuit of such Acquisitions as would shorten their way to better Fortune, enjoy those Moments at certain Houses in the Town, or repair to others at very pretty distances out of it, where *they drink and forget their Poverty, and remember their Misery no more.* Persons of this Indigent Education are apt to pass upon themselves and others for Modest, especially in the Point of Behaviour; tho' 'tis easie to prove, that this mistaken Modesty not only arises from Ignorance, but begets the Appearance of its Opposite, Pride. For he that is conscious of his own Insufficiency to address his Superiors without appearing ridiculous, is by that betrayed into the same Neglect and Indifference towards them, which may bear the Construction of Pride. From this Habit they begin to argue against the base submissive Application from Men of Letters to Men of Fortune, and to be grieved when they see, as *Ben. Johnson* says,

—The

—The Learned Pate
'Duck to the Golden Fool—

though these are Points of Necessity and Convenience, and to be esteem'd Submissions rather to the Occasion than to the Person. It was a fine Answer of *Diogenes*, who being ask'd in Mockery, why Philosophers were the Followers of Rich Men, and not Rich Men of Philosophers, replied, Because the one knew what they had need of, and the other did not. It certainly must be difficult to prove, that a Man of Business, or a Profession, ought not to be what we call a Gentleman, but yet very few of them are so. Upon this Account they have little Conversation with those who might do them most Service, but upon such occasions only as Application is made to them in their particular Calling; and for any thing they can do or say in such Matters have their Reward, and therefore rather receive than confer an Obligation: Whereas he that adds his being agreeable to his being serviceable, is constantly in a Capacity of obliging others. The Character of a Beau is, I think, what the Men that pretend to Learning please themselves in Ridiculing; and yet if we compare these Persons as we see them in Publick, we shall find that the Letter'd Coxcombs without good Breeding give more just Occasion to Raillery, than the Unletter'd Coxcombs with it; as our Behaviour falls within the Judgment of more Persons than our Conversation, and a Failure there-

fore more visible. What pleasant Victories over the Loud, the Sawcy, and the Illiterate, would attend the Men of Learning and Breeding, which Qualifications could we but join would beget such a Confidence, as, arising from good Sense and good Nature, would never let us oppress others, or desert our selves. In short, whether a Man intends a Life of Business or Pleasure, 'tis impossible to pursue either in an elegant manner, without the help of Good Breeding. I shall conclude with the Face at least of a Regular Discourse; and say, If 'tis our Behaviour and Address upon all common Occasions that Prejudice People in our Favour or to our Disadvantage, and the more Substantial Parts, as our Learning and Industry, can't possibly appear but to few; it is not justifiable to spend so much Time in that which so very few are Judges of, and utterly neglect that which falls within the Censure of so many.

N^o 95. Tuesday, June 30.

— *Aliena negotia centum* — — — Hor.

I Find Business encrease upon me very much, as will appear by the following Letters.

S I R,

Oxford June 24, 1713.

THIS Day Mr. Oliver Purville, Gent. Property Man to the Theatre-Royal in the room of Mr. William Peer Deceased, arrived here in Widow Bartlett's Waggon. He is an humble Member of the little Club,

‘ and a Passionate Man, which makes him tell
 ‘ the Disasters which he met with on his Road
 ‘ hither, a little too incoherently to be right-
 ‘ ly understood. By what I can gather from
 ‘ him, that within three Miles of this side
 ‘ *Wickham* the Party was set upon by High-
 ‘ way-Men, Mr. *Purville* was Supercargo to
 ‘ the great Hamper, in which were the fol-
 ‘ lowing Goods. The Chains of *Jaffair* and
 ‘ *Pierre*, the Crowns and Scepters of the
 ‘ Posterity of *Banquo*; the Bull, Bear and
 ‘ Horse of Captain *Otter*; Bones, Skulls,
 ‘ Pickaxes and a Bottle of Brandy, and five
 ‘ Muskets; fourscore Pieces of Stock-Gold,
 ‘ and thirty Pieces of Tin-Silver hid in a Green
 ‘ Purse within a Scull. These the Robbers, by
 ‘ being put up safe, supposed to be true, and
 ‘ rid off with, not forgetting to take Mr. *Pur-*
 ‘ *ville*’s own Current Coin. They broke the
 ‘ Armour of *Jacomo*, which was Casd up in
 ‘ the same Hamper, and one of them put on the
 ‘ said *Jacomo*’s Mask to escape. They also did
 ‘ several Extravagancies with no other purpose
 ‘ but to do Mischief; they broke a Mace for the
 ‘ Lord Mayor of *London*. They also destroyed
 ‘ the World, the Sun and Moon which lay loose
 ‘ in the Waggon. Mrs. *Bartlett* is frightened
 ‘ out of her Wits, for *Purville* says he has her
 ‘ Servant’s Receipt for the World, and ex-
 ‘ pects she shall make it good. *Purville*
 ‘ is resolved to take no Lodgings in Town,
 ‘ but makes behind the Scenes a Bed-cham-
 ‘ ber of the Hamper: His Bed is that in which
 ‘ *Desdemona* is to die, and he uses the Sheet
 ‘ (in which Mr. *Johnson* is tied up in a Com-

‘ medy) for his own Bed of Nights. It is to
‘ be hoped the Great ones will consider Mr.
‘ *Purville*’s Loss. One of the Robbers has
‘ sent, by a Country Fellow, the Stock-Gold,
‘ and had the Impudence to write the follow-
‘ ing Letter to Mr. *Purville*.

S I R,

“ IF you had been an honest Man, you
“ I “ would not have put bad Mony upon
“ Men who ventured their Lives for it. But
“ we shall see you when you come back.

Philip Scowrer.

‘ THERE are many things in this Mat-
‘ ter, which employs the ablest Men here, as
‘ whether an Action will lie for the World
‘ among People who make the most of Words,
‘ or whether it be adviseable to call that round
‘ Ball the World, and if we do not call it
‘ so, whether we can have any Remedy? The
‘ ablest Lawyer here says there is no help, for
‘ if you call it the World, it will be answer-
‘ ed how could the World be in one Shire,
‘ to wit, that of *Buckingham*, for the Coun-
‘ ty must be named, and if you do not Name
‘ it we shall certainly be Non-suited. I do not
‘ know whether I make my self understood:
‘ but you understand me right when you be-
‘ lieve I am,

Your most humble Servant,

and faithful Correspondent,

The Prompter.

Honoured S I R,

‘ **Y**OUR Character of *Guardian* makes it not
‘ only necessary, but becoming, to have
‘ several employ’d under you. And being
‘ my self ambitious of your Service, I am now
‘ your humble Petitioner to be admitted in-
‘ to a Place I don’t find yet disposed of.—
‘ I mean that of your Lion-Catcher. It was,
‘ Sir, for want of such Commission from your
‘ Honour, very many Lions have lately e-
‘ scap’d. However I made bold to distinguish
‘ a Couple. One I found in a Coffee-house
‘ —He was of the larger sort, look’d fierce,
‘ and roar’d loud. I considered wherein he
‘ was dangerous; and accordingly express’d
‘ my Displeasure against him in such a Man-
‘ ner, upon his Chaps, that now he is not a-
‘ ble to shew his Teeth. The other was a
‘ small Lion, who was slipping by me as I
‘ stood at the Corner of an Alley—I smelt
‘ the Creature presently, and catch’d at him,
‘ but he got off with the Loss of a Lock of
‘ Hair only, which prov’d of a dark Colour.
‘ This and the Teeth abovementioned I have
‘ by me, and design them both for a Present
‘ to *Button’s* Coffee-house.

‘ **BESIDES** this way of dealing with them
‘ I have invented many curious Traps, Snares,
‘ and artificial Baits, which, it’s humbly con-
‘ ceiv’d, cannot fail of clearing the Kingdom
‘ of the whole Species in a short Time.

‘ **THIS** is humbly submitted to your Ho-
‘ nour’s Consideration; and I am ready to ap-
‘ pear

‘ pear before your Honour to answer to such
 ‘ Questions as you, in your great Wisdom,
 ‘ shall think meet to ask, whenever you please
 ‘ to command

Your Honour's

most Obedient,

Humble Servant,

Midsummer Day.

Hercules Crabtree.

N. B. I have an excellent Nose.

Tom's Coffee-house in Cornhill June 19, 1713.

S I R,

‘ **R**EADING in your Yesterday's Paper
 ‘ a Letter from *Daniel Button*, in Re-
 ‘ commendation of his Coffee-house for Po-
 ‘ lite Conversation, and Freedom from the
 ‘ Argument by the Button, I make bold to
 ‘ send you this to assure you that at this Place
 ‘ there is as yet kept up as good a *Decorum*
 ‘ in Debates of Politicks, Trade, Stocks, &c.
 ‘ as at *Will's*, or any other Coffee-house at
 ‘ your End of the Town. In order therefore
 ‘ to preserve this House from the Arbitrary
 ‘ way of forcing an Assent, by seizing on
 ‘ the Collar, Neckcloth, or any other part
 ‘ of the Body or Dress, it would be of
 ‘ signal Service if you would be pleased to
 ‘ intimate that we, who frequent this Place
 ‘ after *Exchange* time, shall have the Hon-
 - our of see ing you here sometimes, for that
 ‘ would be a sufficient Guard for us from
 ‘ all such pretty Practices, and also be

‘ a

‘ a Means of enabling the Honest Man, who
 ‘ keeps the House, to continue to serve us
 ‘ with the best Bohee, and Green Tea and
 ‘ Coffee, and will in a particular manner ob-
 ‘ lige, *S I R,*

Your most humble Servant,

James Diaper.

P. S. ‘ The Room above Stairs is the hand-
 ‘ somest in this Part of the Town, furnished
 ‘ with large Peer-glasses for Persons to view
 ‘ themselves in, who have no Business with
 ‘ any Body else, and every Way fit for the
 ‘ Reception of fine Gentlemen.

S I R,

‘ *I* Am a very great Scholar, wear a fair
 ‘ Wig, and have an immense Number of
 ‘ Books curiously bound and gilt. I excell
 ‘ in a singularity of Diction and Manners, and
 ‘ visit Persons of the first Quality. In fine, I
 ‘ have by me a great quantity of Cockleshells;
 ‘ which, however, does not defend me from
 ‘ the Insults of another Learned Man, who
 ‘ neglects me in a most insupportable manner;
 ‘ for I have it from Persons of undoubted Ve-
 ‘ racity, that he presumed once to pass by my
 ‘ Door without waiting upon me; whether
 ‘ this be consistent with the Respect which
 ‘ we Learned Men ought to have for each o-
 ‘ ther, I leave to your Judgment, and am,

S I R,

Your Affectionate Friend,

Philautus.

Friend NESTOR, Oxford, June 18, 1713.

I Had always a great Value for thee, and have so still: But I must tell thee, that thou strangely affectest to be Sage and Solid: Now, prithee, let me observe to thee, that though it be common enough for People as they grow older to grow graver, yet it is not so common to become Wiser. Verily to me thou seemest to keep strange Company, and with a positive Sufficiency, incident to old Age, to follow too much thine own Inventions. Thou dependest too much likewise upon thy Correspondence here, and art apt to take People's Words without Consideration. But my present Business with thee, is to expostulate with thee about a late Paper, occasion'd, as thou sayest, by *Jack Lizard's* Information, (my very good Friend) that we are to have a publick Act.

NOW, I say, in that Paper there is nothing contended for which any Man of Common Sense will deny: All that is there said, is, that no Man or Woman's Reputation ought to be blasted, *i. e.* no Body ought to have an ill Character who does not deserve it: Very true; but here's this false Consequence insinuated, that therefore no Body ought to hear of their Faults; or in other Words, let any Body do as much Ill as he pleases, he ought not to be told on't. Art thou a Patriot, Mr. *Ironside*, and wilt thou affirm, that Arbitrary Proceedings and Oppression ought to be concealed or justified?

Art

' Art thou a Gentleman, and wouldst thou
 ' have base, fordid, ignoble Tricks conniv'd
 ' at or tolerated? Art thou a Scholar, and
 ' wouldst thou have Learning and Good-
 ' manners discouraged? Wouldst thou have
 ' Cringing, Servility, parasitical Shuffling,
 ' Fawning, and dishonest Compliances made
 ' the Road to Success? Art thou a Christian,
 ' and wouldst thou have all Villanies within
 ' the Law practis'd with Impunity? Should
 ' they not be told on't? 'Tis certain, there are
 ' many things which, though there are no Laws
 ' against them, yet ought not to be done, and
 ' in such Cases there is no Argument so like-
 ' ly to hinder their being done, as the Fear
 ' of Publick Shame for doing them. The
 ' two great Reasons against an Act are always,
 ' the saving of Mony, and hiding of Roguery.

HERE many things are omitted which will be in the Speech of the Terræfilius.

' AND now, dear old IRON, I am glad
 ' to hear that at these Years thou hast Gallan-
 ' try enough left to have Thoughts of setting
 ' up for a Knight-Errant, a Tamer of Mon-
 ' sters, and a Defender of Distrest Damsels.

' ADIEU, old Fellow, and let me give thee
 ' this Advice at parting: E'en get thy self
 ' Case-harden'd; for tho' the very best Steel
 ' may snap, yet old Iron you know, will rust.

Umbra.

' Be Just, and Publish this.

Mr. IRONSIDE, Oxford, Sat. 27, 1713.

' THIS Day arrived the Vanguard of the
 ' Theatrical Army. Your Friend, Mr.

‘ George Powell, commanded the Artillery
 ‘ both Celestial and Terrestrial. The Maga-
 ‘ zines of Snow, Lightning and Thunder are
 ‘ safely laid up. We have had no Disaster on
 ‘ the way, but that of breaking *Cupid’s Bow*
 ‘ by a Jolt of the Waggon; but they tell us
 ‘ they make them well very in *Oxford*. We
 ‘ all went in a Body, and were shown your
 ‘ Chambers in *Lincoln College*. The *Terra-*
 ‘ *filius* expects you down, and we of the
 ‘ Theatre design to bring you into Town
 ‘ with all our Guards. Those of *Alexander*
 ‘ *the Great*, *Julius Caesar*, and the faithful
 ‘ Retinue of *Cato*, shall meet you at *Shotover*.
 ‘ The Ghost of *Hamlet*, and the Statue which
 ‘ Supped with *Don John*, both say, that tho’
 ‘ it be Noon Day they will attend your En-
 ‘ try. Every body expects you with great
 ‘ Impatience. We shall be in very good Or-
 ‘ der when all are come down: We have sent
 ‘ to Town for a Brick Wall which we forgot,
 ‘ the Sea is to come by Water.

Your most humble Servant,

and faithful Correspondent,

The Prompter.

N^o 96. *Wednesday, July 1.*

Cuncti adsint, meritaque; expectent premia palma. Virg.

THERE is no Maxim in Politicks more in-
 disputable, than that a Nation should have
 many

many Honours in reserve for those who do National Services. This raises Emulation, cherishes Publick Merit, and inspires every one with an Ambition which promotes the Good of his Country. The less expensive these Honours are to the Publick, the more still do they turn to its Advantage.

THE *Romans* abounded with these little Honorary Rewards, that without conferring Wealth or Riches, gave only Place and Distinction to the Person who received them. An Oaken Garland to be worn on Festivals and Publick Ceremonies, was the glorious Recompence of one who had covered a Citizen in Battle. A Soldier would not only venture his Life for a Mural Crown, but think the most hazardous Enterprize sufficiently repaid by so noble a Donation.

BUT among all Honorary Rewards which are neither dangerous nor detrimental to the Donor, I remember none so remarkable as the Titles which are bestowed by the Emperor of *China*. These are never given to any Subject, says *Monsieur le Conte*, 'till the Subject is dead. If he has pleased his Emperor to the last, he is called in all Publick Memorials by the Title which the Emperor confers on him after his Death, and his Children take their Rank accordingly. This keeps the Ambitious Subject in a perpetual Dependance, making him always Vigilant and Active, and in every thing conformable to the Will of his Sovereign.

THERE

THERE are no Honorary Rewards among us, which are more esteemed by the Person who receives them, and are cheaper to the Prince, than the giving of Medals. But there is something in the Modern Manner of celebrating a great Action in Medals, which makes such a Reward much less valuable than it was among the *Romans*. There is generally but one Coin stamp'd upon the Occasion, which is made a Present to the Person who is celebrated on it: By this means his whole Fame is in his own Custody. The Applause that is bestowed upon him is too much limited and confined. He is in Possession of an Honour which the World perhaps knows nothing of. He may be a great Man in his own Family; his Wife and Children may see the Monument of an Exploit, which the Publick in a little time is a Stranger to. The *Romans* took a quite different Method in this Particular. Their Medals were their Current Mony. When an Action deserved to be recorded on a Coin, it was stamp'd perhaps upon an hundred thousand Pieces of Mony like our Shillings, or Half-pence, which were issued out of the Mint, and became Current. This Method published every noble Action to Advantage, and in a short space of Time spread through the whole *Roman Empire*. The *Romans* were so careful to preserve the Memory of great Events upon their Coins, that when any particular Piece of Mony grew very scarce, it was often Re-coined by a succeeding Emperor, many Years after the Death of the Emperor to whose Honour it was first struck.

A Friend of mine drew up a Project of this Kind during the late Ministry, which would then have been put in execution, had it not been too busie a time for Thoughts of that Nature. As this Project has been very much talked of by the Gentleman above-mentioned to Men of the greatest Genius, as well as Quality, I am informed there is now a Design on foot for executing the Proposal which was then made, and that we shall have several Farthings and Half-pence charged on the Reverse with many of the glorious Particulars of her Majesty's Reign. This is one of those Arts of Peace which may very well deserve to be cultivated, and which may be of great use to Posterity.

AS I have in my Possession the Copy of the Paper above-mentioned, which was delivered to the late Lord Treasurer, I shall here give the Publick a sight of it. For I do not question, but that the curious Part of my Readers will be very well pleased to see so much Matter, and so many useful Hints upon this Subject, laid together in so clear and concise a manner.

THE *English* have not been so careful as other polite Nations to preserve the Memory of their great Actions and Events on Medals. Their Subjects are few, their Motos and Devices mean, and the Coins themselves not Numerous enough to spread among the People, or descend to Posterity.

THE *French* have outdone us in these Particulars, and, by the Establishment of a Society for the Invention of proper Inscriptions and Designs, have the whole History of their present King in a regular Series of Medals.

THEY have failed, as well as the *English*, in coining so small a Number of each Kind, and those of such costly Medals, that each Species may be lost in a few Ages, and is at present no where to be met with but in the Cabinets of the Curious.

THE ancient *Romans* took the only effectual Method to disperse and preserve their Medals, by making them their current Mony.

EVERY thing glorious or useful, as well in Peace as War, gave Occasion to a different Coin. Not only an Expedition, Victory, or Triumph, but the Exercise of a solemn Devotion, the Remission of a Duty or Tax, a new Temple, Sea-Port, or High-way, were transmitted to Posterity after this Manner.

THE greatest Variety of Devices are on their Copper Money, which have most of the Designs that are to be met with on the Gold and Silver, and several peculiar to that Metal only. By this Means they were dispersed into the remotest Corners of the Empire, came into the Possession of the Poor as well as Rich, and were in no Danger of perishing in the Hands of those that might have melted down Coins of a more valuable Metal.

ADD to all this, that the Designs were invented by Men of Genius, and executed by a Decree of Senate.

IT

IT is therefore proposed,

I. **THAT** the *English* Farthings and Halfpence be Re coined upon the Union of the two Nations.

II. **THAT** they bear Devices and Inscriptions alluding to all the most remarkable Parts of her Majesty's Reign.

III. **THAT** there be a Society established for the finding out of proper Subjects, Inscriptions, and Devices.

IV. **THAT** no Subject, Inscription, or Device be stamped without the Approbation of this Society, nor, if it be thought proper, without the Authority of Privy-Council.

BY this Means, Medals, that are, at present, only a dead Treasure, or meer Curiosities, will be of Use in the ordinary Commerce of Life, and at the same time, perpetuate the Glories of Her Majesty's Reign, reward the Labours of Her greatest Subjects, keep alive in the People a Gratitude for publick Services, and excite the Emulation of Posterity. To these generous Purposes nothing can so much contribute as Medals of this Kind, which are of undoubted Authority, of necessary Use and Observation, not perishable by Time, nor confined to any certain Place; Properties not to be found in Books, Statues, Pictures, Buildings, or any other Monuments of Illustrious Actions.

N^o 97. Thursday, July 2.

— *Miserum est post omnia perdere Naulum.* Juv.

S I R,

I Was left a Thousand Pounds by an Uncle, and being a Man to my thinking very likely to get a Rich Widow, I laid aside all Thoughts of making my Fortune any other way, and without Loss of Time made my Applications to one who had buried her Husband about a Week before. By the help of some of her She Friends, who were my Relations, I got into her Company when she would see no Man besides myself and her Lawyer, who is a little, rivelled, splindle-shanked Gentleman, and married to boot, so that I had no reason to fear him. Upon my first seeing her, she said in Conversation within my hearing, that she thought a pale Complexion the most agreeable either in Man or Woman : Now you must know, Sir, my Face is as white as Chalk. This gave me some Encouragement, so that to mend the Matter I bought a fine Flaxen long Wig that cost me thirty Guineas, and found an Opportunity of seeing her in it the next Day. She then let drop some Expressions about an Agate Snuff-Box. I immediately took the Hint and bought one, being unwilling to omit any thing that might make
me

‘ me defireable in her Eyes. I was betrayed
 ‘ after the same manner into a Brocade
 ‘ Waistcoat, a Sword Knot, a pair of Silver
 ‘ fringed Gloves, and a Diamond Ring. But
 ‘ whether out of Fickleness, or a Design upon
 ‘ me, I can’t tell; but I found by her Dis-
 ‘ course, that what she liked one Day she dis-
 ‘ liked another: So that in six Months space I
 ‘ was forced to equip my self above a dozen
 ‘ times. As I told you before, I took her
 ‘ Hints at a distance, for I could never find
 ‘ an Opportunity of talking with her directly
 ‘ to the Point. All this time, however, I was
 ‘ allowed the utmost Familiarities with her
 ‘ Lap-dog, and have played with it above an
 ‘ Hour together, without receiving the least
 ‘ Reprimand, and had many other Marks of
 ‘ Favour shown me, which I thought amoun-
 ‘ ted to a Promise. If she chanced to drop
 ‘ her Fan, she received it from my Hands
 ‘ with great Civility. If she wanted any thing
 ‘ I reached it for her. I have filled her Tea-
 ‘ pot above an hundred times, and have af-
 ‘ terwards received a Dish of it from her own
 ‘ Hands. Now, Sir, do you judge if after
 ‘ such Encouragements she was not obliged
 ‘ to marry me. I forgot to tell you that I
 ‘ kept a Chair by the Week, on purpose to
 ‘ carry me thither and back again. Not to
 ‘ trouble you with a long Letter, in the space
 ‘ of about a Twelvemonth I have run out of
 ‘ my whole Thousand Pound upon her, ha-
 ‘ ving laid out the last fifty in a new Suit of
 ‘ Cloaths, in which I was resolved to receive

‘ her final Answer, which amounted to this,
‘ That she was engaged to another; That she
‘ never dreamt I had any such thing in my
‘ Head as Marriage; and that she thought I
‘ had frequented her House only because I lo-
‘ ved to be in Company with my Relations.
‘ This, you know, Sir, is using a Man like a
‘ Fool, and so I told her; but the worst of it
‘ is, that I have spent my Fortune to no pur-
‘ pose. All therefore that I desire of you is,
‘ to tell me whether upon exhibiting the se-
‘ veral Particulars which I have here related
‘ to you, I may not sue her for Damages in a
‘ Court of Justice. Your Advice in this par-
‘ ticular will very much oblige

Your most humble Admirer,

Simon Softly.

BEFORE I answer Mr. *Softly's* Request, I find my self under a Necessity of discussing two nice Points: First of all, What it is, in Cases of this Nature, that amounts to an Encouragement; and Secondly, What it is that amounts to a Promise. Each of which Subjects requires more Time to examine than I am at present Master of. Besides I would have my Friend *Simon* consider, whether he has any Council that would undertake his Cause in *Forma Pauperis*, he having unluckily disabled himself, by his own Account of the matter, from prosecuting his Suit any other way.

IN answer however to Mr. *Softly's* Request, I shall acquaint him with a Method made
use

use of by a young Fellow in King *Charles* the Second's Reign, whom I shall here call *Silvio*, who had long made Love, with much Artifice and Intrigue, to a rich Widow, whose true Name I shall conceal under that of *Zelinda*. *Silvio*, who was much more smitten with her Fortune than her Person, finding a Twelve-month's Application unsuccessful, was resolved to make a saving Bargain of it, and since he could not get the Widow's Estate into his Possession, to recover at least what he had laid out of his own in the Pursuit of it.

IN order to this he presented her with a Bill of Costs; having particularized in it the several Expences he had been at in his long perplexed Amour. *Zelinda* was so pleased with the Humour of the Fellow, and his frank way of dealing, that upon the Perusal of the Bill, she sent him a Purse of fifteen hundred Guineas, by the right Application of which the Lover, in less than a Year, got a Woman of a greater Fortune than her he had mis'd. The several Articles in the Bill of Costs I pretty well remember, tho' I have forgotten the particular Sum charged to each Article.

Laid out in Supernumerary Full-bottom Wiggs.

Fiddles for a Serenade, with a Speaking-trumpet.

Gilt Paper in Letters, and Billetdoux with perfum'd Wax.

A Rheam of Sonnets and Love Verses, purchased at different Times of Mr. *Triplett* at a Crown a Sheet.

To *Zelinda* two Sticks of *May* Cherries.

Last Summer, at several times, a Bushel of Peaches.

Three Porters whom I planted about her to watch her Motions.

The first who stood Centry near her Door.

The second who had his Stand at the Stables where her Coach was put up.

The third who kept Watch at the Corner of the Street where *Ned Courtall* lives, who has since married her.

Two additional Porters planted over her during the whole Month of *May*.

Five Conjurers kept in Pay all last Winter.

Spy-mony to *John Trott* her Footman, and Mrs. *Sarah Wheedle* her Companion.

A new *Conningsmark* Blade to fight *Ned Courtall*.

To *Zelinda's* Woman (Mrs. *Abigail*) an *Indian* Fan, a dozen Pair of white Kid Gloves, a Piece of *Flanders* Lace, and fifteen Guineas in dry Mony.

Secret Service-mony to *Betty* at the Ring.

Ditto, to Mrs. *Tape* the Mantua-maker.

Loss of Time.

Friday,

N^o 98. *Friday, July 3.**In sese redit* ———

Virg.

THE first who undertook to instruct the World in single Papers, was *Isaac Bickerstaff* of famous Memory; a Man nearly related to the Family of the IRONSIDES. We have often smoaked a Pipe together, for I was so much in his Books, that at his Decease he left me a Silver Standish, a pair of Spectacles, and the Lamp by which he used to write his Lucubrations.

THE venerable *Isaac* was succeeded by a Gentleman of the same Family, very memorable for the Shortness of his Face and of his Speeches. This Ingenious Author published his Thoughts, and held his Tongue, with great Applause, for two Years together.

I NESTOR IRONSIDE have now for some Time undertaken to fill the Place of these my two renowned Kinsmen and Predecessors. For it is observed of every Branch of our Family, that we have all of us a wonderful Inclination to give good Advice, though it is remarked of some of us, that we apt on this Occasion rather to give than take.

HOWEVER it be, I cannot but observe with some secret Pride, that this way of Writing diurnal Papers has not succeeded for any space of Time in the Hands of any Persons who are not of our Line. I believe I speak within compass, when I affirm that above

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bove

bove a hundred different Authors have endeavoured after our Family-way of Writing. Some of which have been Writers in other kinds of the greatest Eminence in the Kingdom; but I do not know how it has happened, they have none of them hit upon the Art. Their Projects have always dropt after a few unsuccessful Essays. It puts me in mind of a Story which was lately told me by a pleasant Friend of mine, who has a very fine Hand on the Violin. His Maid Servant seeing his Instrument lying upon the Table, and being sensible there was Musick in it, if she knew how to fetch it out, drew the Bow over every part of the Strings, and at last told her Master she had tried the Fiddle all over, but could not for her Heart find whereabout the Tune lay.

BUT though the whole Burden of such a Paper is only fit to rest on the Shoulders of a *Bickerstaff* or an *Ironside*; there are several who can acquit themselves of a single Day's Labour in it with suitable Abilities. These are Gentlemen whom I have often invited to this Tryal of Wit, and who have several of them acquitted themselves to my private Emolument, as well as to their own Reputation. My Paper among the Republick of Letters is the *Ulysses* his Bow, in which every Man of Wit or Learning may try his Strength. One who does not care to write a Book without being sure of his Abilities, may see by this means if his Parts and Talents are to the Publick Taste.

THIS

THIS I take to be of great Advantage to Men of the best Sense, who are always diffident of their private Judgement, 'till it receives a Sanction from the publick. *Provoco ad Populum*, I appeal to the People, was the usual Saying of a very excellent Dramatick Poet, when he had any Disputes with particular Persons about the Justness and Regularity of his Productions. It is but a melancholy Comfort for an Author to be satisfied that he has written up to the Rules of Art, when he finds he has no Admirers in the World besides himself. Common Modesty should, on this Occasion, make a Man suspect his own Judgment, and that he misapplies the Rules of his Art, when he finds himself singular in the Applause which he bestows upon his own Writings.

THE Publick is always Even with an Author who has not a just Deference for them: The Contempt is reciprocal. I laugh at every one, said an old Cynick, who laughs at me. Do you so? replied the Philosopher; then let me tell you, you live the merriest Life of any Man in *Athens*.

IT is not therefore the least Use of this my Paper, that it gives a timorous Writer, and such is every good one, an Opportunity of putting his Abilities to the Proof, and of founding the Publick before he launches into it. For this Reason I look upon my Paper as a kind of Nursery for Authors, and question not but some, who have made a good Figure here, will hereafter flourish under their own Names in more long and elaborate Works.

AFTER

AFTER having thus far enlarged upon this Particular, I have one Favour to beg of the Candid and Courteous Reader, that when he meets with any thing in this Paper which may appear a little dull or heavy, (tho' I hope this will not be often) he will believe it is the Work of some other Person, and not of NESTOR IRONSIDE.

I have, I know not how, been drawn in to tattle of my self, *more Majorum*, almost the length of a whole *Guardian*. I shall therefore fill up the remaining Part of it with what still relates to my own Person, and my Correspondents. Now I would have them all know that on the twentieth Instant it is my Intention to erect a Lion's Head in Imitation of those I have described in *Venice*, through which all the private Intelligence of that Commonwealth is said to pass. This Head is to open a most wide and voracious Mouth, which shall take in such Letters and Papers as are conveyed to me by my Correspondents, it being my Resolution to have a particular Regard to all such Matters as come to my Hands through the Mouth of the Lion. There will be under it a Box, of which the Key will be in my own Custody, to receive such Papers as are dropped into it. Whatever the Lion swallows I shall digest for the Use of the Publick. This Head requires some Time to finish, the Workman being resolved to give it several Masterly Touches, and to represent it as Ravenous as possible. It will be set up in *Button's Coffee-house in Covent-Garden*,
who

who is directed to shew the Way to the Lion's Head, and to instruct any young Author how to convey his Works into the Mouth of it with Safety and Secrecy. 

N^o 99. *Saturday, July 4.*

*Iustum, & tenacem propositi virum
Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
Non vultus instantis tyranni
Mente quatit solidâ, neque Auster
Dux inquieti turbidus Adriæ,
Nec fulminantis magna Jovis manus:
Si fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidum ferient ruinae.* Hor.

THERE is no Virtue so truly great and godlike as Justice. Most of the other Virtues are the Virtues of Created Beings, or accommodated to our Nature as we are Men. Justice is that which is practised by God himself, and to be practised in its Perfection by none but him. Omniscience and Omnipotence are requisite for the full Exertion of it. The one, to discover every degree of Uprightness or Iniquity in Thoughts, Words and Actions. The other, to measure out and impart suitable Rewards and Punishments.

AS to be perfectly Just is an Attribute in the Divine Nature, to be so to the utmost of our Abilities is the Glory of a Man. Such an one who has the Publick Administration in his Hands,

Hands, acts like the Representative of his Maker, in recompensing the Virtuous, and punishing the Offender. By the extirpating of a Criminal he averts the Judgments of Heaven, when ready to fall upon an impious People; or, as my Friend *Cato* expresses it much better in a Sentiment conformable to his Character,

*When by just Vengeance impious Mortals perish,
The Gods behold their Punishment with Pleasure,
And lay th' uplifted Thunder-bolt aside.*

WHEN a Nation once loses its Regard to Justice; when they do not look upon it as something venerable, holy and inviolable; when any of them dare presume to lessen, affront or terrifie those who have the Distribution of it in their Hands; when a Judge is capable of being influenced by any thing but Law, or a Cause may be recommended by any thing that is Foreign to its own Merits, we may venture to pronounce that such a Nation is hastening to its Ruin.

FOR this Reason the best Law that has ever past in our Days is that, which continues our Judges in their Posts during their good Behaviour, without leaving them to the Mercy of such who in ill Times might by an undue Influence over them, trouble and pervert the Course of Justice. I dare say the extraordinary Person who is now posted in the Chief Station of the Law, would have been the same had that Act never past; but it is a great Satisfaction to all Honest Men, that
while

while we see the greatest Ornament of the Profession in its highest Post, we are sure he cannot hurt himself by that assiduous, regular and impartial Administration of Justice, for which he is so Universally celebrated by the whole Kingdom. Such Men are to be reckoned among the greatest National Blessings, and should have that Honour paid them whilst they are yet living, which will not fail to crown their Memory when dead.

I always rejoice when I see a Tribunal filled with a Man of an upright and inflexible Temper, who in the Execution of his Country's Laws can overcome all private Fear, Resentment, Sollicitation, and even Pity it self. Whatever Passion enters into a Sentence or Decision, so far will there be in it a Tincture of Injustice. In short, Justice discards Party, Friendship, Kindred, and is therefore always represented as blind, that we may suppose her Thoughts are wholly intent on the Equity of a Cause, without being diverted or prejudiced by Objects foreign to it.

I shall conclude this Paper with a *Persian* Story, which is very suitable to my present Subject. It will not a little please the Reader, if he has the same Taste of it which I my self have.

AS one of the Sultans lay encamped on the Plains of *Avala*, a certain great Man of the Army entered by Force into a Peasant's House, and finding his Wife very handsome, turned the good Man out of his Dwelling and went to Bed to her. The Peasant complain-
ed

ed the next Morning to the Sultan, and desired Redress; but was not able to point out the Criminal. The Emperor, who was very much incensed at the Injury done to the poor Man, told him that probably the Offender might give his Wife another Visit, and if he did, commanded him immediately to repair to his Tent and acquaint him with it. Accordingly within two or three Days the Officer entered again the Peasant's House, and turned the Owner out of Doors; who thereupon applied himself to the Imperial Tent, as he was ordered. The Sultan went in Person, with his Guards, to the Poor Man's House, where he arrived about Midnight. As the Attendants carried each of them a Flambeau in their Hands, the Sultan, after having ordered all the Lights to be put out, gave the Word to enter the House, find out the Criminal, and put him to Death. This was immediately executed, and the Corps laid out upon the Floor by the Emperor's Command. He then bid every one light his Flambeau, and stand about the dead Body. The Sultan approaching it looked upon the Face, and immediately fell upon his Knees in Prayer. Upon his rising up he ordered the Peasant to set before him whatever Food he had in the House. The Peasant brought out a great deal of coarse Fare, of which the Emperor eat very heartily. The Peasant seeing him in good Humour, presumed to ask of him, why he had ordered the Flambeaux to be put out before he had commanded the Adulterer should be slain?

Why,

Why, upon their being lighted again, he looked upon the Face of the dead Body, and fell down by it in Prayer? and why, after this, he had ordered Meat to be set before him, of which he now eat so heartily? The Sultan, being willing to gratifie the Curiosity of his Host, answered him in this Manner. ‘ Upon hearing the Greatness of the Offence which had been committed by one of the Army, I had Reason to think it might have been one of my own Sons, for who else would have been so audacious and presuming? I gave Orders therefore for the Lights to be extinguished, that I might not be led astray, by Partiality or Compassion, from doing Justice on the Criminal. Upon the lighting of the Flambeaux a second time, I looked upon the Face of the dead Person, and, to my unspeakable Joy, found that it was not my Son. It was for this Reason that I immediately fell upon my Knees, and gave Thanks to God. As for my eating heartily of the Food you have set before me, you will cease to wonder at it, when you know that the great Anxiety of Mind I have been in, upon this Occasion, since the first Complaints you brought me, has hindered my eating any thing from that time till this very Moment.



N^o 100. Monday, July 6.

*Hoc vos præcipue, niveæ, decet. hoc ubi vidi,
Oscula ferre humero, quæ patet, usque libet.* Ovid.

THERE is a certain Female Ornament by some called a Tucker, and by others the Neck-piece, being a slip of fine Linnen or Muslin that used to run in a small kind of ruffle round the uppermost Verge of the Womens Stays, and by that means covered a great part of the Shoulders and Bosom. Having thus given a Definition, or rather Description of the Tucker, I must take Notice, that our Ladies have of late thrown aside this Fig-Leaf, and exposed in its Primitive Nakedness that gentle Swelling of the Breast which it was used to conceal. What their Design by it is they themselves best know.

I observed this as I was sitting the other Day by a famous She Visitant at my Lady *Lizard's*, when accidentally as I was looking upon her Face, letting my Sight fall into her Bosom, I was surprized with Beauties which I never before discovered, and do not know where my Eye would have run, if I had not immediately checked it. The Lady herself could not forbear blushing when she observed by my Looks, that she had made her Neck too beautiful and glaring an Object, even for a Man of my Character and Gravity. I could scarce

scarce forbear making use of my Hand to cover so unseemly a Sight.

IF we survey the Pictures of our Great-Grandmothers in Queen *Elizabeth's* Time, we see them cloathed down to the very Wrists, and up to the very Chin. The Hands and Face were the only Samples they gave of their beautiful Persons. The following Age of Females made larger Discoveries of their Complexion. They first of all tucked up their Garments to the Elbow, and notwithstanding the Tenderness of the Sex, were content, for the Information of Mankind, to expose their Arms to the Coldness of the Air, and Injuries of the Weather. This Artifice hath succeeded to their Wishes, and betrayed many to their Arms, who might have escaped them had they been still concealed.

ABOUT the same time the Ladies considering that the Neck was a very Modest Part in a Human Body, they freed it from those Yoaks, I mean those monstrous Linnen Ruffs, in which the Simplicity of their Grandmothers had enclosed it. In proportion as the Age refined, the Dress still sunk lower, so that when we now say a Woman has a handsome Neck, we reckon into it many of the adjacent Parts. The disuse of the Tucker has still enlarged it, insomuch that the Neck of a fine Woman at present takes in almost half the Body.

SINCE the Female Neck thus grows upon us, and the Ladies seem disposed to discover themselves to us more and more, I would fain

have them tell us once for all how far they intend to go, and whether they have yet determined among themselves where to make a Stop.

FOR my own Part, their Necks, as they call them, are no more than *Busts* of Alabaster in my Eye. I can look upon

The yielding Marble of a snowy Breast with as much Coldness as this Line of Mr. *Waller* represents in the Object it self. But my fair Readers ought to consider, that all their Beholders are not *Nestors*. Every Man is not sufficiently qualified with Age and Philosophy to be an indifferent Spectator of such Allurements. The Eyes of young Men are curious and penetrating, their Imaginations of a roving Nature, and their Passions under no Discipline or Restraint. I am in Pain for a Woman of Rank when I see her thus exposing her self to the Regards of every impudent staring Fellow. How can she expect that her Quality can defend her, when she gives such Provocation? I could not but observe last Winter, that upon the disuse of the Neck-piece (the Ladies will pardon me if it is not the fashionable Term of Art) the whole Tribe of Oglers gave their Eyes a new Determination, and stared the fair Sex in the Neck rather than in the Face. To prevent these sawcy familiar Glances, I would entreat my gentle Readers to sow on their Tuckers again, to retrieve the Modesty of their Characters, and not to imitate the Nakedness, but the Innocence of their Mother *Eve*.

WHAT

WHAT most troubles and indeed surprizes me in this Particular, I have observed that the Leaders in this Fashion were most of them married Women. What their Design can be in making themselves bare I cannot possibly imagine. No Body exposes Wares that are appropriated. When the Bird is taken the Snare ought to be removed. It was a remarkable Circumstance in the Institution of the severe *Lycurgus*. As that great Law-giver knew that the Wealth and Strength of a Republick consisted in the Multitude of Citizens, he did all he could to encourage Marriage : In order to it he prescribed a certain loose Dress for the *Spartan* Maids, in which there were several Artificial Rents and Openings, that upon their putting themselves in Motion discovered several Limbs of the Body to the Beholders. Such were the Baits and Temptations made use of by that wise Law-giver, to incline the young Men of his Age to Marriage. But when the Maid was once sped she was not suffered to tantalise the Male Part of the Commonwealth : Her Garments were closed up, and stitched together with the greatest Care imaginable. The Shape of her Limbs and Complexion of her Body had gained their Ends, and were ever after to be concealed from the Notice of the Publick.

I shall conclude this Discourse of the *Tucker* with a Moral which I have taught upon all Occasions, and shall still continue to inculcate into my Female Readers ; namely, that nothing bestows so much Beauty on a Woman

as Modesty. This is a Maxim laid down by *Ovid* himself, the greatest Master in the Art of Love. He observes upon it, that *Venus* pleases most when she appears (*femi-reducta*) in a Figure withdrawing her self from the Eye of the Beholder. It is very probable he had in his Thoughts the Statue which we see in the *Venus de Medicis*, where she is represented in such a shy retiring Posture, and covers her Bosom with one of her Hands. In short, Modesty gives the Maid greater Beauty than even the bloom of Youth, it bestows on the Wife the Dignity of a Matron, and reinstates the Widow in her Virginity. 

N^o 101. *Tuesday, July 7.*

Tros Tyriusve mihi nullo discrimine habetur. *Virg.*

THIS being the great Day of Thanksgiving for the Peace, I shall present my Reader with a couple of Letters that are the Fruits of it. They are written by a Gentleman who has taken this Opportunity to see *France*, and has given his Friends in *England* a general Account of what he has there met with, in several Epistles. Those which follow were put into my Hands with Liberty to make them publick, and I question not but my Reader will think himself obliged to me for so doing.

SIR,

S I R,

‘SINCE I had the Happiness to see you
 ‘ last, I have encountered as many Mis-
 ‘ fortunes as a Knight-Errant. I had a Fall
 ‘ into the Water at *Calais*, and since that se-
 ‘ veral Bruises upon the Land, lame Post-
 ‘ horses by Day, and hard Beds at Night,
 ‘ with many other dismal Adventures.

Quorum animus meminisse horret luctuque refugit.

‘ MY Arrival at *Paris* was at first no less
 ‘ uncomfortable, where I could not see a Face
 ‘ nor hear a Word that I ever met with before;
 ‘ so that my most agreeable Companions
 ‘ have been Statues and Pictures, which are
 ‘ many of them very extraordinary; but what
 ‘ particularly recommends them to me is, that
 ‘ they do not speak *French*, and have a very
 ‘ good Quality, rarely to be met with in this
 ‘ Country, of not being too Talkative.

‘ I am settled for some Time at *Paris*.
 ‘ Since my being here I have made the Tour
 ‘ of all the King’s Palaces, which has been I
 ‘ think the pleasantest Part of my Life. I
 ‘ could not believe it was in the Power of Art
 ‘ to furnish out such a Multitude of Noble
 ‘ Scenes as I there met with, or that so many
 ‘ delightful Prospects could lie within the
 ‘ Compass of a Man’s Imagination. There
 ‘ is every thing done that can be expected
 ‘ from a Prince who removes Mountains,
 ‘ turns the Course of Rivers, raises Woods
 ‘ in a Day’s Time, and plants a Village or

‘ Town on such a particular Spot of Ground,
‘ only for the bettering of a View. One
‘ would wonder to see how many Tricks he
‘ has made the Water play for his Diversion.
‘ It turns it self into Pyramids, Triumphal
‘ Arches, Glass-bottles, imitates a Fire-work,
‘ rises in a Mist, or tells a Story out of *Æ-*
‘ *sep.*

‘ I do not believe, as good a Poet as you
‘ are, that you can make finer Landskips than
‘ those about the King’s Houses, or with all
‘ your Descriptions raise a more magnificent
‘ Palace than *Versailles*. I am however so
‘ singular as to prefer *Fontaine-bleau* to all
‘ the rest. It is situated among Rocks and
‘ Woods, that give you a fine Variety of Sal-
‘ vage Prospects. The King has humour’d
‘ the Genius of the Place, and only made Use
‘ of so much Art as is necessary to help and
‘ regulate Nature, without reforming her too
‘ much. The Cascades seem to break through
‘ the Clefts and Cracks of Rocks that are co-
‘ vered over with Moss, and look as if they
‘ were piled upon one another by Accident.
‘ There is an Artificial Wildness in the Mea-
‘ dows, Walks, and Canals; and the Gar-
‘ den, instead of a Wall, is fenced on the
‘ lower End by a natural Mound of Rock-
‘ work that strikes the Eye very agreeably. For
‘ my Part, I think there is something more
‘ charming in these rude heaps of Stone than
‘ in so many Statues, and would as soon see
‘ a River winding through Woods and Mea-
‘ dows,

' dows, as when it is tossed up in so many
 ' whimsical Figures at *Versailles*. To pass
 ' from Works of Nature to those of Art. In
 ' my Opinion, the pleasantest part of *Ver-*
 ' *sailles* is the Gallery. Every one sees on each
 ' Side of it something that will be sure to
 ' please him. For one of them commands
 ' a View of the finest Garden in the World,
 ' and the other is Wainscotted with Looking-
 ' glass. The History of the present King till
 ' the Year 16 is Painted on the Roof by
 ' *le Brun*, so that his Majesty has Actions e-
 ' nough by him to furnish another Gallery
 ' much longer than the present.

' THE Painter has represented his most
 ' Christian Majesty under the Figure of *Ju-*
 ' *piter*, throwing Thunder-bolts all about the
 ' Ceiling, and striking Terror into the *Da-*
 ' *nube* and *Rhine*, that lie astonished and blast-
 ' ed with Lightning a little above the Cor-
 ' nice.

' BUT what makes all these Shows the
 ' more agreeable is, the great Kindness and
 ' Affability that is shown to Strangers. If the
 ' *French* do not excel the *English* in all the
 ' Arts of Humanity, they do at least in the
 ' outward Expressions of it. And upon this,
 ' as well as other Accounts, though I believe
 ' the *English* are a much wiser Nation, the
 ' *French* are undoubtedly much more happy.
 ' Their old Men in particular are, I believe,
 ' the most agreeable in the World. An An-
 ' tediluvian could not have more Life and
 ' Brisk-

‘ Briskness in him at Threescore and ten: For
 ‘ that Fire and Levity which makes the young
 ‘ ones scarce Conversible, when a little wait-
 ‘ ed and tempered by Years, makes a very
 ‘ pleasant and gay old Age. Besides, this Na-
 ‘ tional Fault of being so very Talkative looks
 ‘ natural and graceful in one that has grey
 ‘ Hairs to Countenance it. The mention-
 ‘ ing this Fault in the *French* must put
 ‘ me in mind to finish my Letter, lest you
 ‘ think me already too much infected by their
 ‘ Conversation; but I must desire you to
 ‘ consider, that Travelling does in this re-
 ‘ spect lay a little Claim to the Privilege of
 ‘ old Age.

I am, SIR, &c.

SIR,

Blois, May 15, N. S.

‘ I Cannot pretend to trouble you with any
 ‘ News from this Place, where the only
 ‘ Advantage I have, besides getting the Lan-
 ‘ guage, is, to see the Manners and Temper
 ‘ of the People, which I believe may be bet-
 ‘ ter learnt here than in Courts and greater
 ‘ Cities, where Artifice and Disguise are more
 ‘ in Fashion.

‘ I have already seen, as I informed you
 ‘ in my last, all the King’s Palaces, and have
 ‘ now seen a great part of the Country. I
 ‘ never thought there had been in the World
 ‘ such an excessive Magnificence or Poverty as
 ‘ I have met with in both together. One can
 ‘ scarce

‘ scarce conceive the Pomp that appears in e-
 ‘ very thing about the King; but at the same
 ‘ time it makes half his Subjects go bare-
 ‘ foot. The People are, however, the hap-
 ‘ piest in the World, and enjoy, from the be-
 ‘ nefit of their Climate and Natural Consti-
 ‘ tution, such a perpetual Gladness of Heart
 ‘ and Easiness of Temper as even Liberty
 ‘ and Plenty cannot bestow on those of other
 ‘ Nations. ’Tis not in the Power of Want
 ‘ or Slavery to make them miserable. There
 ‘ is nothing to be met with in the Country
 ‘ but Mirth and Poverty. Every one sings,
 ‘ laughs, and starves. Their Conversation is
 ‘ generally agreeable, for if they have any
 ‘ Wit or Sense, they are sure to show it. They
 ‘ never mend upon a second Meeting, but use
 ‘ all the Freedom and Familiarity at first sight,
 ‘ that a long Intimacy or abundance of Wine
 ‘ can scarce draw from an *Englishman*. Their
 ‘ Women are perfect Mistresses in this Art
 ‘ of Showing themselves to the best Advan-
 ‘ tage. They are always gay and sprightly,
 ‘ and set off the worst Faces in *Europe* with
 ‘ the best Airs. Every one knows how to
 ‘ give her self as charming a Look and Posture
 ‘ as Sir *Godfrey Kneller* could draw her in.
 ‘ I cannot End my Letter without observing
 ‘ that from what I have already seen of the
 ‘ World, I cannot but set a particular Mark
 ‘ of Distinction upon those who abound most
 ‘ in the Virtues of their Nation, and least
 ‘ with its Imperfections. When therefore I
 ‘ see the good Sense of an *Englishman* in its
 ‘ highest

‘ highest Perfection, without any mixture of
 ‘ the Spleen, I hope you will excuse me if I
 ‘ admire the Character, and am ambitious of
 ‘ subscribing my self,

✍

-S I R, Yours, &c.

N^o 102. Wednesday, July 8.

————— *Natus ad flumina primùm*

Deferimus, salvoque gelu duramus & undis. Virg.

7 **I** Am always beating about in my Thoughts for something that may turn to the Benefit of my dear Countrymen. The present Season of the Year having put most of them in flight Summer-Suits, has turned my Speculations to a Subject that concerns every one who is sensible of Cold or Heat, which I believe takes in the greatest part of my Readers.

THERE is nothing in Nature more inconstant than the *British* Climate, if we except the Humour of its Inhabitants. We have frequently in one Day all the Seasons of the Year. I have shivered in the Dog-days, and been forced to throw off my Coat in *January*. I have gone to Bed in *August* and rose in *December*. Summer has often caught me in my *Drap de Berry*, and Winter in my *Doily* Suit.

I remember a very whimsical Fellow (commonly known by the Name of *Posture-Master*) in

in King *Charles* the Second's Reign, who was the Plague of all the Taylors about Town. He would often send for one of 'em to take Measure of him, but would so contrive it as to have a most immoderate Rising in one of his Shoulders. When the Cloaths were brought home, and try'd upon him, the Deformity was removed into the other Shoulder. Upon which the Taylor begged Pardon for the Mistake, and mended it fast as he could; but upon a third Tryal found him a streight Shouldered Man as one would desire to see, but a little unfortunate in a Humpt Back. In short, this wandring Tumour puzzled all the Workmen about Town, who found it impossible to accommodate so changeable a Customer. My Reader will apply this to any one who would adapt a Suit to a Season of our *English* Climate.

AFTER this short Descant on the Uncertainty of our *English* Weather, I come to my Moral.

A Man should take care that his Body be not too soft for his Climate; but rather, if possible, harden and season himself beyond the Degree of Cold wherein he lives. Daily Experience teaches us how we may inure our selves by Custom to bear the Extremities of Weather without Injury. The Inhabitants of *Nova Zembla* go naked, without complaining of the Bleakness of the Air in which they are born, as the Armies of the Northern Nations keep the Field all Winter. The softest of our *British* Ladies expose their
Arms

Arms and Necks to the open Air, which the Men could not do without catching Cold, for want of being accustomed to it. The whole Body by the same means might contract the same Firmness and Temper. The *Scythian* that was asked how it was possible for the Inhabitants of his Frozen Climate to go naked, replied, *Because we are all over Face.* Mr. *Lock* advises Parents to have their Childrens Feet washed every Morning in Cold Water, which might probably prolong Multitudes of Lives.

I verily believe a cold Bath would be one of the most healthful Exercises in the World, were it made use of in the Education of Youth. It would make their Bodies more than Proof to the Injuries of the Air and Weather. It would be something like what the Poets tell us of *Achilles*, whom his Mother is said to have dipped, when he was a Child, in the River *Styx*. The Story adds that this made him invulnerable all over, excepting that Part which the Mother held in her Hand during this Immersion, and which by that Means lost the Benefit of these hardning Waters. Our common Practice runs in a quite contrary Method. We are perpetually softning ourselves by good Fires and warm Cloaths. The Air within our Rooms has generally two or three more Degrees of Heat in it than the Air without Doors.

CRASSUS is an old Lethargick Valetudinarian. For these twenty Years last past he has been cloathed in Frize of the same Colour

Colour and of the same Piece. He fancies he should catch his Death in any other kind of Manufacture, and though his Avarice would incline him to wear it till it was threadbare, he dares not do it lest he should take Cold when the Nap is off. He could no more live without his Frize Coat than without his Skin. It is not indeed so properly his Coat as what the Anatomists call one of the *Integuments* of the Body.

HOW different an old Man is *Crassus* from my self. It is indeed the particular Distinction of the *Ironsides* to be robust and hardy, to defie the Cold and Rain, and let the Weather do its worst. My Father lived till a hundred without a Cough, and we have a Tradition in the Family that my Grandfather used to throw off his Hat and go open Breasted after Fourscore. As for my self, they used to sowse me over Head and Ears in Water when I was a Boy, so that I am now looked upon as one of the most Case-hardened of the whole Family of the *Ironsides*. In short, I have been so plunged in Water and inured to the Cold that I regard my self as a Piece of true-temper'd *Steele*, and can say with the above-mentioned *Scythian*, that I am Face, or if my Enemies please, Fore-head, all over.



Thursday,

N^o 103 Thursday, July 9.

Dum flammæ foris, & sonitus imitatur Olympi. Virg.

I Am considering how most of the great *Phænomena*, or Appearances in Nature, have been imitated by the Art of Man. Thunder is grown a common Drug among the Chymists. Lightning may be bought by the Pound. If a Man has occasion for a Lambent Flame, you have whole Sheets of it in a handful of Phosphor. Showers of Rain are to be met with in every Water-work; and we are informed, that some Years ago the Vertuoso's of *France* covered a little Vault with Artificial Snow, which they made to fall above an Hour together for the Entertainment of his present Majesty.

I am led into this Train of Thinking by the noble Fire-work that was exhibited last Night upon the *Thames*. You might there see a little Sky filled with innumerable Blazing Stars and Meteors. Nothing could be more astonishing than the Pillars of Flame, Clouds of Smoke, and Multitudes of Stars mingled together in such an agreeable Confusion. Every Rocket ended in a Constellation, and strow'd the Air with such a shower of Silver Spangles, as opened and enlightened the whole Scene from time to time. It put me in mind of the Lines in *OEdipus*,

*Why from the bleeding Womb of monstrous Night
Burst forth such Myriads of abortive Stars?*

In

In short, the Artist did his part to Admiration, and was so encompassed with Fire and Smoke, that one would have thought nothing but a Salamander could have been safe in such a Situation.

I was in Company with two or three fanciful Friends during this whole Show. One of them being a Critick, that is, a Man who on all Occasions is more attentive to what is wanting than what is present, begun to exert his Talent upon the several Objects we had before us. I am mightily pleased, says he, with that burning Cypher. There is no Matter in the World so proper to write with as Wild-fire, as no Characters can be more legible than those which are read by their own Light. But as for your Cardinal Virtues I don't care for seeing them in such Combustible Figures. Who can imagine *Chastity* with a Body of Fire, or *Temperance* in a Flame? *Justice* indeed may be furnished out of this Element as far as her Sword goes, and *Courage* may be all over one continued Blaze, if the Artist pleases.

OUR Companion observing that we laught at this unseasonable Severity, let drop the Critick, and proposed a Subject for a Fire-work which he thought would be very amusing, if executed by so able an Artist as he who was at that time Entertaining us. The Plan he mentioned was a Scene in *Milton*. He wou'd have a large Piece of Machinery represent the *Pan-dæmonium*, where

————— *from the Arched Roof*
Pendent by subtle Magick, many a row
Of starry Lamps, and blazing Cressets, fed
With Naphtha and Asphaltus, yielded Light
As from a Sky—————

This might be finely represented by several Illuminations disposed in a great Frame of Wood, with ten thousand beautiful Exhalations of Fire, which Men versed in this Art know very well how to raise. The Evil Spirits at the same time might very properly appear in Vehicles of Flame, and employ all the Tricks of Art to terrifie and surprize the Spectator.

WE were well enough pleased with this Start of Thought, but fancied there was something in it too serious, and perhaps too horrid, to be put in Execution.

UPON this a Friend of mine gave us an Account of a Fire-work described, if I am not mistaken, by *Strada*. A Prince of *Italy*, it seems, entertained his Mistress with it upon a great Lake. In the midst of this Lake was a huge floating Mountain made by Art. The Mountain represented *Ætna*, being bored thro' the top with a monstrous Orifice. Upon a Signal given the Eruption began. Fire and Smoke, mixed with several unusual Prodigies and Figures, made their Appearance for some time. On a sudden there was heard a most dreadful rumbling Noise within the Entrails of the Machine. After which the Mountain burst, and discovered a vast Cavity in that
Side

Side which faced the Prince and his Court. Within this Hollow was *Vulcan's* Shop full of Fire and Clock-work. A Column of blue Flames issued out incessantly from the forge. *Vulcan* was employed in hammering out Thunderbolts, that every now and then flew up from the Anvil with dreadful Cracks and Flashes. *Venus* stood by him in a Figure of the brightest Fire, with numberless *Cupids* on all Sides of her, that shot out Volleys of burning Arrows. Before her was an Altar with Hearts of Fire flaming on it. I have forgot several other Particulars no less curious, and have only mentioned these to show that there may be a Sort of Fable or Design in a Fire-work which may give an Additional Beauty to those surprising Objects.

I seldom see any thing that raises Wonder in me which does not give my Thoughts a Turn that makes my Heart the better for it. As I was lying in my Bed, and ruminating on what I had seen, I could not forbear reflecting on the Insignificancy of Human Art, when set in Comparison with the Designs of Providence. In the Pursuit of this Thought I considered a Comet, or in the Language of the Vulgar a Blazing-Star, as a Sky-Rocket discharged by an Hand that is Almighty. Many of my Readers saw that in the Year 1680, and if they are not Mathematicians will be amazed to hear that it travelled in a much greater Degree of Swiftneſs than a Cannon Ball, and drew after it a Tail of Fire that was Fourſcore Millions of Miles in length. What

an amazing Thought is it to consider this stupendous Body traversing the Immensity of the Creation with such a Rapidity, and at the same time Wheeling about in that Line which the Almighty has prescribed for it? that it should move in such an inconceivable Fury and Combustion, and at the same time with such an exact Regularity? How spacious must the Universe be that gives such Bodies as these their full play, without suffering the least Disorder or Confusion by it? What a glorious Show are those Beings entertained with, that can look into this great Theatre of Nature, and see Myriads of such tremendous Objects wandering through those immeasurable Depths of *Ether*, and running their appointed Courses? Our Eyes may hereafter be strong enough to command this magnificent Prospect, and our Understandings able to find out the several Uses of these great Parts of the Universe. In the mean Time they are very proper Objects for our Imaginations to contemplate, that we may form more exalted Notions of infinite Wisdom and Power, and learn to think humbly of our selves, and of all the little Works of Human Invention.



Friday,

N^o 104. *Friday, July 10.*

Qua è longinquo magis placent.

Tacit.

ON *Tuesday* last I published two Letters written by a Gentleman in his Travels. As they were applauded by my best Readers, I shall this Day Publish two more from the same Hand. The first of them contains a Matter of Fact which is very curious, and may deserve the Attention of those who are versed in our *British* Antiquities.

S I R,

Blois, May 15. N. S.

‘ **B**ECAUSE I am at present out of the
 ‘ Road of News, I shall send you a Sto-
 ‘ ry that was lately given me by a Gentleman
 ‘ of this Country, who is descended from one
 ‘ of the Persons concerned in the Relation,
 ‘ and very inquisitive to know if there be a-
 ‘ ny of the Family now in *England*.

‘ I shall only premise to it, that this Story
 ‘ is preserved with great Care among the
 ‘ Writings of this Gentleman’s Family, and
 ‘ that it has been given to two or three of our
 ‘ *English* Nobility, when they were in these
 ‘ Parts, who could not return any Satisfacto-
 ‘ ry Answer to the Gentleman, whether there
 ‘ be any of that Family now remaining in
 ‘ *Great Britain*.

‘ **I**N the Reign of King *John* there lived
 ‘ a Nobleman called *John de Sigonia*, Lord
 ‘ of

‘ of that Place in *Tourraine*. His Brothers
 ‘ were *Philip* and *Briant*. *Briant*, when ve-
 ‘ ry young, was made one of the *French* King’s
 ‘ Pages, and served him in that Quality when
 ‘ he was taken Prisoner by the *English*. The
 ‘ King of *England* chanced to see the Youth,
 ‘ and being much pleased with his Person and
 ‘ Behaviour, begg’d him of the King his Pri-
 ‘ soner. It happened, some Years after this,
 ‘ that *John*, the other Brother, who, in the
 ‘ Course of the War, had raised himself to
 ‘ a considerable Post in the *French* Army, was
 ‘ taken Prisoner by *Briant*, who at that time
 ‘ was an Officer in the King of *England*’s
 ‘ Guards. *Briant* knew nothing of his Bro-
 ‘ ther, and being naturally of an haughty Tem-
 ‘ per, treated him very insolently, and more
 ‘ like a Criminal than a Prisoner of War. This
 ‘ *John* resented so highly, that he challenged
 ‘ him to a single Combat. The Challenge
 ‘ was accepted, and Time and Place assign-
 ‘ ed them by the King’s Appointment. Both
 ‘ appeared on the Day prefixed, and entered
 ‘ the Lists compleatly armed amidst a great
 ‘ Multitude of Spectators. Their first Encoun-
 ‘ ters were very furious, and the Success e-
 ‘ qual on both Sides; till after some Toil and
 ‘ Bloodshed they were parted by the Seconds
 ‘ to fetch Breath, and prepare themselves a-
 ‘ fresh for the Combat. *Briant*, in the mean
 ‘ time, had cast his Eye upon his Brother’s
 ‘ Escutcheon, which he saw agreed in all Points
 ‘ with his own. I need not tell you after this
 ‘ with what Joy and Surprize the Story ends.

‘ King

‘ King *Edward*, who knew all the Particulars
 ‘ of it, as a Mark of his Esteem, gave to each
 ‘ of them, by the King of *France*’s Consent,
 ‘ the following Coat of Arms, which I
 ‘ will send you in the original Language,
 ‘ not being Herald enough to blazon it in
 ‘ *English*.

*Le Roi d’ Angleterre par permission du Roi
 de France, pour perpétuelle memoire de leurs
 grands faits d’ armes & fidelité envers leurs
 Rois, leur donna par Ampliation à leurs Ar-
 mes en une croix d’ argent Cantonnée de quatre
 Coquilles d’ or en Champ de Sable, qu’ ils avoi-
 ent Auparavant, une endenteuse faite en fa-
 çons de Croix de guëulle inserée au dedans de
 la ditte croix d’ argent & par le milieu d’ icel-
 le, qui est participation des deux Croix que
 portent les dits Rois en la Guerre.*

‘ I am afraid, by this time, you begin to
 ‘ wonder that I should send you for News a
 ‘ Tale of three or four hundred Years old ;
 ‘ and I dare say never thought, when you
 ‘ desired me to write to you, that I should
 ‘ trouble you with a Story of King *John*, e-
 ‘ specially at a Time when there is a Monarch
 ‘ on the *French* Throne that furnishes Dis-
 ‘ course for all *Europe*. But I confess I am
 ‘ the more fond of the Relation, because it
 ‘ brings to Mind the noble Exploits of our
 ‘ own Countrymen : Tho’, at the same time,
 ‘ I must own it is not so much the Vanity of
 ‘ an *Englishman* which puts me upon writing

‘ it, as that I have of taking any Occasion to
 ‘ subscribe my self,

S I R, Tours, &c.

S I R,

Blois, May 20, N. S.

‘ I Am extreamly obliged to you for your
 ‘ last kind Letter, which was the only
 ‘ *English* that had been spoken to me in some
 ‘ Months together, for I am at present forced
 ‘ to think the Absence of my Countrymen
 ‘ my good Fortune:

Votum in amante notum! vellem quod amatur abesset.

‘ This is an Advantage that I could not have
 ‘ hoped for, had I staid near the *French* Court,
 ‘ tho’ I must confess I would not but have
 ‘ seen it, because I believe it showed me some
 ‘ of the finest Places and of the greatest Per-
 ‘ sons in the World. One cannot hear a
 ‘ Name mentioned in it that does not bring
 ‘ to Mind a Piece of a *Gazette*, nor see a
 ‘ Man that has not signalized himself in a
 ‘ Battel. One would fancy ones self to be
 ‘ in the enchanted Palaces of a Romance;
 ‘ one meets with so many Heroes, and finds
 ‘ something so like Scenes of Magick in the
 ‘ Gardens, Statues, and Water-works. I am
 ‘ ashamed that I am not able to make a quick-
 ‘ er Progress through the *French* Tongue,
 ‘ because I believe it is impossible for a Learner
 ‘ of a Language to find in any Nation such
 ‘ Advantages as in this, where every Body is
 ‘ so very courteous and so very talkative.
 ‘ They

‘ They always take Care to make a Noise as
 ‘ long as they are in Company, and are as
 ‘ loud, any Hour of the Morning, as our
 ‘ own Countrymen at Midnight. By what
 ‘ I have seen, there is more Mirth in the
 ‘ *French* Conversation, and more Wit in the
 ‘ *English*. You abound more in Jest, but
 ‘ they in Laughter. Their Language is in-
 ‘ deed extreamly proper to tattle in, it is made
 ‘ up of so much Repetition and Compliment.
 ‘ One may know a Foreigner by his answering
 ‘ only No or Yes to a Question, which a
 ‘ *Frenchman* generally makes a Sentence of.
 ‘ They have a Sett of ceremonious Phrases
 ‘ that run thro’ all Ranks and Degrees among
 ‘ them. Nothing is more common than to hear a
 ‘ Shopkeeper desiring his Neighbour to have
 ‘ the Goodness to tell him what is a Clock,
 ‘ or a couple of Coblers that are extreamly
 ‘ glad of the Honour of seeing one another.

‘ THE Face of the whole Country, where
 ‘ I now am, is at this Season pleasant beyond
 ‘ Imagination. I cannot but fancy the Birds
 ‘ of this Place, as well as the Men, a great
 ‘ deal merrier than those of our own Nation.
 ‘ I am sure the *French* Year has got the Start
 ‘ of ours more in the Works of Nature than
 ‘ in the New Stile. I have past one *March*
 ‘ in my Life without being ruffled by the
 ‘ Winds, and one *April* without being wash-
 ‘ ed with Rains.

I am, S I R,

Tours, &c.

Saturday,

N^o 105. Saturday, July 11.

Quod neque in Armeniis tigres fecere latebris :

Perdere nec fœtus ausa Leœna suos.

At teneræ faciunt, sed non impunè, Puellæ ;

Sæpe suos utero quæ necat, ipsa perit.

Ov.

THERE was no Part of the Show on the Thanksgiving-Day that so much pleased and affected me as the little Boys and Girls who were ranged with so much Order and Decency in that Part of the *Strand* which reaches from the *Maypole* to *Exeter Change*. Such a numerous and Innocent Multitude, cloathed in the Charity of their Benefactors, was a Spectacle pleasing both to God and Man, and a more beautiful Expression of Joy and Thanksgiving than could have been exhibited by all the Poms of a *Roman Triumph*. Never did a more full and unspotted Chorus of Human Creatures join together in a Hymn of Devotion. The Care and Tenderness which appeared in the Looks of their several Instructors, who were disposed among this little Helpless People, could not forbear touching every Heart that had any Sentiments of Humanity.

I am very sorry that Her Majesty did not see this Assembly of Objects so proper to excite that Charity and Compassion which she bears to all who stand in need of it, tho' at
the

the same time I question not but her Royal Bounty will extend it self to them. A Charity bestowed on the Education of so many of her young Subjects, has more Merit in it than a thousand Pensions to those of a higher Fortune who are in greater Stations in Life.

I have always looked on this Institution of Charity-Schools, which, of late Years, has so Universally prevailed through the whole Nation, as the Glory of the Age we live in, and the most proper Means that can be made use of to recover it out of its present Degeneracy and Depravation of Manners. It seems to promise us an honest and virtuous Posterity: There will be few in the next Generation who will not at least be able to Write and Read, and have not had an early Tincture of Religion. It is therefore to be hoped that the several Persons of Wealth and Quality, who made their Procession through the Members of these new erected Seminaries, will not regard them only as an empty Spectacle, or the Materials of a fine Show, but contribute to their Maintenance and Increase. For my Part, I can scarce forbear looking on the astonishing Victories our Arms have been crowned with to be in some Measure the Blessings returned upon that National Charity which has been so Conspicuous of late, and that the great Successes of the last War, for which we lately offered up our Thanks, were in some Measure occasioned by the several Objects which then stood before us.

SINCE

SINCE I am upon this Subject, I shall mention a Piece of Charity which has not been yet exerted among us, and which deserves our Attention the more, because it is practised by most of the Nations about us. I mean a Provision for Foundlings, or for those Children who through want of such a Provision are exposed to the Barbarity of cruel and unnatural Parents. One does not know how to speak on such a Subject without Horror: But what Multitudes of Infants have been made away by those who brought them into the World, and were afterwards either ashamed or unable to provide for them!

THERE is scarce an Affizes where some unhappy Wretch is not Executed for the Murder of a Child. And how many more of these Monsters of Inhumanity may we suppose to be wholly undiscovered, or cleared for want of Legal Evidence? Not to mention those, who by Unnatural Practices do in some Measure defeat the Intentions of Providence, and destroy their Conceptions even before they see the Light. In all these the Guilt is equal, tho' the Punishment is not so. But to pass by the Greatness of the Crime, (which is not to be expressed by Words) if we only consider it as it robs the Common-wealth of its full Number of Citizens, it certainly deserves the utmost Application and Wisdom of a People to prevent it.

IT is certain, that which generally betrays these profligate Women into it, and overcomes the Tenderness which is natural to them on other Occasions, is the fear of Shame, or their Inabili-

Inability to support those whom they give Life to. I shall therefore show how this Evil is prevented in other Countries, as I have learnt from those who have been conversant in the several great Cities of *Europe*.

THERE are at *Paris, Madrid, Lisbon, Rome*, and many other large Towns, great Hospitals built like our Colleges. In the Walls of these Hospitals are placed Machines, in the Shape of large Lanthorns, with a little Door in the Side of them turned towards the Street, and a Bell hanging by them. The Child is deposited in this Lanthorn, which is immediately turned about into the Inside of the Hospital. The Person who conveys the Child rings the Bell and leaves it there, upon which the proper Officer comes and receives it without making further Enquiries. The Parent or her Friend, who lays the Child there, generally leaves a Note with it, declaring whether it be yet Christned, the Name it should be called by, the particular Marks upon it, and the like.

IT often happens that the Parent leaves a Note for the Maintenance and Education of the Child, or takes it out after it has been some Years in the Hospital. Nay, it has been known that the Father has afterwards owned the young Foundling for his Son, or left his Estate to him. This is certain, that many are by this means preserved, and do signal Services to their Country, who without such a Provision might have perished as Abortives, or have come to an untimely End, and perhaps
have

have brought upon their Guilty Parents the like Destruction.

THIS I think is a Subject that deserves our most Serious Consideration, for which Reason I hope I shall not be thought Impertinent in laying it before my Readers. 

N^o 106. *Monday, July 13.*

Quod latet arcana non Enarrabile fibrâ. Perf.

AS I was making up my *Monday's* Provision for the Publick, I received the following Letter, which being a better Entertainment than any I can furnish out my self, I shall set it before the Reader, and desire him to fall on without further Ceremony.

S I R,

‘**Y**OUR two Kinsmen and Predecessors of
‘ immortal Memory, were very famous
‘ for their Dreams and Visions, and contra-
‘ ry to all other Authors never pleased their
‘ Readers more than when they were Nod-
‘ ding. Now it is observed, that the *Second-*
‘ *sight* generally runs in the Blood; and, Sir,
‘ we are in hopes that you your self, like the
‘ rest of your Family, may at length prove a
‘ Dreamer of Dreams, and a Seer of Visions.
‘ In the mean while I beg leave to make you
‘ a Present of a Dream, which may serve to
‘ lull your Readers till such time as you your
‘ self

‘ self shall think fit to gratifie the Publick
 ‘ with any of your Nocturnal Discoveries.

‘ YOU must understand, Sir, I had Yesterday been reading and ruminating upon
 ‘ that Passage where *Momus* is said to have
 ‘ found Fault with the Make of a Man, because he had not a Window in his Breast.
 ‘ The Moral of this Story is very obvious, and
 ‘ means no more than that the Heart of Man
 ‘ is so full of Wiles and Artifices, Treachery
 ‘ and Deceit, that there is no guessing at what
 ‘ he is from his Speeches and outward Appearances. I was immediately reflecting
 ‘ how happy each of the Sexes would be, if
 ‘ there was a Window in the Breast of every
 ‘ one that makes or receives Love. What
 ‘ Protestations and Perjuries would be saved
 ‘ on the one Side, what Hypocrisie and Disimulation on the other? I am my self very
 ‘ far gone in this Passion for *Aurelia*, a Woman of an unsearchable Heart. I would
 ‘ give the World to know the Secrets of it,
 ‘ and particularly whether I am really in her
 ‘ good Graces, or if not, who is the happy
 ‘ Person.

‘ I fell asleep in this agreeable Reverie,
 ‘ when on a sudden methought *Aurelia* lay
 ‘ by my Side. I was placed by her in the
 ‘ Posture of *Milton’s Adam*, and with Looks
 ‘ of Cordial Love hung over her enamour’d.
 ‘ As I cast my Eye upon her Bosom, it appeared to be all of Chrystal, and so wonderfully transparent, that I saw every Thought
 ‘ in her Heart. The first Images I discover-
 ‘ ed

ed in it were Fans, Silks, Ribbons, Laces, and many other Gewgaws, which lay so thick together, that the whole Heart was nothing else but a Toy-shop. These all faded away and vanished, when immediately I discerned a long Train of Coaches and six, Equipages and Liveries that ran through the Heart one after another in a very great hurry for above half an Hour together. After this, looking very attentively, I observed the whole space to be filled with a Hand of Cards, in which I could see distinctly three Mattadors. There then followed a quick Succession of different Scenes. A Play-house, a Church, a Court, a Poppet-show, rose up one after another, 'till at last they all of them gave Place to a Pair of new Shoes, which kept footing in the Heart for a whole Hour. These were driven off at last by a Lap-dog, who was succeeded by a *Guiney* Pig, a Squirril and a Monky. I my self, to my no small Joy, brought up the Rear of these worthy Favourites. I was ravished at being so happily posted and in full Possession of the Heart: But as I saw the little Figure of my self Simpering, and mightily pleased with its Situation, on a sudden the Heart methought gave a Sigh, in which, as I found afterwards, my little Representative vanished; for upon applying my Eye I found my Place taken up by an ill-bred, awkward Puppy with a Monny-bag under each Arm. This Gentleman, however, did not keep his Station long
before

‘ before he yielded it up to a Wight as disagreeable as himself, with a white Stick in his Hand. These three last Figures represented to me in a lively manner the Conflicts in *Aurelia's* Heart between Love, Avarice and Ambition. For we jostled one another out by Turns, and disputed the Post for a great while. But at last, to my unspeakable Satisfaction, I saw my self entirely settled in it. I was so transported with my Success, that I could not forbear hugging my dear Piece of Chrystal, when to my unspeakable Mortification I awaked, and found my Mistress metamorphosed into a Pillow.

‘ THIS is not the first time I have been thus disappointed.

‘ O Venerable NESTOR, if you have any Skill in Dreams, let me know whether I have the same Place in the real Heart, that I had in the Visionary one: To tell you truly, I am perplexed to Death between Hope and Fear. I was very Sanguine till eleven a-Clock this Morning, when I overheard an unlucky old Woman telling her Neighbour that Dreams always went by Contraries. I did not indeed, before much like the Chrystal Heart, remembering that confounded Simile in *Valentinian*, of a Maid *as cold as Chrystal never to be Thaw'd*. Besides I verily believe if I had slept a little longer that awkward Whelp with his Money Bags would certainly have made his second Entrance. If you can tell the fair

‘ one’s Mind, it will be no small proof of
 ‘ your Art, for I dare say it is more than
 ‘ she her self can do. Every Sentence she
 ‘ speaks is a Riddle, all that I can be cer-
 ‘ tain of is, that I am her and

Your humble Servant,

Peter Puzzle.

N^o 107. *Tuesday, July 14.*

—tentanda via est—

Virg.

I Have lately entertained my Reader with two or three Letters from a Traveller, and may possibly, in some of my future Papers, oblige him with more from the same Hand. The following one comes from a Projector, which is a Sort of Correspondent as diverting as a Traveller: His Subject having the same Grace of Novelty to recommend it, and being equally adapted to the Curiosity of the Reader. For my own Part, I have always had a particular Fondness for a Project, and may say, without Vanity, that I have a pretty tolerable Genius that way myself. I could mention some which I have brought to Maturity, others which have miscarried, and many more which I have yet by me, and are to take their Fate in the World when I see a proper Juncture. I had a Hand in the Land-bank, and was consulted with upon the Reformation of Manners. I have had
 several

several Designs upon the *Thames* and the *New-River*, not to mention my Refinements upon Lotteries and Insurances, and that never-to-be-forgotten Project which, if it had succeeded to my Wishes, would have made Gold as plentiful in this Nation as Tin or Copper. If my Countrymen have not reaped any Advantages from these my Designs, it was not for want of any good Will towards them. They are obliged to me for my kind Intentions as much as if they had taken Effect. Projects are of a twofold Nature: The first arising from Publick-spirited Persons, in which Number I declare my self: The other proceeding from a Regard to our private Interest, of which Nature is that in the following Letter.

S I R,

‘ **A** Man of your Reading knows very well
 ‘ that there were a Sett of Men, in
 ‘ old *Rome*, called by the Name of *Nomen-*
 ‘ *clators*, that is in *English*, Men who could
 ‘ call every one by his Name. When a great
 ‘ Man stood for any publick Office, as that
 ‘ of a Tribune, a Consul, or a Censor, he
 ‘ had always one of these *Nomenclators* at
 ‘ his Elbow, who whispered in his Ear the
 ‘ Name of every one he met with, and by that
 ‘ Means enabled him to salute every *Roman*
 ‘ Citizen by his Name when he asked him for
 ‘ his Vote. To come to my Purpose, I have
 ‘ with much Pains and Affiduity qualified my
 ‘ self for a *Nomenclator* to this great City,
 ‘ and shall gladly enter upon my Office as

‘ soon as I meet with fuitable Encouragement.
 ‘ I will let my self out by the Week to any
 ‘ curious Country Gentleman or Foreigner.
 ‘ If he takes me with him in a Coach to the
 ‘ Ring, I will undertake to teach him, in two
 ‘ or three Evenings, the Names of the most
 ‘ celebrated Persons who frequent that Place.
 ‘ If he plants me by his Side in the Pitt, I
 ‘ will call over to him, in the same manner,
 ‘ the whole Circle of Beauties that are dis-
 ‘ posed among the Boxes, and at the same
 ‘ time point out to him the Persons who
 ‘ ogle them from their respective Stations.
 ‘ I need not tell you that I may be of the same
 ‘ Use in any other publick Assembly. Nor
 ‘ do I only profess the teaching of Names but
 ‘ of Things. Upon the Sight of a reigning
 ‘ Beauty, I shall mention her Admirers, and
 ‘ discover her Gallantries, if they are of pub-
 ‘ lick Notoriety. I shall likewise mark out
 ‘ every Toast, the Club in which she was e-
 ‘ lected, and the number of Votes that were
 ‘ on her Side. Not a Woman shall be unex-
 ‘ plained that makes a Figure either as a Maid,
 ‘ a Wife, or a Widow. The Men too shall
 ‘ be set out in their distinguishing Characters,
 ‘ and declared whose Properties they are.
 ‘ Their Wit, Wealth, or good Humour,
 ‘ their Persons, Stations, and Titles, shall
 ‘ be described at large.

‘ I have a Wife who is a *Nomenclatress*,
 ‘ and will be ready, on any Occasion, to at-
 ‘ tend the Ladies. She is of a much more
 ‘ communicative Nature than my self, and

‘ is

‘ is acquainted with all the private History
 ‘ of *London* and *Westminster*, and ten Miles
 ‘ round. She has fifty private Amours which
 ‘ no Body yet knows any thing of but her
 ‘ self, and thirty clandestine Marriages that
 ‘ have not been touched by the tip of a Tongue.
 ‘ She will wait upon any Lady at her own
 ‘ Lodgings, and talk by the Clock after the
 ‘ Rate of three Guineas an Hour.

N. B. ‘ She is a near Kinswoman of the
 ‘ Author of the *new Atalantis*.

‘ I need not recommend to a Man of your
 ‘ Sagacity the Usefulness of this Project, and
 ‘ do therefore beg your Encouragement of it,
 ‘ which will lay a very great Obligation upon

Your Humble Servant.

AFTER this Letter from my whimsical
 Correspondent, I shall publish one of a more
 serious Nature, which deserves the utmost
 Attention of the Publick, and in particular
 of such who are Lovers of Mankind. It is
 on no less a Subject, than that of discover-
 ing the *Longitude*, and deserves a much high-
 er Name than that of a Project, if our Lan-
 guage afforded any such Term. But all I can
 say on this Subject will be superfluous, when
 the Reader sees the Names of those Persons
 by whom this Letter is subscribed, and who
 have done me the Honour to send it me. I
 must only take Notice, that the first of these
 Gentlemen is the same Person who has lately
 obliged the World with that noble Plan, En-
 titled, *A Scheme of the Solar System, with the*

Orbits of the Planets and Comets belonging thereto. Described from Dr. Halley's accurate Table of Comets, Philosoph. Transact. No. 297. founded on Sir Isaac Newton's wonderful Discoveries, by Wm. Whiston, M. A.

To NESTOR IRONSIDE, *Esq;* at Button's Coffee-house near Covent-Garden.

S I R,

London, July 11. 1713.

‘ HAVING a Discovery of considerable Importance to communicate to the Publick, and finding that you are pleased to Concern your self in any thing that tends to the common Benefit of Mankind, we take the Liberty to desire the Insertion of this Letter into your *Guardian*. We expect no other Recommendation of it from you, but the allowing of it a Place in so useful a Paper. Nor do we insist on any Protection from you, if what we propose should fall short of what we pretend to; since any Disgrace, which in that case must be expected, ought to lie wholly at our own Doors, and to be entirely born by our selves, which we hope we have provided for by putting our own Names to this Paper.

‘ ’TIS well known, Sir, to your self, and to the Learned, and Trading, and Sailing World, that the great Defect of the Art of Navigation is, that a Ship at Sea has no certain Method, in either her Eastern or Western Voyages, or even in her less distant Sailing from the Coasts, to know her
‘ Longi-

‘ Longitude, or how much she is gone East-
‘ ward or Westward; as it can easily be known
‘ in any clear Day or Night, how much she
‘ is gone Northward or Southward: The se-
‘ veral Methods by Lunar Eclipses, by those
‘ of *Jupiter’s* Satellites, by the Appulses of
‘ the Moon to fixed Stars, and by the even
‘ Motions of Pedulum Clocks and Watches,
‘ upon how Solid Foundations soever they
‘ are built, still failing in long Voyages at Sea
‘ when they come to be practis’d; and leav-
‘ ing the poor Sailors frequently to the great
‘ Inaccuracy of a Log-line, or Dead Reck-
‘ oning. This Defect is so great, and so ma-
‘ ny Ships have been lost by it, and this has
‘ been so long and so sensibly known by Tra-
‘ ding Nations, that great Rewards are said
‘ to be publickly offer’d for its Supply. We
‘ are well satisfied, that the Discovery we
‘ have to make as to this Matter, is easily
‘ intelligible by all, and readily to be pra-
‘ ctis’d at Sea as well as at Land; that the
‘ Latitude will thereby be likewise found at
‘ the same time; and that with proper Charges
‘ it may be made as Universal as the World
‘ shall please; nay, that the Longitude and
‘ Latitude may be generally hereby deter-
‘ mined to a greater Degree of Exactness than
‘ than the Latitude of it self is now usually
‘ found at Sea. So that on all Accounts we
‘ hope it will appear very worthy the Publick
‘ Consideration. We are ready to disclose
‘ it to the World, if we may be assured that
‘ no other Persons shall be allowed to deprive

' us of those Rewards which the Publick shall
 ' think fit to bestow for such a Discovery ;
 ' but do not desire actually to receive any be-
 ' nefit of that Nature till Sir *Isaac Newton*
 ' himself, with such other proper Persons as
 ' shall be chosen to assist him, have given
 ' their Opinion in favour of this Discovery.
 ' If Mr. IRONSIDE pleases so far to oblige
 ' the Publick as to communicate this Propo-
 ' sal to the World, he will also lay a great
 ' Obligation on

His very humble Servants,

Will. Whiston,

Humphry Ditton.

N^o 108. *Wednesday, July 15.*

Abjetibus juvenes patriis & montibus æqui. Virg.

I Do not care for burning my Fingers in a
 Quarrel, but since I have communicated
 to the World a Plan, which has given Of-
 fence to some Gentlemen whom it wou'd not
 be very safe to disoblige, I must insert the fol-
 lowing Remonstrance; and at the same time
 promise those of my Correspondents who have
 drawn this upon themselves, to exhibit to the
 Publick any such Answer as they shall think
 proper to make to it.

Mr.

Mr. GUARDIAN.

I Was very much troubled to see the two
 Letters which you lately published con-
 cerning the Short Club. You cannot ima-
 gine what Airs all the Little pragmat-
 ical Fellows about us have given themselves since
 the reading of those Papers. Every one
 Cocks and Struts upon it, and pretends to
 over-look us who are two Foot higher than
 themselves. I met with one the other Day
 who was at least three Inches above five
 Foot, which you know is the statutable Mea-
 sure of that Club. This over-grown Runt
 has struck off his Heels, lowered his Fore-
 top, and contracted his Figure, that he
 might be looked upon as a Member of this
 new erected Society; nay, so far did his Va-
 nity carry him, that he talked familiarly of
Tom. Tiptoe, and pretends to be an intimate
 Acquaintance of *Tim. Tuck*. For my Part,
 I scorn to speak any thing to the Diminution
 of these little Creatures, and should not have
 minded them had they been still shuffled a-
 mong the Croud. Shrubs and Under-woods
 look well enough while they grow within
 the Shade of Oaks and Cedars, but when
 these Pigmies pretend to draw themselves
 out from the rest of the World, and form
 themselves into a Body; it is time for us,
 who are Men of Figure, to look about us.
 If the Ladies should once take a likeing to
 such a diminutive Race of Lovers, we should,
 in a little time, see Mankind epitomized,
 and

‘ and the whole Species in Miniature; Dai-
‘ sie Roots would grow a fashionable Diet.
‘ In Order therefore to keep our Posterity
‘ from dwindling, and fetch down the Pride
‘ of this aspiring Race of Upstarts; we have
‘ here instituted a Tall Club.

‘ A S the Short Club consists of those who
‘ are under five Foot, ours is to be compo-
‘ sed of such as are above six. These we
‘ look upon as the two Extremes and Anta-
‘ gonists of the Species; considering all those
‘ as Neuters who fill up the middle Space.
‘ When a Man rises beyond six Foot he is an
‘ *Hypermeter*, and may be admitted into the
‘ Tall Club.

‘ W E have already chosen thirty Members,
‘ the most Sightly of all Her Majesty’s Sub-
‘ jects. We elected a President, as many of
‘ the Ancients did their Kings, by Reason
‘ of his Height, having only confirmed him
‘ in that Station above us which Nature had
‘ given him. He is a *Scotch Highlander*, and
‘ within an Inch of a Show. As for my own
‘ Part I am but a Sefquipedal, having only
‘ six Foot and a half of a Stature. Being the
‘ shortest Member of the Club, I am appoin-
‘ ted Secretary. If you saw us all together
‘ you would take us for the Sons of *Anak*.
‘ Our Meetings are held like the old *Gothick*
‘ Parliaments, *Sub dio*, in open Air; but we
‘ shall make an Interest, if we can, that we
‘ may hold our Assemblies in *Westminster-Hall*
‘ when it is not Term-time. I must add to
‘ the Honour of our Club, that it is one of

‘ our

‘ our Society who is now finding out the
 ‘ Longitude. The Device of our publick
 ‘ Seal is a Crane grasping a Pigmy in his right
 ‘ Foot.

‘ I know the Short Club value themselves
 ‘ very much upon Mr. *Distick*, who may pos-
 ‘ sibly play some of his *Pentameters* upon us,
 ‘ but if he does he shall certainly be answered
 ‘ in *Alexandrines*. For we have a Poet a-
 ‘ mong us of a Genius as exalted as his Sta-
 ‘ ture, and who is very well read in *Longi-*
 ‘ *nus* his Treatise concerning the Sublime.
 ‘ Besides I would have Mr. *Distick* consider,
 ‘ that if *Horace* was a short Man, *Musæus*,
 ‘ who makes such a noble Figure in *Virgil’s*
 ‘ sixth *Æneid*, was taller by the Head and
 ‘ Shoulders than all the People of *Elizium*. I
 ‘ shall therefore confront his *lepidissimum ho-*
 ‘ *muncionem* (a short Quotation and fit for a
 ‘ Member of their Club) with one that is
 ‘ much longer, and therefore more suitable
 ‘ to a Member of ours.

*Quos circumfusus sic est affata Sibylla;
 Musæum ante omnes: medium nam plurima
 turba*

*Hunc habet, atque humeris extantem suspicit
 altis.*

‘ IF after all, this Society of little Men
 ‘ proceed as they have begun to magnifie
 ‘ themselves and lessen Men of higher Stature,
 ‘ we have resolved to make a Detachment
 ‘ some Evening, or other, that shall bring a-
 ‘ way their whole Club in a Pair of Panniers,
 ‘ and

‘ and Imprison them in a Cupboard which
 ‘ we have set apart for that Use, till they
 ‘ have made a publick Recantation. As for
 ‘ the little Bully, *Tim. Tuck*, if he pretends
 ‘ to be Cholerick, we shall treat him like his
 ‘ Friend little *Dicky*, and hang him upon a
 ‘ Pegg till he comes to himself. I have told
 ‘ you our Design, and let their little *Machia-*
 ‘ *vel* prevent it if he can.

‘ THIS is, Sir, the long and the short of
 ‘ the Matter. I am sensible I shall stir up a
 ‘ Nest of Wasps by it, but let them do their
 ‘ worst. I think that we serve our Country
 ‘ by discouraging this little Breed, and hin-
 ‘ dring it from coming into Fashion. If the
 ‘ fair Sex look upon us with an Eye of Fa-
 ‘ vour, we shall make some Attempts to
 ‘ lengthen out the Human Figure, and re-
 ‘ store it to it’s Ancient Procerity. In the
 ‘ mean time we hope old Age has not incli-
 ‘ ned you in favour of our Antagonists, for
 ‘ I do assure you, Sir, we are all your High
 ‘ Admirers, tho’ none more than,



S I R, Yours, &c.

N^o 109. *Thursday, July 16.*

Pugnabat tunicâ sed tamen illa tegi.

Ov.

I Have received many Letters from Per-
 sons of all Conditions, in reference to my
 late Discourse concerning the *Tucker*. Some
 of them are filled with Reproaches and Inve-
 ctives.

atives. A Lady, who subscribes herself *Tera-minta*, bids me in a very pert manner mind my own Affairs, and not pretend to meddle with their Linnen; for that they do not dress for an old Fellow, who cannot see them without a pair of Spectacles. Another who calls herself *Bubnelia*, vents her Passion in Scurri-
lous Terms; an old Ninnyhammer, a Do-
tard, a Nincompoop, is the best Language she can afford me. *Florella* indeed expostu-
lates with me upon the Subject, and only com-
plains that she is forced to return a Pair of
Stays which were made in the extremity of the
Fashion, that she might not be thought to en-
courage Peeping.

BUT if on the one side I have been used ill, (the common Fate of all Reformers) I have on the other side received great Applau-
ses and Acknowledgments for what I have
done, in having put a seasonable Stop to this
unaccountable Humour of Stripping, that was
got among our *British* Ladies. As I would much
rather the World should know what is said to
my Praise, than to my Disadvantage, I shall
suppress what has been written to me by those
who have reviled me on this Occasion, and
only Publish those Letters which approve my
Proceedings.

S I R,

I Am to give you Thanks, in the Name of
‘ half a dozen Superannuated Beauties,
‘ for your Paper of the 6th Instant. We all
‘ of us pass for Women of Fifty, and a Man
‘ of

‘ of your Sense knows how many additional
‘ Years are always to be thrown into Female
‘ Computations of this Nature. We are very
‘ sensible that several young Flirts about
‘ Town had a design to cast us out of the
‘ fashionable World, and to leave us in the
‘ lurch by some of their late Refinements.
‘ Two or three of them have been heard to
‘ say, that they would kill every old Woman
‘ about Town. In order to it, they began
‘ to throw off their Cloaths as fast as they could,
‘ and have played all those Pranks which you
‘ have so seasonably taken Notice of. We
‘ were forced to uncover after them, being
‘ unwilling to give out so soon, and be re-
‘ garded as Veterans in the *beau monde*. Some
‘ of us have already caught our Deaths by it.
‘ For my own part, I have not been without
‘ a Cold ever since this foolish Fashion came
‘ up. I have followed it thus far with the
‘ hazard of my Life, and how much fur-
‘ ther I must go no Body knows, if your Pa-
‘ per does not bring us Relief. You may as-
‘ sure your self that all the Antiquated Necks
‘ about Town are very much obliged to you.
‘ Whatever Fires and Flames are concealed
‘ in our Bosoms (in which perhaps we vye
‘ with the youngest of the Sex) they are
‘ not sufficient to preserve us against the
‘ Wind and Weather. In taking so many
‘ old Women under your Care, you have
‘ been a real *Guardian* to us, and saved the
‘ Life of many of your Cotemporaries. In
‘ short,

‘ short, we all of us beg leave to Subscribe our
 ‘ selves,

Most venerable NESTOR

Your humble Servants and Sisters.

I am very well pleased with this Approbation of my good Sisters. I must confess I have always looked on the Tucker to be the *Decus & Tutamen*, the Ornament and Defence of the Female Neck. My good old Lady, the Lady *Lizard*, condemned this Fashion from the beginning, and has observed to me, with some Concern, that her Sex, at the same Time they are letting down their Stays, are tucking up their Petticoats, which grow shorter and shorter every Day. The Leg discovers it self in Proportion with the Neck. But I may possibly take another Occasion of handling this Extremity, it being my Design to keep a watchful Eye over every Part of the Female Sex, and to regulate them from Head to Foot. In the mean time I shall fill up my Paper with a Letter which comes to me from another of my obliged Correspondents.

Dear GUARDEE,

‘ THIS comes to you from one of those
 ‘ ‘ *Untucker’d* Ladies whom you were
 ‘ so sharp upon on *Monday* was Sennight. I
 ‘ think my self mightily beholden to you for
 ‘ the Reprehension you then gave us. You
 ‘ must know I am a famous Olive Beauty. But
 ‘ though

' though this Complexion makes a very good
 ' Face when there are a couple of black spark-
 ' ling Eyes set in it, it makes but a very in-
 ' different Neck. Your Fair Women there-
 ' fore thought of this Fashion to insult the O-
 ' lives and the Brunetts. They know very
 ' well that a Neck of Ivory does not make so
 ' fine a Show as one of Alabaster. It is for
 ' this Reason, Mr. *Ironside*, that they are so
 ' liberal in their Discoveries. We know ve-
 ' ry well, that a Woman of the whitest Neck
 ' in the World, is to you no more than a Wo-
 ' man of Snow ; but *Ovid*, in Mr. *Duke's*
 ' Translation of him, seems to look upon it
 ' with another Eye when he talks of *Corinna*,
 ' and mentions

——— *Her heaving Breast,*
Courting the Hand, and suing to be prest.

' WOMEN of my Complexion ought to
 ' be more modest, especially since our Faces
 ' debar us from all artificial Whitenings. Could
 ' you examine many of these Ladies who pre-
 ' sent you with such beautiful snowy Chests,
 ' you would find they are not all of a Piece.
 ' Good Father *Nestor* do not let us alone till
 ' you have shortned our Necks, and reduced
 ' them to their ancient Standard.

I am, your most Obliged,

Humble Servant,

Olivia.

I shall have a just Regard to *Olivia's* Remonstrance, tho' at the same time I cannot but observe that her Modesty seems to be entirely the Result of her Complexion.

N^o 110. *Friday, July 17.*

— Non ego paucis
Offendor maculis, quas aut Incuria fudit
Aut humana parum cavit natura —

THE Candour which *Horace* shows in the Motto of my Paper, is that which distinguishes a Critick from a Caviller. He declares that he is not offended with those little Faults in a Poetical Composition, which may be imputed to Inadvertency, or to the Imperfection of Human Nature. The truth of it is, there can be no more a perfect Work in the World than a perfect Man. To say of a celebrated Piece that there are Faults in it, is in effect to say no more, than that the Author of it was a Man. For this reason I consider every Critick that attacks an Author in high Reputation as the Slave in the *Roman* Triumph, who was to call out to the Conqueror, *Remember, Sir, that you are a Man.* I speak this in relation to the following Letter, which Criticises the Works of a great Poet, whose very Faults have more Beauty in them than the most elaborate Compositions of many more correct Writers. The Remarks are

very curious and just, and introduced by a Compliment to the Work of an Author, who I am sure would not care for being praised at the Expence of another's Reputation. I must therefore desire my Correspondent to excuse me, if I do not publish either the Preface or Conclusion of his Letter, but only the Critical Part of it.

S I R,

* * * * *

‘OUR Tragedy Writers have been notoriously defective in giving proper Sentiments to the Persons they introduce. Nothing is more common than to hear an Hea- then talking of Angels and Devils, the Joys of Heaven and the Pains of Hell, according to the Christian System. *Leigh's Alcander* discovers himself to be a Cartesian in the first Page of *OEdipus*.

————— *The Sun's Sick too,
Shortly he'll be an Earth* —————

As *Dryden's Cleomenes* is acquainted with the *Copernican Hypothesis* Two thousand Years before its Invention.

*I am pleas'd with my own Work; Jove was not more
With Infant Nature, when his spacious Hand
Had rounded this huge Ball of Earth and Seas,
To give it the first push, and see it rowl
Along the vast Abyss* ———

‘I have now Mr. *Dryden's Don Sebastian* before me, in which I find frequent Allusions

‘ ons to Ancient History, and the old My-
 ‘ thology of the Heathen. It is not very na-
 ‘ tural to suppose a King of *Portugal* would
 ‘ be borrowing Thoughts out of *Ovid’s* Me-
 ‘ tamorphosis when he talked even to those
 ‘ of his own Court, but to allude to these
 ‘ *Roman* Fables when he talks to an Emperor
 ‘ of *Barbary*, seems very extraordinary. But
 ‘ observe how he defies him out of the Clas-
 ‘ sicks in the following Lines:

*Why didst thou not engage me Man to Man,
 And try the Virtue of that Gorgon Face
 To Stare me into Statue?*

ALMERDA at the same time is more
 Book-Learned than *Don Sebastian*. She plays
 an *Hydra* upon the Emperor that is full as
 good as the *Gorgon*.

*O that I had the fruitful Heads of Hydra,
 That one might bourgeon where another fell!
 Still wou’d I give thee work, still, still, thou Tyrant,
 And hiss thee with the last——*

‘ *SHE* afterwards, in Allusion to *Hercules*,
 ‘ bids him *lay down the Lyon’s Skin, and take*
 ‘ *the Distaff*; and in the following Speech ut-
 ‘ ters her Passion still more Learnedly,

*No, were we join’d, ev’n tho’ it were in Death,
 Our Bodies burning in one Funeral Pile,
 The Prodigy of Thebes wou’d be renew’d,
 And my divided Flame should break from thine.*

‘ *THE* Emperor of *Barbary* shows himself
 ‘ acquainted with the *Roman* Poets as well as
 ‘ either of his Prisoners, and answers the fore-
 ‘ going Speech in the same Classic Strain.

*Serpent, I will engender Poison with thee.
Our Offspring, like the Seed of Dragons Teeth,
Shall issue arm'd, and fight themselves to Death.*

‘ *OVID* seems to have been *Muley Molock's* Favourite Author, witness the Lines
‘ that follow.

*She's still inexorable, still imperious
And loud, as if like Bacchus born in Thunder.*

‘ I shall conclude my Remarks on his Part,
‘ with that Poetical Complaint of his being
‘ in Love, and leave my Reader to consider
‘ how prettily it wou'd sound in the Mouth
‘ of an Emperor of *Morocco*.

*The God of Love once more has shot his Fires
Into my Soul, and my whole Heart receives him.*

‘ *MULET Zeydan* is as ingenious a Man
‘ as his Brother *Muley Molock*; as where he
‘ hints at the Story of *Castor* and *Pollux*.

————— *May we ne'er meet!*
For, like the Twins of Leda, when I mount
He gallops down the Skies —————

‘ AS for the *Musti* we will suppose that
‘ he was bred up a Scholar, and not only ver-
‘ sed in the Law of *Mahomet*, but acquaint-
‘ ed with all Kinds of polite Learning. For
‘ this Reason he is not at all surprized when
‘ *Dorax* calls him a *Phaeton* in one Place,
‘ and in another tells him he is like *Archi-*
‘ *medes*.

‘ THE *Musti* afterwards mentions *Xi-*
‘ *menes*, *Albornoz*, and Cardinal *Wolsey* by
‘ Name. The Poet seems to think he may
‘ make every Person, in his Play, know as
‘ much

‘ much as himself, and talk as well as he could
 ‘ have done on the same Occasion. At least I
 ‘ believe every Reader will agree with me,
 ‘ that the above-mentioned Sentiments, to
 ‘ which I might have added several others,
 ‘ would have been better suited to the Court
 ‘ of *Augustus*, than that of *Muley Molock*. I
 ‘ grant they are beautiful in themselves, and
 ‘ much more so in that noble Language
 ‘ which was peculiar to this great Poet. I
 ‘ only observe that they are improper for the
 ‘ Persons who make use of them. *Dryden*
 ‘ is indeed generally wrong in his Sentiments.
 ‘ Let any one read the Dialogue between
 ‘ *Octavia* and *Cleopatra*, and he will be a-
 ‘ mazed to hear a *Roman* Lady’s Mouth fil-
 ‘ led with such obscene Raillery. If the vir-
 ‘ tuous *Octavia* departs from her Character,
 ‘ the loose *Dolabella* is no less inconsistent
 ‘ with himself, when, all of a sudden, he
 ‘ drops the *Pagan* and talks in the Sentiments
 ‘ of Revealed Religion.

— Heav’n has but
 Our Sorrow for our Sins, and then delights
 To pardon erring Man: Sweet Mercy seems
 It’s darling Attribute, which limits Justice;
 As if there were Degrees in Infinite;
 And Infinite wou’d rather want Perfection
 Than punish to extent —

‘ I might show several Faults of the same
 ‘ Nature in the celebrated *Aurence-Zebe*. The
 ‘ Impropriety of Thoughts in the Speeches
 ‘ of the great *Mogul* and his Empress has been
 ‘ generally censured. Take the Sentiments

‘ out of the shining Dress of Words, and
 ‘ they would be too coarse for a Scene in
 ‘ *Bilingsgate*.

* * * * *
 * * * * *

13

I am, &c.

N° III. *Saturday, July 18.*

Hic aliquis de gente hircosa Centurionum

Dicat: quod satis est sapio mihi; non ego curo

Esse quod Arcefilas, ærumnosique Solones. Perf.

I Am very much concerned when I see young Gentlemen of Fortune and Quality so wholly set upon Pleasures and Diversions, that they neglect all those Improvements in Wisdom and Knowledge which may make them easie to themselves and useful to the World. The greatest Part of our *British* Youth lose their Figure, and grow out of Fashion, by that time they are five and twenty. As soon as the natural Gaiety and Amiability of the young Man wears off, they have nothing left to recommend them, but *lie by* the rest of their Lives among the Lumber and Refuse of the Species. It sometimes happens indeed, that for want of applying themselves in due time to the Pursuits of Knowledge, they take up a Book in their declining Years, and grow very hopeful Scholars by that time they are threescore. I must therefore earnestly press
 my

my Readers, who are in the flower of their Youth, to labour at those Accomplishments which may set off their Persons when their Bloom is gone, and to *lay in* timely Provisions for Manhood and old Age. In short, I would advise the Youth of fifteen to be dressing up every Day the Man of fifty, or to consider how to make himself venerable at three-score.

YOUNG Men, who are naturally ambitious, would do well to observe how the greatest Men of Antiquity made it their Ambition to excell all their Contemporaries in Knowledge. *Julius Caesar* and *Alexander*, the most celebrated Instances of Human Greatness, took a particular Care to distinguish themselves by their Skill in the Arts and Sciences. We have still extant several Remains of the former, which justifies the Character given of him by the learned Men of his own Age. As for the latter it is a known Saying of his, that he was more obliged to *Aristotle* who had instructed him, than to *Philip* who had given him Life and Empire. There is a Letter of his recorded by *Plutarch* and *Aulus Gellius*, which he wrote to *Aristotle* upon hearing that he had Published those Lectures he had given him in private. This Letter was written in the following Words at a time when he was in the height of his *Persian* Conquests.

Alexander to Aristotle, Greeting.

‘YOU have not done well to Publish your
‘ Books of Select Knowledge; for what

' is there now in which I can surpass others,
 ' if those things which I have been instructed
 ' in are communicated to every Body? For
 ' my own Part I declare to you, I would ra-
 ' ther excell others in Knowledge than in
 ' Power. *Farewell.*

WE see by this Letter, that the Love of
 Conquest was but the second Ambition in
Alexander's Soul. Knowledge is indeed that
 which, next to Virtue, truly and essentially
 raises one Man above another. It finishes
 one half of the Human Soul. It makes Being
 pleasant to us, fills the Mind with entertain-
 ing Views, and administers to it a perpetual
 Series of Gratifications. It gives Ease to So-
 litude, and Gracefulness to Retirement. It
 fills a publick Station with suitable Abilities,
 and adds a Lustre to those who are in the
 Possession of them.

LEARNING, by which I mean all use-
 ful Knowledge, whether Speculative or Pra-
 ctical, is in popular and mixt Governments
 the natural Source of Wealth and Honour.
 If we look into most of the Reigns from the
 Conquest, we shall find that the Favourites
 of each Reign have been those who have raised
 themselves. The greatest Men are generally
 the Growth of that particular Age in which
 they flourish. A Superior Capacity for Busi-
 ness, and a more extensive Knowledge, are
 the Steps by which a new Man often mounts
 to Favour, and outshines the rest of his Con-
 temporaries. But when Men are actually born
 to Titles, it is almost impossible that they
 should

should fail of receiving an Additional Greatness, if they take Care to accomplish themselves for it.

THE Story of *Solomon's* Choice does not only instruct us in that Point of History, but furnishes out a very fine Moral to us, namely, that he who applies his Heart to Wisdom, does at the same time take the most proper Method for gaining long Life, Riches and Reputation, which are very often not only the Rewards, but the Effects of Wisdom.

AS it is very suitable to my present Subject, I shall first of all quote this Passage in the Words of Sacred Writ; and afterwards mention an Allegory, in which this whole Passage is represented by a famous *French* Poet; not questioning but it will be very pleasing to such of my Readers as have a Taste of fine Writing.

IN Gibeon the Lord appeared to Solomon in a Dream by night: and God said, Ask what I shall give thee. And Solomon said, Thou hast show'd unto thy Servant David, my Father, great mercy, according as he walked before thee in truth and in righteousness, and in uprightness of heart with thee, and thou hast kept for him this great kindness, that thou hast given him a Son to sit on his Throne, as it is this day. And now, O Lord, my God, thou hast made thy servant King instead of David my Father: and I am but a little Child: I know not how to go out or come in. Give therefore thy servant an understanding heart to judge thy people, that I may discern between good and bad:

bad: for who is able to judgethis thy so great a people? Andthe Speech pleasedthe Lord, that Solomon had asked this thing. And God said unto him, Because thou hast asked this thing, and hast not asked for thy self long life, neither hast asked riches for thy self, nor hast askedthe Life of thine Enemies, but hast asked for thy self Understanding to discern Judgment; behold I have done according to thy words: lo I havegiven thee a wise and understanding heart, so that there was none like thee before thee, neither after thee shall any arise like unto thee. And I have also given thee that which thou hast not asked, both riches and honour, so that there shall not be any among the Kings like unto thee all thy Days. And if thou wilt walk in my ways, to keep my Statutes and my Commandments, as thy father Daviddid walk, then I will lengthen thy Days. And Solomon awoke, and behold it was a Dream —

THE French Poet has shadowed this Story in an Allegory, of which he seems to have taken the Hint from the Fable of the three Goddesses appearing to *Paris*, or rather from the Vision of *Hercules*, recorded by *Xenophon*, where *Pleasure* and *Virtue* are represented as real Persons making their Court to the Hero with all their several Charms and Allurements. *Health*, *Wealth*, *Victory* and *Honour* are introduced successively in their proper Emblems and Characters, each of them spreading her Temptations, and recommending her self to the young Monarch's Choice. *Wisdom* enters the last, and so captivates him with

with her Appearance, that he gives himself up to her. Upon which she informs him, that those who appeared before her were nothing else but her Equipage, and that since he had placed his Heart upon Wisdom; Health, Wealth, Victory and Honour should always wait on her as her Hand-maids.

N^o 112. *Monday, July 20.*

*udam
Spernit humum fugiente pennâ.*

Hor.

THE Philosophers of King *Charles* his Reign were busie in finding out the Art of Flying. The famous Bishop *Wilkins* was so confident of Success in it, that he says he does not question but in the next Age it will be as usual to hear a Man call for his Wings when he is going a Journey, as it is now to call for his Boots. The Humour so prevailed among the Vertuoso's of this Reign, that they were actually making Parties to go up to the Moon together, and were more put to it in their Thoughts how to meet with Accommodations by the way, than how to get thither. Every one knows the Story of the great Lady, who at the same time was building Castles in the Air for their Reception. I always leave such trite Quotations to my Reader's private recollection. For which reason also I shall forbear extracting out of Authors several Instances of particular Persons who

who have arrived at some Perfection in this Art, and exhibited Specimens of it before multitudes of Beholders. Instead of this I shall present my Reader with the following Letter from an Artist, who is now taken up with this Invention, and conceals his true Name under that of *Dædalus*.

Mr. IRONSIDE,

KNOWING that you are a great Encourager of Ingenuity, I think fit to acquaint you, that I have made a considerable Progress in the Art of Flying. I flutter about my Room two or three Hours in a Morning, and when my Wings are on, can go above a hundred Yards at a Hop, Step and Jump. I can fly already as well as a Turkey Cock, and improve every Day. If I proceed as I have begun, I intend to give the World a Proof of my Proficiency in this Art. Upon the next Publick Thanksgiving-day it is my design to sit astride the Dragon upon *Bow* Steeple, from whence after the first Discharge of the *Tower* Guns I intend to mount into the Air, fly over *Fleet-street*, and pitch upon the *May-pole* in the *Strand*. From thence, by a gradual descent, I shall make the best of my way for *St. James's* Park, and light upon the Ground near *Rosamond's* Pond. This I doubt not will convince the World, that I am no Pretender; but before I set out, I shall desire to have a Patent for making of Wings, and that none shall presume to fly, under Pain of Death,
with

‘ with Wings of any other Man’s making. I
 ‘ intend to work for the Court my self, and
 ‘ will have Journey-men under me to furnish
 ‘ the rest of the Nation. I likewise desire,
 ‘ that I may have the sole Teaching of Per-
 ‘ sons of Quality, in which I shall spare nei-
 ‘ ther Time nor Pains till I have made them
 ‘ as expert as my self. I will fly with the
 ‘ Women upon my Back for the first Fort-
 ‘ night. I shall appear at the next Masque-
 ‘ rade dressed up in my Feathers and Plumage
 ‘ like an *Indian* Prince, that the Quality may
 ‘ see how pretty they will look in their Tra-
 ‘ velling Habits. You know, Sir, there is
 ‘ an unaccountable Prejudice to Projectors of
 ‘ all kinds, for which reason when I talk of
 ‘ practising to fly, silly People think me an
 ‘ Owl for my Pains; but, Sir, you know bet-
 ‘ ter things. I need not enumerate to you
 ‘ the Benefits which will accrue to the Pub-
 ‘ lick from this Invention, as how the Roads
 ‘ of *England* will be saved when we travel
 ‘ through these new *High-ways*, and how all
 ‘ Family-Accounts will be lessened in the Ar-
 ‘ ticle of Coaches and Horses. I need not
 ‘ mention Posts and Packet-boats, with many
 ‘ other Conveniencies of Life, which will be
 ‘ supplied this Way. In short, Sir, when Man-
 ‘ kind are in Possession of this Art, they will
 ‘ be able to do more Business in threescore
 ‘ and ten Years than they could do in a thou-
 ‘ sand by the Methods now in Use. I there-
 ‘ fore recommend my self and Art to your
 ‘ Patronage, and am

Your most Humble Servant.

I have fully considered the Project of these our Modern *Dædalists*, and am resolved so far to discourage it, as to prevent any Person from flying in my Time. It would fill the World with innumerable Immoralities, and give such Occasions for Intrigues as People cannot meet with who have nothing but Legs to carry them. You should have a couple of Lovers make a Midnight Assignment upon the Top of the Monument, and see the Cupola of *St. Paul's* covered with both Sexes like the outside of a Pidgeon House. Nothing would be more frequent than to see a Beau flying in a Garret Window, or a Gallant giving Chace to his Mistress, like a Hawk after a Lark. There would be no walking in a shady Wood without springing a Covey of Toasts. The poor Husband could not dream what was doing over his Head: If he were jealous indeed he might clip his Wife's Wings, but what would this avail when there were Flocks of Whore-masters perpetually hovering over his House? What Concern would the Father of a Family be in all the time his Daughter was upon the Wing? Every Heiress must have an old Woman flying at her Heels. In short, the whole Air would be full of this kind of *Gibier*, as the *French* call it. I do allow, with my Correspondent, that there would be much more Business done than there is at present. However should he apply for such a Patent as he speaks of, I question not but there would be more Petitions out of the City against it, than ever yet appeared against any

any other Monopoly whatsoever. Every Tradesman that can't keep his Wife a Coach could keep her a Pair of Wings, and there is no doubt but she would be every Morning and Evening taking the Air with them.

I have here only considered the ill Consequences of this Invention in the Influences it would have on Love Affairs, I have many more Objections to make on other Accounts; but these I shall defer Publishing till I see my Friend astride the Dragon.

N^o 113. *Tuesday, July 21.*

————— *Amphora cepit*
Institui, currente rotâ, cur Urceus exit? Hor.

I Last Night received a Letter from an honest Citizen who it seems is in his Honey-Moon. It is written by a plain Man on a plain Subject, but has an Air of good Sense and natural Honesty in it, which may perhaps please the Publick as much as my self. I shall not therefore scruple the giving it a Place in my Paper, which is designed for common Use, and for the Benefit of the Poor as well as Rich.

Good Mr. IRONSIDE, Cheapside, July 18.

I Have lately married a very pretty Body, who being something younger and richer than my self, I was advised to go a Wooing to her in a finer Suit of Cloaths than I ever wore

' wore in my Life; for I love to Dress plain,
 ' and suitable to a Man of my Rank. How-
 ' ever, I gained her Heart by it. Upon the
 ' Wedding-day I put my self, according to
 ' Custom, in another Suit Fire-new, with
 ' Silver Buttons to it. I am so out of Coun-
 ' tenance among my Neighbours upon being
 ' so fine, that I heartily wish my Cloaths well
 ' worn out. I fancy every Body observes me
 ' as I walk the Street, and long to be in my
 ' old plain Geer again. Besides, forsooth,
 ' they have put in a Silk Night-gown and a
 ' gaudy Fool's Cap, and make me now and
 ' then stand in the Window with it. I am
 ' ashamed to be dandled thus, and can't look
 ' in the Glass without blushing to see my self
 ' turned into such a pretty little Master. They
 ' tell me I must appear in my Wedding Suit
 ' for the first Month at least; after which I
 ' am resolved to come again to my every
 ' Day's Cloaths, for at present every Day
 ' is *Sunday* with me. Now in my Mind, Mr.
 ' IRONSIDE, this is the wrongest way of
 ' proceeding in the World. When a Man's
 ' Person is new and unaccustomed to a young
 ' Body, he does not want any thing else to
 ' set him off. The Novelty of the Lover has
 ' more Charms than a Wedding Suit. I should
 ' think therefore, that a Man should keep his
 ' Finery for the latter Seasons of Marriage,
 ' and not begin to Dress till the Honey-moon
 ' is over. I have observed at a Lord Mayor's
 ' Feast, that the Sweetmeats don't make their
 ' Appearance till People are cloy'd with Beef
 ' and

‘ and Mutton, and begin to lose their Sto-
 ‘ machs. But instead of this we serve up De-
 ‘ licacies to our Guests, when their Appe-
 ‘ tites are keen, and coarse Diet when their
 ‘ Bellies are full. As bad as I hate my Silver-
 ‘ button’d Coat and Silk Night-Gown, I am
 ‘ affraid of leaving them off, not knowing
 ‘ whether my Wife won’t repent of her Mar-
 ‘ riage when she sees what a plain Man she has
 ‘ to her Husband. Pray, Mr. IRONSIDE,
 ‘ write something to prepare her for it, and
 ‘ let me know whether you think she can e-
 ‘ ver love me in a Hair Button.

I am, &c.

P.S. ‘ I forgot to tell you of my White
 ‘ Gloves, which they say too, I must wear all
 ‘ the first Month.

MY Correspondent’s Observations are very
 just, and may be useful in low Life, but to
 turn them to the Advantage of People in high-
 er Stations, I shall raise the Moral, and ob-
 serve something Parallel to the Wooing and
 Wedding Suit, in the Behaviour of Persons
 of Figure. After long Experience in the World,
 and Reflections upon Mankind, I find one
 particular occasion of Unhappy Marriages,
 which, though very common, is not very
 much attended to. What I mean is this. E-
 very Man in the time of Courtship, and in the
 first Entrance of Marriage, puts on a Beha-
 viour like my Correspondent’s Holiday Suit,
 which is to last no longer than till he is settled
 in the Possession of his Mistress. He resigns
 his Inclinations and Understanding to her Hu-

mour and Opinion. He neither Loves, nor Hates, nor Talks, nor Thinks in Contradiction to her. He is controuled by a Nod, mortified by a Frown, and transported by a Smile. The poor young Lady falls in Love with this supple Creature, and expects of him the same Behaviour for Life. In a little time she finds that he has a Will of his own, that he pretends to dislike what she approves, and that instead of treating her like a Goddess, he uses her like a Woman. What still makes the Misfortune worse, we find the most abject Flatterers degenerate into the greatest Tyrants. This naturally fills the Spouse with Sullenness and Discontent, Spleen and Vapour, which, with a little discreet Management, make a very comfortable Marriage. I very much approve of my Friend *Tom. Trulove* in this Particular. *Tom.* made Love to a Woman of Sense, and always treated her as such during the whole time of Courtship. His natural Temper and Good-breeding hindred him from doing any thing disagreeable, as his Sincerity and Frankness of Behaviour made him converse with her, before Marriage, in the same manner he intended to continue to do afterwards. *Tom.* would often tell her, Madam, you see what a sort of Man I am. If you will take me with all my Faults about me, I promise to mend rather than grow worse. I remember *Tom.* was once hinting his dislike of some little Trifle his Mistress had said or done. Upon which she asked him, how he would talk to her after Marriage, if he talked at this Rate

Rate before? No Madam, says *Tom*. I mention this now because you are at your own disposal, were you at mine I should be too generous to do it. In short *Tom*. succeeded, and has ever since been better than his Word. The Lady has been disappointed on the right Side, and has found nothing more disagreeable in the Husband than she discovered in the Lover. 

N^o 114. *Wednesday, July 22.*

*Alveos accipite, ceris opus infundite,
Fuci recusant, apibus conditio placet.*

Phædr.

I Think my self obliged to acquaint the Publick, that the Lion's Head, of which I advertised them about a Fortnight ago, is now erected at *Button's* Coffee-house in *Russel-street, Covent-Garden*, where it opens its Mouth at all Hours for the Reception of such Intelligence as shall be thrown into it. It is reckoned an excellent Piece of Workmanship, and was designed by a great Hand in Imitation of the Antique *Ægyptian* Lion, the Face of it being Compounded out of that of a Lion and a Wizard. The Features are strong and well furrow'd. The Whiskers are admired by all that have seen them. It is planted on the Western Side of the Coffee house, holding its Paws under the Chin upon a Box, which contains every thing that he swallows.

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He

He is indeed a proper Emblem of *Knowledge* and *Action*, being all Head and Paws.

I need not acquaint my Readers, that my Lion, like a Moth or Book Worm, feeds upon nothing but Paper, and shall only beg of them to Diet him with wholesome and substantial Food. I must therefore desire that they will not gorge him either with Nonsense or Obscenity; and must likewise insist, that his Mouth be not defiled with Scandal, for I would not make use of him to revile the Human Species, and Satyrise those who are his Betters. I shall not suffer him to worry any Man's Reputation, nor indeed fall on any Person whatsoever, such only excepted as disgrace the Name of this generous Animal, and under the Title of Lions contrive the Ruin of their Fellow Subjects. I must desire likewise, that Intriguers will not make a Pimp of my Lion, and by his means convey their Thoughts to one another. Those who are read in the History of the Popes observe, that the *Leo's* have been the best, and the *Innocents* the worst of that Species, and I hope that I shall not be thought to derogate from my Lion's Character, by representing him as such a peaceable good-natured well-designing Beast.

I intend to publish once every Week *the Roarings of the Lion*, and hope to make him roar so loud as to be heard over all the *British* Nation.

IF my Correspondents will do their Parts in prompting him, and supplying him with
suitable

suitable Provision, I question not but the Lion's Head will be reckoned the best Head in *England*.

THERE is a Notion generally received in the World, that a Lion is a dangerous Creature to all Women who are not Virgins, which may have given occasion to a foolish Report, that my Lion's Jaws are so contrived, as to snap the Hands of any of the Female Sex, who are not thus qualified to approach it with Safety. I shall not spend much time in exposing the falsity of this Report, which I believe will not weigh any thing with Women of Sense: I shall only say, that there is not one of the Sex in all the Neighbourhood of *Covent Garden*, who may not put her Hand in the Mouth with the same Security as if she were a Vestal. However that the Ladies may not be deterred from corresponding with me by this Method, I must acquaint them, that the Coffee-Man has a little Daughter of about four Years old who has been virtuously educated, and will lend her Hand, upon this Occasion, to any Lady that shall desire it of her.

IN the mean time I must further acquaint my fair Readers, that I have Thoughts of making a Provision for them at my Ingenious Friend Mr. *Motteux's*, or at *Corticelli's*, or some other Place frequented by the Wits and Beauties of the Sex. As I have here a Lion's Head for the Men, I shall there erect an Unicorn's Head for the Ladies, and will so contrive it that they may put in their Intelligence at the top of the Horn, which shall convey it into

a little Receptacle at the bottom prepared for that purpose. Out of these two Magazines I shall supply the Town from time to time with what may tend to their Edification, and at the same Time carry on an epistolary Correspondence between the two Heads, not a little Beneficial both to the Publick and to my self. As both these Monsters will be very insatiable, and devour great Quantities of Paper, there will no small Use redound from them to that Manufacture in particular.

THE following Letter having been left with the Keeper of the Lion, with a Request from the Writer that it may be the first Morsel which is put into his Mouth, I shall communicate it to the Publick as it came to my Hand, without examining whether it be proper Nourishment, as I intend to do for the future.

Mr. GUARDIAN,

YOUR Predecessor, the *Spectator*, endeavoured, but in vain, to improve the Charms of the fair Sex, by exposing their Dress whenever it launched into Extrémities. Among the rest the great Petticoat came under his Consideration, but in Contradiction to whatever he has said they still resolutely persist in this Fashion. The form of their Bottom is not, I confess, altogether the same; for whereas before it was of an orbicular Make, they now look as if they were press'd, so that they seem to deny Access to any Part but the Middle.

‘ Middle. Many are the Inconveniencies that
 ‘ accrue to Her Majesty’s loving Subjects
 ‘ from the said Petticoats, as hurting Men’s
 ‘ Shins, sweeping down the Ware of indu-
 ‘ strious Females in the Street, &c. I saw a
 ‘ young Lady fall down, the other Day, and
 ‘ believe me Sir, she very much resembled an
 ‘ overturned Bell without a Clapper. Ma-
 ‘ ny other Disasters I could tell you of that
 ‘ befall themselves as well as others, by means
 ‘ of this unwieldy Garment. I wish, Mr.
 ‘ GUARDIAN, you would join with me in
 ‘ showing your Dislike of such a monstrous
 ‘ Fashion, and I hope when the Ladies see
 ‘ ’tis the Opinion of two of the wisest Men
 ‘ in *England*, they will be convinced of their
 ‘ Folly.

I am, S I R,

Your daily Reader and Admirer,

Tom. Plain.

N^o 115. *Thursday, July 23.*

Ingenium par materie —

Juv.

WHEN I read Rules of Criticism I im-
 mediately enquire after the Works of
 the Author who has written them, and by
 that means discover what it is he likes in a
 Composition; for there is no Question but e-
 very Man aims at least at what he thinks beau-
 tiful in others. If I find by his own manner

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of

of Writing that he is heavy and tasteless; I throw aside his Criticisms with a secret Indignation, to see a Man without Genius or Politeness dictating to the World on Subjects which I find are above his reach.

If the Critick has published nothing but Rules and Observations in Criticism, I then consider whether there be a Propriety and Elegance in his Thoughts and Words, Clearness and Delicacy in his Remarks, Wit and Good-breeding in his Raillery; but if in the place of all these I find nothing but Dogmatical Stupidity, I must beg such a Writer's Pardon if I have no manner of Deference for his Judgment, and refuse to conform my self to his Taste.

*So Macer and Mundungus School the Times;
And Write in rugged Prose the softer Rules of Rhimes.
Well do they play the careful Criticks part,
Instructing doubly by their matchless Art:
Rules for good Verse they first with Pains indite,
Then shew us what are bad, by what they write.*

Mr. Congreve to Sir R. Temple.

THE greatest Criticks among the Ancients are those who have the most excelled in all other kinds of Composition, and have shown the height of good Writing even in the Precepts which they have given for it.

AMONG the Moderns likewise no Critick has ever pleased, or been looked upon as Authentick, who did not show by his Practice, that he was a Master of the Theory. I have now one before me, who after having given many Proofs of his Performances both
in

in Poetry and Prose, obliged the World with several Critical Works. The Author I mean is *Strada*. His Prolusion on the Stile of the most famous among the Ancient *Latin* Poets who are extant, and have written in Epic Verse, is one of the most Entertaining, as well as the most just Pieces of Criticism that I have ever read. I shall make the Plan of it the Subject of this Day's Paper.

IT is commonly known, that Pope *Leo* the Tenth was a great Patron of Learning, and used to be present at the Performances, Conversations and Disputes of all the most Polite Writers of his time. Upon this Bottom *Strada* founds the following Narrative. When this Pope was at his *Villa*, that stood upon an Eminence on the Banks of the *Tiber*, the Poets contrived the following Pageant or Machine for his Entertainment. They made a huge floating Mountain, that was split at the Top in Imitation of *Parnassus*. There were several Marks on it that distinguished it for the Habitation of Heroick Poets. Of all the Muses *Calliope* only made her Appearance. It was covered up and down with Groves of Laurel. *Pegasus* appeared hanging off the side of a Rock, with a Fountain running from his Heel. This floating *Parnassus* fell down the River to the Sound of Trumpets, and in a kind of Epick Measure, for it was row'd forward by six huge Wheels, three on each side, that by their constant Motion carried on the Machine'till it arrived before the Pope's *Villa*.

THE

THE Representatives of the ancient Poets were disposed in Stations suitable to their respective Characters. *Statius* was posted on the highest of the two Summits, which was fashioned in the Form of a Precipice, and hung over the rest of the Mountain in a dreadful Manner, so that People regarded him with the same Terrour and Curiosity as they look upon a daring Rope-dancer whom they expect to fall every Moment.

CLAUDIAN was seated on the other Summit, which was lower, and, at the same time more smooth and even than the former. It was observed likewise to be more barren, and to produce, on some Spots of it, Plants that are unknown to *Italy*, and such as the Gardeners call Exoticks.

LUCRETIVS was very busie about the Roots of the Mountain, being wholly intent upon the Motion and Management of the Machine which was under his Conduct, and was indeed of his Invention. He was sometimes so engaged among the Wheels, and cover'd with Machinery, that not above half the Poet appeared to the Spectators, tho', at other times, by the working of the Engines, he was raised up and became as conspicuous as any of the Brotherhood.

OVID did not settle in any particular Place, but ranged over all *Parnassus* with great Nimbleness and Activity. But as he did not much care for the Toil and Pains that were requisite to climb the upper Part of the Hill, he was generally roving about the Bottom of it.

BUT

BUT there was none who was placed in a more eminent Station, and had a greater Prospect under him than *Lucan*. He vaulted upon *Pegasus* with all the Heat and Intrepidity of Youth, and seemed desirous of mounting into the Clouds upon the Back of him. But as the hinder Feet of the Horse stuck to the Mountain while the Body reared up in the Air, the Poet, with great Difficulty, kept himself from sliding off his Back, insomuch that the People often gave him for gone, and cry'd out, every now and then, that he was tumbling.

VIRGIL, with great Modesty in his Looks, was seated by *Calliope*, in the midst of a Plantation of Laurels which grew thick about him, and almost covered him with their Shade. He would not perhaps have been seen in this Retirement, but that it was impossible to look upon *Calliope* without seeing *Virgil* at the same time.

THIS Poetical Masquerade was no sooner arrived before the Pope's *Villa*, but they received an Invitation to Land, which they did accordingly. The Hall prepared for their Reception was filled with an Audience of the greatest Eminence for Quality and Politeness. The Poets took their Places, and repeated each of them a Poem written in the Style and Spirit of those immortal Authors whom they Represented. The Subjects of these several Poems, with the Judgment passed upon each of them, may be an agreeable Entertainment for another Day's Paper.

✂
Friday,

N^o 116. Friday, July 24.

— *Ridiculum acri* —
Fortius & melius ————— Hor.

THERE are many little Enormities in the World, which our Preachers would be very glad to see removed; but at the same time dare not meddle with them, for fear of betraying the Dignity of the Pulpit. Should they recommend the *Tucker* in a Pathetick Discourse, their Audiences would be apt to laugh out. I knew a Parish, where the top-Woman of it used always to appear with a Patch upon some part of her Forehead: The good Man of the Place Preached at it with great Zeal for almost a Twelvemonth; but instead of fetching out the Spot which he perpetually aimed at, he only got the Name of Parson *Patch* for his Pains. Another is to this Day called by the Name of Doctor *Top-knot* for Reasons of the same Nature. I remember the Clergy, during the Time of *Cromwell's* Uirpation, were very much taken up in reforming the Female World, and showing the Vanity of those outward Ornaments in which the Sex so much delights. I have heard a whole Sermon against a White-wash, and have known a coloured Ribbon made the Mark of the Unconverted. The Clergy of the present Age are not transported with these indiscreet Fervours, as knowing that it is hard for a Reformer

former to avoid Ridicule, when he is severe upon Subjects which are rather apt to produce Mirth than Seriousness. For this reason I look upon my self to be of great Use to these good Men; while they are employed in extirpating Mortal Sins, and Crimes of a higher Nature, I should be glad to rally the World out of Indecencies and Venial Transgressions. While the Doctor is curing Distempers that have the Appearance of Danger or Death in them, the *Merry-Andrew* has his separate Packet for the Meagrimms and the Tooth-ach.

THUS much I thought fit to premise before I resume the Subject which I have already handled, I mean the naked Bosomes of our *British* Ladies. I hope they will not take it ill of me, if I still beg that they will be covered. I shall here present them with a Letter on that Particular, as it was yesterday conveyed to me through the Lion's Mouth. It comes from a Quaker, and is as follows.

NESTOR IRONSIDE,

‘OUR Friends like thee. We rejoice to
 ‘ find thou beginn’st to have a glimmer-
 ‘ ing of the Light in thee: We shall pray for
 ‘ thee, that thou may’st be more and more
 ‘ enlightened. Thou givest good Advice to
 ‘ the Women of this World to Cloath them-
 ‘ selves like unto our Friends, and not to ex-
 ‘ pose their fleshly Temptations, for it is a-
 ‘ gainst the Record. Thy Lion is a good
 ‘ Lion; he roareth loud, and is heard a great
 ‘ way, even unto the Sink of *Babylon*; for
 ‘ the

‘ the Scarlet Whore is governed by the Voice
 ‘ of thy Lion. Look on his Order.

Rome, July 8, 1713. ‘ *A Placard is published here, forbidding Women of whatsoever Quality, to go with naked Breasts; and the Priests are ordered not to admit the Transgressors of this Law to Confession, nor to Communion; neither are they to enter the Cathedrals under severe Penalties.*

‘ THESE Lines are faithfully copied from
 ‘ the nightly Paper, with this Title written over it, *The Evening Post, from Saturday, July the 18th, to Tuesday, July the 21st.*

‘ SEEING thy Lion is obeyed at this
 ‘ Distance, we hope the foolish Women in
 ‘ thy own Country will listen to thy Admonitions. Otherwise thou art desired to make
 ‘ him still Roar till all the Beasts of the Forest shall tremble. I must again repeat unto thee, Friend *Nestor*, the whole Brotherhood have great Hopes of thee, and expect
 ‘ to see thee so inspired with the Light, as
 ‘ thou mayest speedily become a great Preacher of the Word. I wish it heartily.

Thine,

in every thing that is Praise-worthy,

Tom's Coffee-house
 in Birchin-lane the
 23d Day of the
 Month called July.

Tom. Tremble.

IT happens very oddly that the Pope and I should have the same Thought much about the same Time. My Enemies will be apt to say that we hold a Correspondence together,
 and

and act by Concert in this Matter. Let that be as it will, I shall not be ashamed to join with his Holiness in those Particulars which are indifferent between us, especially when it is for the Reformation of the finer half of Mankind. We are both of us about the same Age, and consider this Fashion in the same View. I hope that it will not be able to resist his Bull and my Lion. I am only afraid that our Ladies will take an Occasion from hence to show their Zeal for the Protestant Religion, and pretend to expose their naked Bosoms only in Opposition to Popery.

N^o 117. *Saturday, July 25.*

Cura pii Diis sunt ——— ———

Ov.

LOOKING over the late Edition of Monsieur *Boileau's* Works, I was very much pleased with the Article which he has added to his Notes on the Translation of *Longinus*. He there tells us, that the Sublime in Writing rises either from the Nobleness of the Thought, the Magnificence of the Words, or the harmonious and lively Turn of the Phrase, and that the perfect Sublime arises from all these three in Conjunction together. He produces an Instance of this perfect Sublime in four Verses from the *Athaliah* of Monsieur *Racine*. When *Abner*, one of the chief Officers of the Court, represents to *Joad* the High-Priest, that the Queen was incensed against him, the High-

High-Priest, not in the least terrified at the News, returns this Answer.

*Celui qui met un frein à la fureur des flots,
Sçait aussi des méchans arrêter les complots.
Soumis avec respect à sa volonté Sainte,
Je crains Dieu, cher Abner, & n'ai point d'autre crainte.*

He who ruleth the raging of the Sea, knows also how to check the Designs of the ungodly. I submit my self with reverence to his holy Will. O Abner, I fear my God, and I fear none but him. Such a Thought gives no less a Sublimity to Human Nature, than it does to good Writing. This Religious Fear, when it is produced by just Apprehensions of a Divine Power, naturally over-looks all Human Greatness that stands in competition with it, and extinguishes every other Terror that can settle itself in the Heart of Man; it lessens and contracts the Figure of the most exalted Person; it disarms the Tyrant and Executioner, and represents to our Minds the most enraged and the most powerful as altogether harmless and impotent.

THERE is no true Fortitude which is not founded upon this Fear, as there is no other Principle of so settled and fixed a Nature. Courage that grows from Constitution very often forsakes a Man when he has occasion for it; and when it is only a kind of Instinct in the Soul breaks out on all Occasions without Judgment or Discretion. That Courage which proceeds from the Sense of our Duty, and from the Fear of offending him that made us, acts always in an uniform manner, and according to the Dictates of right Reason. WHAT

WHAT can the Man fear, who takes care in all his Actions to please a Being that is Omnipotent? A Being who is able to crush all his Adversaries? A Being that can divert any Misfortune from befalling him, or turn any such Misfortune to this Advantage? The Person who lives with this constant and habitual Regard to the great Superintendant of the World, is indeed sure that no real Evil can come into his Lot. Blessings may appear under the Shape of Pains, Losses, and Disappointments, but let him have Patience, and he will see them in their proper Figures. Dangers may threaten him, but he may rest satisfied that they will either not reach him, or that if they do, they will be the Instruments of Good to him. In short, he may look upon all Crosses and Accidents, Sufferings and Afflictions, as Means which are made use of to bring him to Happiness. This is even the worst of that Man's Condition whose Mind is possessed with the habitual Fear of which I am now speaking. But it very often happens, that those which appear Evils in our own Eyes, appear also as such to him who has Human Nature under his Care, in which Case they are certainly averted from the Person who has made himself, by this Virtue, an Object of Divine Favour. Histories are full of Instances of this Nature, where Men of Virtue have had extraordinary Escapes out of such Dangers as have enclosed them, and which have seemed inevitable.

THERE is no Example of this Kind in Pagan History which more pleases me than

that which is recorded in the Life of *Timoleon*. This extraordinary Man was famous for referring all his Successes to Providence. *Cornelius Nepos* acquaints us that he had in his House a private Chappel, in which he used to pay his Devotions to the Goddess who represented Providence among the Heathens. I think no Man was ever more distinguished, by the Deity whom he blindly worshipped, than the great Person I am speaking of in several Occurrences of his Life, but particularly in the following one which I shall relate out of *Plutarch*.

THREE Persons had entered into a Conspiracy to assassinate *Timoleon* as he was offering up his Devotions in a certain Temple. In order to it they took their several Stands in the most convenient Places for their Purpose. As they were waiting for an Opportunity to put their Design in Execution, a Stranger having observed one of the Conspirators, fell upon him and slew him. Upon which the other two, thinking their Plot had been discovered, threw themselves at *Timoleon's* Feet and confessed the whole matter. This Stranger, upon Examination, was found to have understood nothing of the intended Assassination, but having several Years before had a Brother killed by the Conspirator, whom he here put to Death, and having till now sought in vain for an Opportunity of Revenge, he chanced to meet the Murderer in the Temple, who had planted himself there for the abovementioned Purpose. *Plutarch* cannot forbear,

forbear, on this Occasion, speaking with a kind of Rapture on the Schemes of Providence, which, in this Particular, had so contrived it that the Stranger should, for so great a Space of Time, be debarred the Means of doing Justice to his Brother, till, by the same Blow that revenged the Death of one innocent Man, he preserved the Life of another.

FOR my own part, I cannot wonder that a Man of *Timoleon's* Religion should have his Intrepidity and Firmness of Mind, or that he should be distinguished by such a Deliverance as I have here related. 

N^o 118. *Monday, July 27.*

— *Largitor Ingeni*
Venter — — —

Perf.

I Am very well pleased to find that my Lion has given such Universal Content to all that have seen him. He has had a greater Number of Visitants than any of his Brotherhood in the *Tower*. I this Morning examined his Maw, where among much other Food I found the following delicious Morsels.

To NESTOR IRONSIDE, Esq;

Mr. GUARDIAN,

I Am a Daily Peruser of your Papers, I have read over and over your Discourse concerning the Tucker; as likewise your Paper of *Thursday* the 16th Instant, in which you

' say it is your Intention to keep a watchful
 ' Eye over every part of the Female Sex, and
 ' to regulate them from Head to Foot. Now,
 ' Sir, being by Profession a Mantua-maker,
 ' who am employed by the most fashionable
 ' Ladies about Town, I am admitted to them
 ' freely at all Hours, and seeing them both
 ' dress'd and undress'd, I think there is no Per-
 ' son better qualified than my self to serve you
 ' (if your Honour pleases) in the Nature of a
 ' *Lioness*. I am in the whole Secret of their
 ' Fashion, and if you think fit to entertain
 ' me in this Character, I will have a constant
 ' Watch over them, and doubt not I shall
 ' send you from time to time such private In-
 ' telligence, as you will find of Use to you in
 ' your future Papers.

' SIR, this being a new Proposal, I hope
 ' you will not let me lose the Benefit of it;
 ' but that you will first hear me roar before
 ' you treat with any Body else. As a Sample
 ' of my intended Services, I give you this
 ' timely Notice of an Improvement you will
 ' shortly see in the exposing of the Female
 ' Chest, which in defiance of your Gravity is
 ' going to be uncovered yet more and more;
 ' so that to tell you truly, Mr. IRONSIDE,
 ' I am in some fear lest my Profession shou'd
 ' in a little time become wholly unnecessary.
 ' I must here explain to you a small Covering,
 ' if I may call it so, or rather an Ornament
 ' for the Neck, which you have not yet taken
 ' Notice of. This consists of a narrow Lace, or
 ' a small Skirt of fine ruffled Linnen, which
 ' runs

‘ runs along the upper part of the Stays before, and crosses the Breasts, without rising to the Shoulders ; and being as it were a part of the Tucker, yet kept in use, is therefore by a particular Name called the Modesty-Piece. Now, Sir, what I have to communicate to you at present is, that at a late Meeting of the Stripping Ladies, in which were present several eminent Toasts and Beauties, it was resolved for the future to lay the Modesty-Piece wholly aside. It is intended at the same time to lower the Stays considerably before, and nothing but the unsettled Weather has hindered this Design from being already put in Execution. Some few indeed objected to this last Improvement, but were over-ruled by the rest, who alledged it was their Intention, as they ingeniously expressed it, to level their Breast-works entirely, and to trust to no Defence but their own Virtue.

I am, SIR, (if you please)

Your Secret Servant,

Leonilla Figleaf.

Dear Sir,

‘ **A**S by Name, and Duty bound, I Yesterday brought in a Prey of Paper for my Patron’s Dinner, but by the forwardness of his Paws, he seemed ready to put it into his own Mouth, which does not enough resemble its Prototypes, whose Throats are open Sepulchres. I assure you Sir, unless he Gapes

‘ wider, he will sooner be felt than heard.
 ‘ Witness my Hand,

Jackall.

To NESTOR IRONSIDE, *Esq;*

Sage NESTOR,

‘ **L**IONS being esteemed by Naturalists
 ‘ the most generous of Beasts, the no-
 ‘ ble and Majestick Appearance they make in
 ‘ Poetry, wherein they so often represent the
 ‘ Hero himself, made me always think that
 ‘ Name very ill applied to a Profligate Sett of
 ‘ Men, at present going about seeking whom
 ‘ to Devour: And though I cannot but ac-
 ‘ quiesce in your account of the Derivation
 ‘ of that Title to them, it is with great Sa-
 ‘ tisfaction I hear you are about to restore
 ‘ them to their former Dignity, by producing
 ‘ one of that Species so publick Spirited, as
 ‘ to Roar for Reformation of Manners. I will
 ‘ Roar (says the Clown in *Shakespear*,) that
 ‘ it will do any Man’s Heart good to
 ‘ hear me; I will Roar, that I will make the
 ‘ Duke say, Let him Roar again, let him
 ‘ Roar again. Such Success and such Ap-
 ‘ plause I do not question but your Lion will
 ‘ meet with, whilst like that of *Sampson* his
 ‘ Strength shall bring forth Sweetness, and his
 ‘ Entrails abound with Honey.

‘ AT the same time that I Congratulate with
 ‘ the Republick of Beasts upon this Honour
 ‘ done to their King, I must condole with us
 ‘ poor Mortals, who by distance of Place are
 ‘ rendered

‘ rendered incapable of paying our Respects.
 ‘ to him, with the same Assiduity as those
 ‘ who are Ushered into his Presence by the
 ‘ discreet Mr. *Button*. Upon this Account,
 ‘ Mr. IRONSIDE, I am become a Suitor to
 ‘ you, to constitute an Out-riding Lion; or
 ‘ if you please a *Jackall* or two, to receive
 ‘ and remit our Homage in a more particular
 ‘ manner than is hitherto provided. As it is,
 ‘ our Tenders of Duty every now and then
 ‘ miscarry by the Way, at least the natural
 ‘ Self-love that makes us unwilling to think
 ‘ any thing that comes from us worthy of
 ‘ Contempt, inclines us to believe so. Me-
 ‘ thinks it were likewise necessary to Specifie,
 ‘ by what Means a Present from a fair Hand
 ‘ my reach his brindled Majesty, the Place of
 ‘ his Residence being very unfit for a Lady’s
 ‘ personal Appearance.

I am, Your most Constant Reader,
and Admirer,
 N. R.

Dear NESTOR,

‘ **T**IS a well known Proverb, in a certain
 ‘ Part of this Kingdom, *Love me, Love*
 ‘ *my Dog*; and I hope you will take it as a
 ‘ Mark of my Respect for your Person, that
 ‘ I here bring a Bit for your Lion. * * *

What follows, being secret History, it will
 be printed in other Papers; wherein the Lion
 will Publish his private Intelligence.

 N^o 119. *Tuesday, July 28.*

————— *poetarum veniet manus, auxilio que*
Sit mihi ————— Hor.

THERE is nothing which more shows the want of Taste and Discernment in a Writer, than the decrying of any Author in Gross, especially of an Author who has been the Admiration of Multitudes, and that too in several Ages of the World. This, however, is the general Practice of all illiterate and undistinguishing Criticks. Because *Homer* and *Virgil* and *Sophocles* have been commended by the Learned of all Times, every Scribler, who has no relish of their Beauties, gives himself an Air of Rapture when he speaks of them. But as he praises these he knows not why, there are others whom he depreciates with the same Vehemence and upon the same Account. We may see after what a different Manner *Strada* proceeds in his Judgment on the *Latin* Poets; for I intend to Publish, in this Paper, a Continuation of that *Prolusion* which was the Subject of the last *Thursday*. I shall therefore give my Reader a short Account, in Prose, of every Poem which was produced in the learned Assembly there described; and if he is thoroughly conversant in the Works of those ancient Authors, he will see with how much Judgment every Subject is adapted to the Poet who makes use of

of it, and with how much Delicacy every particular Poet's way of Writing is characterised in the Censure that is past upon it. *Lucan's* Representative was the first who recited before that August Assembly. As *Lucan* was a *Spaniard*, his Poem does Honour to that Nation, which at the same times makes the Romantick Bravery in the Hero of it more probable.

ALPHONSO was the Governor of a Town Invested by the *Moors*. During the Blockade they made his only Son their Prisoner, whom they brought before the Walls, and exposed to his Father's sight, threatening to put him to Death, if he did not immediately give up the Town. The Father tells them if he had an hundred Sons he would rather see them all Perish than do an ill Action, or betray his Country. But, says he, if you take a pleasure in destroying the Innocent, you may do it if you please: Behold a Sword for your Purpose. Upon which he threw his Sword from the Wall, returned to his Palace, and was able, at such a Juncture, to sit down to the Repast which was prepared for him. He was soon raised by the Shouts of the Enemy and the Cries of the Besieged. Upon returning again to the Walls, he saw his Son lying in the Pangs of Death; but far from betraying any Weakness at such a Spectacle, he upbraids his Friends for their Sorrow, and returns to finish his Repast.

UPON the Recital of this Story, which is exquisitely drawn up in *Lucan's* Spirit and
Lan-

Language, the whole Assembly declared their Opinion of *Lucan* in a confused Murmur. The Poem was praised or censured according to the Prejudices which every one had conceived in favour or disadvantage of the Author. These were so very great, that some had placed him in their Opinions above the highest and others beneath the lowest of the *Latin* Poets. Most of them however agreed, that *Lucan's* Genius was wonderfully Great, but at the same time too haughty and headstrong to be governed by Art, and that his Stile was like his Genius, learned, bold and lively, but withal too tragical and blustering. In a Word, that he chose rather a great than a just Reputation; to which they added, that he was the first of the *Latin* Poets who deviated from the Purity of the *Roman* Language.

THE Representative of *Lucretius* told the Assembly, that they should soon be sensible of the Difference between a Poet who was a Native of *Rome*, and a Stranger who had been adopted into it: After which he entered upon his Subject, which I find exhibited to my Hand in a Speculation of one of my Predecessors.

STRADA, in the Person of *Lucretius*, gives an Account of a Chimerical Correspondence between two Friends by the help of a certain Load-stone, which had such a Vertue in it, that if it touched two several Needles, when one of the Needles so touched began to move, the other, though at never so great a distance, moved at the same time, and in the same manner.

ner. He tells us, that the two Friends, being each of them possesst of one of these Needles, made a kind of Dial-plate, inscribing it with the four and twenty Letters, in the same manner as the Hours of the Day are marked upon the ordinary Dial-Plate. They then fixed one of the Needles on each of these Plates, in such a manner that it could move round without Impediment, so as to touch any of the four and twenty Letters. Upon their separating from one another into distant Countries, they agreed to withdraw themselves punctually into their Closets at a certain Hour of the Day, and to converse with one another by means of this their Invention. Accordingly when they were some hundred Miles asunder, each of them shut himself up in his Closet at the time appointed, and immediately cast his Eye upon his Dial Plate. If he had a mind to write any thing to his Friend, he directed his Needle to every Letter that formed the Words which he had occasion for, making a little pause at the end of every Word or Sentence to avoid Confusion. The Friend, in the mean while, saw his own Sympathetick Needle moving of it self to every Letter which that of his Correspondent pointed at. By this means they talked together a-cross a whole Continent, and conveyed their Thoughts to one another in an Instant over Cities or Mountains, Seas or Desarts.

THE whole Audience were pleased with the Artifice of the Poet who represented *Lucretius*,

cretius, observing very well how he had laid asleep their Attention to the Simplicity of his Style in some Verses, and to the want of Harmony in others, by fixing their Minds to the Novelty of his Subject, and to the Experiment which he related. Without such an Artifice they were of Opinion that nothing would have sounded more harsh than *Lucretius's* Diction and Numbers. But it was plain that the more learned Part of the Assembly were quite of another Mind. These allowed that it was peculiar to *Lucretius*, above all other Poets, to be always doing or teaching something, that no other Stile was so proper to teach in, or gave a greater Pleasure to those who had a true Relish for the *Roman* Tongue. They added further, that if *Lucretius* had not been embarrassed with the Difficulty of his Matter, and a little led away by an Affectation of Antiquity, there could not have been any thing more perfect than his Poem.

CLAUDIAN succeeded *Lucretius*, having chosen for his Subject the famous Contest between the Nightingale and the Lutanist, which every one is acquainted with, especially since Mr. *Philips* has so finely improved that Hint in one of his Pastorals.

HE had no sooner finished but the Assembly rung with Acclamations made in his Praise. His first Beauty, which every one owned, was the great Clearness and Perspicuity which appeared in the Plan of his Poem. Others were wonderfully charmed with the Smoothness of his Verse, and the flowing of his Numbers, in
which

which there were none of those Elisions and Cuttings-off so frequent in the Works of other Poets. There were several however of a more refined Judgment, who ridiculed that Infusion of Foreign Phrases with which he had corrupted the *Latin* Tongue, and spoke with Contempt of the Equability of his Numbers that cloyed and satiated the Ear for want of Variety: To which they likewise added a frequent and unseasonable Affectation of appearing Sonorous and Sublime.

The Sequel of this Prolusion shall be the Work of another Day.

N^o 120. *Wednesday, July 29.*

— nothing Lovelier can be found
In Woman, than to study Household Good,
And good works in her Husband to promote. Milton.

A Bit for the Lion.

SIR,

AS soon as you have set up your Unicorn, there is no question but the Ladies will make him push very furiously at the Men; for which reason I think it is good to be before-hand with them, and make the Lion roar aloud at Female Irregularities. Among these, I wonder how their Gaming has so long escaped your Notice. You who converse with the sober Family
of

' of the *Lizards*, are perhaps a Stranger to
 ' these *Virago's*; but what wou'd you say,
 ' should you see the *Sparkler* shaking her El-
 ' bow for a whole Night together, and thump-
 ' ing the Table with a Dice-Box? Or how
 ' would you like to hear the good Widow-
 ' Lady her self returning to her House at
 ' Mid-night, and alarming the whole Street
 ' with a most Enormous Rap, after having
 ' sat up 'till that time at Crimp or Ombre?
 ' Sir, I am the Husband of one of these Fe-
 ' male Gamesters, and a great Loser by it
 ' both in my Rest and my Pocket. As my
 ' Wife reads your Papers, one upon this Sub-
 ' ject might be of use both to her, and

Your humble Servant.

I should ill deserve the Name of *Guardian*
 did I not caution all my fair Wards against
 a Practice which when it runs to Excess, is
 the most shameful, but one, that the Fe-
 male World can fall into. The ill Conse-
 quences of it are more than can be con-
 tained in this Paper. However, that I may
 proceed in method, I shall consider them,
 First, as they relate to the *Mind*, Secondly,
 as they relate to the *Body*.

COULD we look into the *Mind* of
 a Female Gamester, we should see it full of
 nothing but *Trumps* and *Mattadores*. Her
 Slumbers are haunted with Kings, Queens
 and Knaves. The Day lies heavy upon her
 till the Play-Season returns, when for half
 a dozen Hours together all her Facnlties are
 em-

ployed in Shuffling, Cutting, Dealing and Sorting out a Pack of Cards, and no Ideas to be discovered in a Soul which calls it self rational, excepting little square Figures of painted and spotted Paper. Was the Understanding, that Divine Part in our Composition, given for such an Use? Is it thus that we improve the greatest Talent Human Nature is endowed with? What would a Superior Being think, were he shown this intellectual Faculty in a Female Gamester, and at the same time told that it was by this she was distinguished from Brutes, and allied to Angels?

WHEN our Women thus fill their Imaginations with Pips and Counters, I cannot wonder at the Story I have lately heard of a new-born Child that was *marked* with the five of Clubs.

THEIR *Passions* suffer no less by this Practice than their Understandings and Imaginations. What Hope and Fear, Joy and Anger, Sorrow and Discontent break out all at once in a fair Assembly upon so noble an Occasion as that of turning up a Card? Who can consider without a Secret Indignation that all those Affections of the Mind which should be consecrated to their Children, Husbands and Parents, are thus vilely prostituted and thrown away upon a Hand at Loo. For my own part, I cannot but be grieved when I see a fine Woman fretting and bleeding inwardly from such trivial Motives; When I behold the Face of an Angel

gel agitated and discomposed by the Heart of a Fury.

OUR Minds are of such a Make, that they naturally give themselves up to every Diversion which they are much accustomed to, and we always find that Play, when followed with Affiduity, engrosses the whole Woman. She quickly grows uneasy in her own Family, takes but little Pleasure in all the domestick innocent Endearments of Life, and grows more fond of *Pam* than of her Husband. My Friend *Theophrastus*, the best of Husbands and of Fathers, has often complained to me, with Tears in his Eyes, of the late Hours he is forced to keep if he would enjoy his Wife's Conversation. When she returns to me with Joy in her Face, it does not arise, says he, from the Sight of her Husband, but from the good Luck she has had at Cards. On the contrary, says he, if she has been a Loser I am doubly a Sufferer by it. She comes home out of humour, is angry with every Body, displeased with all I can do or say, and in Reality for no other Reason but because she has been throwing away my Estate. What Charming Bedfellows and Companions for Life are Men likely to meet with that chuse their Wives out of such Women of Vogue and Fashion? What a Race of Worthies, what Patriots, what Heroes must we expect from Mothers of this Make?

I come in the next Place to consider the ill Consequences which Gaming has on the *Bodies*

dies of our Female Adventurers. It is so ordered that almost every thing which corrupts the Soul decays the Body. The Beauties of the Face and Mind are generally destroyed by the same Means. This Consideration should have a particular Weight with the Female World, who were designed to please the Eye and attract the Regards of the other half of the Species. Now there is nothing that wears out a fine Face like the Vigils of the Card-Table, and those cutting Passions which naturally attend them. Hollow Eyes, haggard Looks, and pale Complexions, are the natural Indications of a Female Gamester. Her Morning Sleeps are not able to repair her Midnight Watchings. I have known a Woman carried off half dead from Bassette, and have many a time grieved to see a Person of Quality gliding by me in her Chair at two a Clock in the Morning, and looking like a Spectre amidst a glare of Flambeaux. In short, I never knew a thorough-paced Female Gamester hold her Beauty two Winters together.

BUT there is still another Case in which the Body is more endangered than in the former. All Play-Debts must be paid in Specie, or by an Equivalent. The Man that plays beyond his Income pawns his Estate; the Woman must find out something else to Mortgage when her Pin-mony is gone: The Husband has his Lands to dispose of, the Wife her Person. Now when the Female Body is once *Dipp'd*,

if the Creditor be very importunate, I leave my Reader to consider the Consequences.

N^o 121. *Thursday, July 30.*

Hinc Exaudiri gemitus, iraque Leonum. Virg.

Roarings of the Lion.

Old NESTOR,

EVER since the first Notice you gave of the Erection of that useful Monument of yours in *Button's Coffee-house*, I have had a restless Ambition to imitate the renowned *London Prentice*, and boldly venture my Hand down the Throat of your Lion. The Subject of this Letter is a Relation of a Club whereof I am Member, and which has made a considerable Noise of late, I mean the Silent Club. The Year of our Institution is 1694, the Number of Members twelve, and the Place of our Meeting is *Dumb's Ally* in *Holborn*. We look upon our selves as the Relicks of the old *Pythagoreans*, and have this Maxim in common with them, which is the Foundation of our Design, that *Talking spoils Company*. The President of our Society is one who was born Deaf and Dumb, and owes that Blessing to Nature, which in the rest of us is owing to Industry alone. I find upon Enquiry, that the greater part of us are married Men, and such

such whose Wives are remarkably loud at home: Hither we fly for Refuge, and enjoy at once the two greatest and most valuable Blessings, Company and Retirement. When that eminent Relation of yours, the *Spectator*, Published his Weekly Papers, and gave us that remarkable Account of his Silence (for you must know tho' we don't read, yet we inspect all such useful Essays) we seemed unanimous to invite him to partake our Secrecy, but 'twas unluckily objected, that he had just then published a Discourse of his at his own Club, and had not arrived to that happy Inactivity of the Tongue, which we expected from a Man of his Understanding. You will wonder, perhaps, how we managed this Debate, but 'twill be easily accounted for, when I tell you that our Fingers are as nimble, and as infallible Interpreters of our Thoughts, as other Mens Tongues are; yet even this Mechanick Eloquence is only allowed upon the weightiest Occasions. We admire the wise Institutions of the *Turks*, and other Eastern Nations, where all Commands are performed by Officious Mutes; and we wonder that the polite Courts of Christendom should come so far short of the Majesty of Barbarians. *Ben Johnson* has gained an Eternal Reputation among us by his Play called *The Silent Woman*. Every Member here is another *Morose* while the Club is sitting, but at home may talk as much and as fast as his Family Occasions require, without breach

of Salute. The Advantages were find from this Quakerlike Assembly are many. We consider, that the Understanding of Man is liable to Mistakes, and his Will fond of Contradictions; that Disputes, which are of no weight in themselves, are often very considerable in their Effects. The disuse of the Tongue is the only effectual Remedy against these. All Party Concerns, all private Scandal, all Insults over another Man's weaker Reasons, must there be lost, where no Disputes arise. Another Advantage which follows from the first, (and which is very rarely to be met with) is, that we are all upon the same Level in Conversation. A Wag of my Acquaintance used to add a third, *viz.* that, if ever we do Debate, we are sure to have all our Arguments at our Fingers ends. Of all *Longinus's* Remarks, we are most enamour'd with that excellent Passage, where he mentions *Ajax's* Silence as one of the noblest Instances of the Sublime, and (if you will allow me to be free with a Namesake of yours) I should think that the everlasting Story-teller *Nestor*, had he been liken'd to the Ass instead of our Hero, he had suffered less by the Comparison.

I have already described the Practice and Sentiments of this Society, and shall but barely mention the Report of the Neighbourhood, that we are not only as mute as Fishes, but that we drink like Fishes too; that we are like the *Welshman's* Owl, tho' we don't sing we pay it off with thinking; others

‘thers take us for an Assembly of disaffected
 ‘Persons, nay their Zeal to the Government
 ‘has carried them so far as to send, last Week,
 ‘a Party of Constables to surprize us: You
 ‘may easily imagine how exactly we repre-
 ‘sented the *Roman* Senators of old, sitting
 ‘with majestick Silence, and undaunted at
 ‘the Approach of an Army of *Gauls*. If you
 ‘approve of our Undertaking, you need not
 ‘declare it to the World; your Silence shall be
 ‘interpreted as Consent given to the Honou-
 ‘rable Body of Mutes, and in particular to

Your Humble Servant,

Ned Mum.

P. S. ‘We have had but one Word spo-
 ‘ken since the Foundation, for which the
 ‘Member was expelled by the old *Roman*
 ‘Custom of bending back the Thumb. He
 ‘had just received the News of the Battel of
 ‘*Hochstat*, and being too impatient to com-
 ‘municate his Joy, was unfortunately betray’d
 ‘into a *lapsus Linguae*. We acted on the Prin-
 ‘ciples of the *Roman Manlius*, and tho’ we
 ‘approved of the Cause of his Error as just,
 ‘we condemned the Effect as a manifest Vio-
 ‘lation of his Duty.

I never could have thought a Dumb Man
 would have roared so well out of my Lion’s
 Mouth. My next pretty Correspondent, like
Shakespear’s Lion in *Pyramus* and *Thysbe*,
 roars and it were any Nightingale.

Mr. IRONSIDE, July 28, 1713.

I Was afraid at first you were only in Jest,
 and had a Mind to expose our Naked-
 ness for the Diversion of the Town; but
 since I see that you are in good Earnest,
 and have Infallibility of your side, I cannot
 forbear returning my Thanks to you for the
 Care you take of us, having a Friend who
 has promised me to give my Letters to the
 Lion, till we can communicate our Thoughts
 to you through our own proper Vehicle.
 Now you must know, dear Sir, that if you
 don't take care to suppress this exorbitant
 Growth of the Female Chest, all that's left
 of my Waist must inevitably perish. It is at
 this time reduced to the Depth of four In-
 ches, by what I have already made over to
 my Neck. But if the stripping Design, men-
 tioned by Mrs. *Figleaf* yesterday, should
 take effect, Sir, I dread to think what it
 will come to. In short, there is no help
 for it, my Girdle and all must go. This is
 the naked Truth of the Matter. Have pity
 on me then, my Dear *Guardian*, and preserve
 me from being so inhumanly exposed. I do
 assure you that I follow your Precepts as
 much as a young Woman can who will live
 in the World without being laughed at. I
 have no Hooped Petticoat, and when I am
 a Matron will wear broad Tuckers whether
 you succeed or no. If the Flying Project
 takes, I intend to be the last in Wings, being
 resolved in every thing to behave my self as
 becomes

Your most Obedient Ward.

N^o 122. Friday, July 31.

Nec Magis expressi vultus per aenea Signa. Hor.

THAT I may get out of Debt with the Publick as fast as I can, I shall here give them the remaining part of *Strada's* Criticism on the *Latin* Heroick Poets. My Readers may see the whole Work in the three Papers Numbered 115, 119, 122. Those who are acquainted with the Authors themselves, cannot but be pleased to see them so justly represented; and as for those who have never perused the Originals, they may form a Judgment of them from such accurate and entertaining Copies. The whole Piece will shew at least how a Man of Genius (and none else shou'd call himself a Critick) can make the driest Art a pleasing Amusement.

The Sequel of Strada's Proclusion.

THE Poet who personated *Ovid* gives an Account of the Chryso-Magnet, or of the Loadstone, which attracts Gold, after the same manner as the common Loadstone attracts Iron. The Author, that he might express *Ovid's* way of Thinking, derives this Vertue to the Chryso-magnet from a Poetical Metamorphosis.

AS I was sitting by a Well, says he, when I was a Boy, my Ring dropp'd into it, when immediately my Father fastning a certain Stone to the end of a Line let it down into the Well. It no sooner touched the Surface of

the Water, but the Ring leapt up from the bottom, and clung to it in such a manner, that he drew it out like a Fish. My Father seeing me wonder at the Experiment, gave me the following Account of it. When *Deucalion* and *Pyrrha* went about the World, to repair Mankind by throwing Stones over their Heads, the Men who rose from them differed in their Inclinations according to the Places on which the Stones fell. Those which fell in the Fields became Plowmen and Shepherds. Those which fell into the Water produced Sailors and Fishermen. Those that fell among the Woods and Forrests gave Birth to Huntsmen. Among the rest there were several that fell upon Mountains, that had Mines of Gold and Silver in them. This last Race of Men immediately betook themselves to the search of these precious Metals; but Nature being displeased to see her self ransacked, withdrew these her Treasures towards the Center of the Earth. The Avarice of Man however persisted in its former Pursuits, and ransacked her inmost Bowels in quest of the Riches which they contained. Nature seeing her self thus plundered by a Swarm of Miners, was so highly incensed, that she shook the whole Place with an Earthquake, and buried the Men under their own Works. The *Stygian* Flames which lay in the Neighbourhood of these deep Mines, broke out at the same time with great Fury, burning up the whole Mass of Human

Human Limbs and Earth, 'till they were hardened and baked into Stone. The Human Bodies that were delving in Iron Mines were converted into those common Load-stones which attract that Metal. Those which were in search of Gold became Chryso-Magnets, and still keep their former Avarice in their present State of Petrefaction.

OVID had no sooner given over speaking, but the Assembly pronounced their Opinions of him. Several were so taken with his easie way of Writing, and had so formed their Tastes upon it, that they had no Relish for any Composition which was not framed in the *Ovidian* manner. A great many, however, were of a contrary Opinion, 'till at length it was determined by a Plurality of Voices, that *Ovid* highly deserved the Name of a witty Man, but that his Language was vulgar and trivial, and of the Nature of those things which cost no Labour in the Invention, but are ready found out to a Man's Hand. In the last place they all agreed, that the greatest Objection which lay against *Ovid*, both as to his Life and Writings, was his having too much Wit, and that he would have succeeded better in both, had he rather checked than indulged it. *Statius* stood up next with a swelling and haughty Air, and made the following Story the Subject of his Poem.

A German and a Portuguese, when *Vienna* was besieged, having had frequent Contests of Rivalry, were preparing for a single Duel, when on a sudden the Walls were attacked by
the

the Enemy. Upon this both the *German* and *Portuguese* consented to Sacrifice their private Resentments to the Publick, and to see who could signalize himself most upon the common Foe. Each of them did Wonders in repelling the Enemy from different Parts of the Wall. The *German* was at length engaged amidst a whole Army of *Turks*, 'till his Left Arm, that held the Shield, was unfortunately lopped off, and he himself so stunned with a Blow he had received, that he fell down as dead. The *Portuguese* seeing the Condition of his Rival, very generously flew to his Succour, dispersed the Multitude that were gathered about him, and fought over him as he lay upon the Ground. In the mean while the *German* recovered from his Trance, and rose up to the Assistance of the *Portuguese*, who, a little after, had his Right Arm, which held his Sword, cut off by the Blow of a Sabre. He would have lost his Life at the same time by a Spear which was aimed at his Back, had not the *German* slain the Person who was aiming at him. These two Competitors for Fame having received such mutual Obligations, now fought in Conjunction, and as the one was only able to manage the Sword and the other a Shield, made up but one Warrior betwixt them. The *Portuguese* covered the *German*, while the *German* dealt Destruction among the Enemy. At length, finding themselves faint with loss of Blood, and resolving to perish nobly, they advanced to the most shattered Part of the Wall, and threw themselves

selves down, with a huge Fragment of it, upon the Heads of the Besiegers.

WHEN *Statius* ceased, the old Factions immediately broke out concerning his manner of Writing. Some gave him very loud Acclamations such as he had received in his Life-time, declaring him the only Man who had written in a Style which was truly Heroical, and that he was above all others in his Fame as well as in his Diction. Others censured him as one who went beyond all Bounds in his Images and Expressions, laughing at the cruelty of his Conceptions, the rumbling of his Numbers, and the dreadful Pomp and Bombast of his Expressions. There were however a few select Judges who moderated between both these Extreams, and pronounced upon *Statius*, that there appeared in his Style much Poetical Heat and Fire, but withal so much Smoke as sullied the Brightness of it. That there was a Majesty in his Verse, but that it was the Majesty rather of a Tyrant than of a King. That he was often towering among the Clouds, but often met with the Fate of *Icarus*. In a Word, that *Statius* was among the Poets, what *Alexander* the Great is among Heroes, a Man of great Virtues and of great Faults.

VIRGIL was the last of the ancient Poets who produced himself upon this Occasion. His Subject was the Story of *Theutilla*, which being so near that of *Judith* in all its Circumstances, and at the same time translated by a very Ingenious Gentleman in
 one

one of Mr. *Dryden's* Miscellanies, I shall here give no farther Account of it. When he had done, the whole Assembly declared the Works of this great Poet a Subject rather for their Admiration than for their Applause, and that if any thing was wanting in *Virgil's* Poetry it was to be ascribed to a Deficiency in the Art it self, and not in the Genius of this great Man. There were however some envious Murmurs and Detractions heard among the Croud, as if there were very frequently Verses in him which flagg'd or wanted Spirit, and were rather to be looked upon as Faultless than Beautiful. But these injudicious Censures were heard with a general Indignation.

I need not observe to my learned Reader, that the foregoing Story of the *German* and *Portuguese* is almost the same in every Particular with that of the two Rival Soldiers in *Cesar's* Commentaries. This Prolusion ends with the Performance of an *Italian* Poet, full of those little Witticisms and Conceits which have infected the greatest Part of modern Poetry. 

N^o 123. *Saturday, August 1.*

hic murus abeneus esto
Nil conscire sibi —————

Hor.

THERE are a sort of Knights-Errant in the World, who, quite contrary to those in Romance, are perpetually seeking Adven-

Adventures to bring Virgins into Distress, and to ruin Innocence. When Men of Rank and Figure pass away their Lives in these Criminal Pursuits and Practices, they ought to consider that they render themselves more Vile and Despicable than any Innocent Man can be, whatever low Station his Fortune or Birth have placed him in. Title and Ancestry render a good Man more Illustrious, but an ill one more contemptible.

*Thy Father's Merit sets thee up to view,
And plants thee in the fairest point of Light,
To make thy Virtues or thy Faults Conspicuous.*

Cato.

I have often wondered, that these Deflowers of Innocence, tho' Dead to all the Sentiments of Virtue and Honour, are not restrained by Compassion and Humanity. To bring Sorrow, Confusion and Infamy into a Family, to wound the Heart of a tender Parent, and stain the Life of a poor deluded young Woman with a Dishonour that can never be wiped off, are Circumstances one would think sufficient to check the most violent Passion in a Heart which has the least Tincture of Pity and Good-nature. Wou'd any one purchase the Gratification of a Moment at so dear a Rate? and entail a lasting Misery on others, for such a transient Satisfaction to himself? nay, for a Satisfaction that is sure, at some time or other, to be followed with Remorse? I am led to this Subject by two Letters which came lately to my Hands. The last of them is, it seems, the Copy of one sent
by

by a Mother to one who had abused her Daughter; and though I cannot justify her Sentiments at the latter end of it, they are such as might arise in a Mind which had not yet recovered its Temper after so great a Provocation. I present the Reader with it as I received it, because I think it gives a lively Idea of the Affliction which a fond Parent suffers on such an Occasion.

S I R, — *Shire, July, 1713.*

THE other Day I went into the House of one of my Tenants, whose Wife was formerly a Servant in our Family, and (by my Grandmother's Kindness) had her Education with my Mother from her Infancy; so that she is of a Spirit and Understanding greatly superior to those of her own Rank. I found the poor Woman in the utmost Disorder of Mind and Attire, drowned in Tears, and reduced to a Condition that looked rather like Stupidity than Grief. She leaned upon her Arm over a Table, on which lay a Letter folded up and directed to a certain Nobleman, very famous in our Parts for Low-Intrigue, or (in plainer Words) for Debauching Country Girls; in which number is the unfortunate Daughter of my poor Tenant, as I learn from the following Letter written by her Mother. I have sent you here a Copy of it, which, made Publick in your Paper, may perhaps furnish useful Reflections to many Men of Figure and Quality, who indulge themselves in a Passion which

which they possess but in Common with the vilest part of Mankind.

My Lord,

“**L**AST Night I discovered the Injury you
 “ have done to my Daughter. Heaven
 “ knows how long and piercing a Torment
 “ that short-lived shameful Pleasure of yours
 “ must bring upon me; upon me, from whom
 “ you never received any Offence. This Consi-
 “ deration alone should have deterred a Noble
 “ Mind from so base and ungenerous an Act.
 “ But, alas! what is all the Grief that must
 “ be my Share, in comparison of that, with
 “ which you have requited her by whom you
 “ have been obliged? Loss of good Name,
 “ Anguish of Heart, Shame and Infamy, are
 “ what must inevitably fall upon her, unless
 “ she gets over them by what is much worse,
 “ open Impudence, professed Lewdness, and
 “ abandoned Prostitution. These are the Re-
 “ turns you have made to her, for putting
 “ in your Power all her Livelihood and De-
 “ pendance, her Virtue and Reputation. O,
 “ my Lord, should my Son have practised the
 “ like on one of your Daughters! — I know
 “ you swell with Indignation at the very Men-
 “ tion of it, and would think he deserved a
 “ thousand Deaths, should he make such an
 “ Attempt upon the Honour of your Fami-
 “ ly. ’Tis well, my Lord. And is then the
 “ Honour of your Daughter, whom still,
 “ though it had been violated, you might
 “ have maintained in Plenty, and even Lux-
 “ ury,

" ury, of greater moment to her, than to
 " my Daughter hers, whose only Sustainance
 " it was? And must my Son, void of all the
 " Advantages of a generous Education, must
 " he, I say, consider? And may your Lord-
 " ship be excused from all Reflection? Eter-
 " nal Contumely attend that guilty Title
 " which claims Exemption from Thought,
 " and arrogates to its Wearers the Preroga-
 " tive of Brutes. Ever cursed be its false
 " Lustre, which could dazzle my poor Daugh-
 " ter to her Undoing. Was it for this that
 " the exalted Merits, and godlike Virtues of
 " your great Ancestor were honoured with a
 " Coronet, that it might be a Pander to his
 " Posterity, and confer a Privilege of Disho-
 " nouring the Innocent and Defenceless? At
 " this rate the Laws of Rewards should be
 " inverted, and he who is Generous and
 " Good should be made a Beggar and a Slave;
 " that Industry and honest Diligence may
 " keep his Posterity unspotted, and preserve
 " them from ruining Virgins, and making
 " whole Families unhappy. Wretchedness
 " is now become my Everlasting Portion!
 " Your Crime, my Lord, will draw Perdi-
 " tion even upon my Head. I may not Sue
 " for Forgiveness of my own Failings and
 " Misdeeds, for I never can forgive yours;
 " but shall curse you with my dying Breath,
 " and at the last tremendous Day shall hold
 " forth in my Arms my much wronged Child,
 " and call aloud for Vengeance on her De-
 " filer. Under these present Horrors of Mind

" I

“ I could be content to be your chief Tor-
 “ mentor, ever paying you mock-Reverence,
 “ and founding in your Ears, to your unutte-
 “ rable loathing, the empty Title which in-
 “ spired you with Presumption to tempt, and
 “ over-awed my Daughter to comply.

“ THUS have I given some Vent to my Sor-
 “ row, nor fear I to awaken you to Repen-
 “ tance, so that your Sin may be forgiven:
 “ The Divine Laws have been broken, but
 “ much Injury, irreparable Injury, has been
 “ also done to me, and the just Judge will
 “ not pardon that till I do.

My Lord,

✠ *Your Conscience will help you to my Name.*

N^o 124. *Monday, August 3.*

Quid fremat in terris violentius? ——— Juv.

More Roarings of the Lion.

Mr. GUARDIAN,

‘ **B** EFORE I proceed to make you my
 ‘ Proposals, it will be necessary to in-
 ‘ form you, that an uncommon Forocity in
 ‘ my Countenance, together with the remarka-
 ‘ ble Flatness of my Nose, and Extent of my
 ‘ Mouth, have long since procured me the
 ‘ Name of *Lion* in this our University.

‘ THE vast Emolument that, in all Pro-
 ‘ bability, will accrue to the Publick from the

' Roarings of my new erected Likeness at But-
 ' ton's, hath made me desirous of being as
 ' like him in that Part of his Character, as I
 ' am told I already am in all Parts of my Per-
 ' son. Wherefore I most humbly propose to
 ' you, that (as it is impossible for this one
 ' Lion to roar, either long enough or loud
 ' enough against all the things that are Roar-
 ' worthy in these Realms) you would appoint
 ' him a Sub-Lion, as a *Praefectus Provin-*
 ' *ciae*, in every County in Great Britain, and
 ' 'tis my Request, that I may be instituted his
 ' Under-roarer in this University, Town,
 ' and County of Cambridge, as my Resem-
 ' blance does, in some Measure, claim that I
 ' should.

' I shall follow my Metropolitan's Exam-
 ' ple, in roaring only against those Enormi-
 ' ties that are too slight and trivial for the
 ' Notice or Censures of our Magistrates, and
 ' shall communicate my roarings to him Month-
 ' ly, or oftner if Occasion requires, to be in-
 ' serted in your Papers *cum Privilegio*.

' I shall not omit giving Informations of
 ' the Improvement or Decay of Punning, and
 ' may chance to touch upon the Rise and
 ' Fall of Tuckers; but I will roar aloud and
 ' spare not, to the Terror of, at present, a
 ' very flourishing Society of People called
 ' *Lowngers*, Gentlemen whose Observations
 ' are mostly itinerant, and who think they
 ' have already too much good Sense of their
 ' own, to be in need of staying at home to
 ' read other Peoples.

‘ I have, Sir, a Raven that shall serve, by
 ‘ way of Jackall, to bring me in Provisions,
 ‘ which I shall chaw and prepare for the Di-
 ‘ gestion of my Principal; and I do hereby
 ‘ give Notice, to all under my Jurisdiction,
 ‘ that whoever are willing to contribute to
 ‘ this good Design, if they will affix their
 ‘ Informations to the Leg or Neck of the a-
 ‘ foresaid Raven or Jackall, they will be
 ‘ thankfully receiv’d by their (but more par-
 ‘ ticularly

Your) humble Servant

*From my Den at —
 Colledge in Cambridge
 July 29.*

Leo the Second.

N. B. The Raven won’t bite.

Mr. IRONSIDE,

‘ HEARING that your Unicorn is now
 ‘ in Hand, and not questioning but his
 ‘ Horn will prove a *Cornu-copiae* to you, I de-
 ‘ sire that in order to introduce it, you will
 ‘ consider the following Proposal.

‘ MY Wife and I intend a Dissertation up-
 ‘ on Horns; the Province she has chosen is,
 ‘ the Planting of them, and I am to treat of
 ‘ their Growth, Improvement, &c. The
 ‘ Work is like to swell so much upon our
 ‘ Hands, that I am afraid we shan’t be able
 ‘ to bear the Charge of Printing it without a
 ‘ Subscription, wherefore I hope you will in-
 ‘ vite the City into it, and desire those who

P 2

‘ have

‘ have any thing by them relating to that part
 ‘ of natural History, to communicate it to,

S I R,

Your Humble Servant,
 Humphry Binicorn.

S I R,

‘ I Humbly beg leave to drop a Song into
 ‘ your Lion’s Mouth, which will very
 ‘ truly make him Roar like any Nightingale.
 ‘ It is fallen into my Hands by Chance, and
 ‘ is a very fine Imitation of the Works of ma-
 ‘ ny of our *English* Lyrics. It cannot but
 ‘ be highly acceptable to all those who ad-
 ‘ mire the Translations of *Italian* Opera’s.

I.

Oh the charming Month of May!
Oh the charming Month of May!
When the Breezes fan the Treeses
Full of Blossoms fresh and gay——
Full, &c.

II.

Oh what Joys our Prospects yield!
Charming Joys our Prospects yield!
In a new Livery when we see every
Bush and Meadow, Tree and Field——
Bush, &c.

III.

Oh how fresh the Morning Air!
Charming fresh the Morning Air!
When the Zephirs and the Heifers
Their Odoriferous Breath compare——
Their, &c.

IV. *Oh*

IV.

*Oh how fine our Ev'ning Walk!
 Charming fine our Ev'ning Walk!
 When the Nighting-gale delighting
 With her Song suspends our Talk——
 With her, &c.*

V.

*Oh how sweet at Night to Dream!
 Charming sweet at Night to Dream!
 On Mossy Pillows, by the Trilloes
 Of a gentle purling Stream——
 Of a, &c.*

VI.

*Oh how kind the Country Lads!
 Charming kind the Country Lads!
 Who, her Cow bilking, leaves her Milking
 For a Green Gown upon the Grass——
 For a, &c.*

VII.

*Oh how sweet it is to spy!
 Charming sweet it is to spy!
 At the Conclusion her Confusion,
 Blushing Cheeks, and down-cast Eye——
 Blushing, &c.*

VIII.

*Oh the cooling Curds and Cream,
 Charming cooling Curds and Cream,
 When all is over she gives her Lover,
 Who on her Skimming-Dish carves her
 Name——
 Who on, &c.*

Mr. IRONSIDE,

July 30.

I Have always been very much pleas'd with
 the Sight of those Creatures, which be-

ing of a Foreign Growth, are brought into our Island for Show: I may say, there has not been a Tyger, Leopard, Elephant or Hyghgeen, for some Years past, in this Nation, but I have taken their particular Dimensions, and am able to give a very good Description of them. But I must own, I never had a greater Curiosity to visit any of these Strangers than your Lion. Accordingly I came Yesterday to Town, being able to wait no longer for fair Weather; and made what haste I could to Mr. *Button's*, who readily Conducted me to his Den of State. He is really a Creature of as noble a Presence as I have seen, he has Grandeur and good Humour in his Countenance, which command both our Love and Respect; His Shaggy Main and Whiskers are peculiar Graces. In short, I do not question but he will prove a worthy *Supporter of British Honour and Virtue*, especially when assisted by the *Unicorn*: You must think I would not wait upon him without a Morsel to gain his Favour, and had provided what I hope would have pleas'd, but was unluckily prevented by the Presence of a Bear, which constantly, as I approached with my Present, threw his Eyes in my way, and stared me out of my Resolution. I must not forget to tell you, my younger Daughter and your Ward is hard at Work about her Tuck-er, having never from her Infancy laid aside the Modesty-Piece. I am,

Venerable NESTOR,

your Friend and Servant,

P. N.

‘ I was a little surpris’d, having Read some
 ‘ of your Lion’s Roarings, that a Creature
 ‘ of such Eloquence should want a Tongue;
 ‘ but he has other Qualifications which make
 ‘ good that Deficiency. 

N^o 125. *Tuesday, August 4.*

— *Nunc formosissimus Annus.* Virg.

MEN of my Age receive a greater Pleasure from fine Weather, than from any other sensual Enjoyment of Life. In spite of the Auxiliary Bottle, or any Artificial Heat, we are apt to droop under a gloomy Sky; and taste no Luxury, like a Blue Firmament and Sun-shine. I have often, in a Splenetick Fit, wished my self a Dormouse, during the Winter; and I never see one of those snug Animals, wrapt up close in his Fur, and compactly happy in himself; but I contemplate him with Envy beneath the Dignity of a Philosopher. If the Art of Flying were brought to Perfection; the Use that I should make of it, would be to attend the Sun round the World, and pursue the Spring through every Sign of the *Zodiac*. This Love of Warmth makes my Heart glad at the Return of the Spring. How amazing is the Change in the Face of Nature; when the Earth, from being bound with Frost, or covered with Snow, begins to put forth her Plants and Flowers, to be clothed with Green, diversified with ten thousand

various Dies; and to exhale such fresh and charming Odours, as fill every living Creature with Delight!

FULL of Thoughts like these, I make it a Rule to lose as little as I can of that blessed Season; and accordingly rise with the Sun, and wander through the Fields, throw my self on the Banks of little Rivulets, or lose my self in the Woods. I spent a Day or two this Spring at a Country Gentleman's Seat, where I feasted my Imagination every Morning with the most luxurious Prospect I ever saw. I usually took my Stand by the Wall of an old Castle built upon an high Hill. A noble River ran at the Foot of it, which after being broken by a heap of mis-shapen Stones, glided away in a clear Stream, and wandering through two Woods on each side of it in many Windings, shone here and there, at a great distance, through the Trees. I could trace the Mazes for some Miles, till my Eye was led through two Ridges of Hills, and terminated by a vast Mountain in another County.

I hope the Reader will pardon me for taking his Eye from our present Subject of the Spring, by this Landskip; since it is at this Time of the Year only that Prospects excel in Beauty. But if the Eye is delighted, the Ear hath likewise its proper Entertainment. The Musick of the Birds, at this time of the Year, hath something in it so wildly sweet, as makes me less relish the most elaborate Compositions of *Italy*. The Vigour which the Warmth of
the

the Sun pours afresh into their Veins, prompts them to renew their Species; and thereby puts the Male upon Wooing his Mate with more mellow Warblings, and to swell his Throat with more violent Modulations. It is an Amusement, by no means below the Dignity of a Rational Soul, to observe the pretty Creatures flying in Pairs, to mark the different Passions in their Intrigues, the Curious Contexture of their Nests, and their Care, and Tenderness of their little Off-spring.

I am particularly acquainted with a *Wag-tail* and his Spouse, and made many Remarks upon the several Gallantries he hourly used, before the Coy Female would consent to make him happy. When I saw in how many Airy Rings he was forced to pursue her; how sometimes she tripped before him in a pretty pitty pat Step, and scarce seemed to regard the cowering of his Wings, and the many awkward and foppish Contortions into which he put his Body to do her Homage: It made me reflect upon my own Youth, and the Caprices of the Fair, but fantastick *Teraminta*. Often have I wished, that I understood the Language of Birds, when I have heard him exert an eager Chuckle at her leaving him; and do not doubt, but that he muttered the same Vows and Reproaches which I often have vented against that unrelenting Maid.

THE Sight that gave me the most Satisfaction, was a Flight of young Birds, under the Conduct of the Father, and indulgent Directions and Assistance of the Dam. I took particular

ticular Notice of a Beau *Gold-finch*, who was picking his Plumes, pruning his Wings, and, with great Diligence, adjusting all his gaudy Garniture. When he had equip'd himself with great Trimness and Nicety, he stretched his Painted Neck, which seemed to brighten with new Glowings, and strained his Throat into many wild Notes and natural Melody. He then flew about the Nest in several Circles, and Windings, and invited his Wife and Children into open Air. It was very entertaining to see the trembling, and the fluttering of the little Strangers, at their first Appearance in the World, and the different Care of the Male and Female Parent, so suitable to their several Sexes. I could not take my Eye quickly from so entertaining an Object; nor could I help wishing, that Creatures of a superior Rank, would so manifest their mutual Affection, and so chearfully concur in providing for their Off-spring.

I shall conclude this Tattle about the Spring, which I usually call *the Youth, and Health of the Year*, with some Verses which I transcribe from a Manuscript Poem upon *Hunting*. The Author gives Directions, that Hounds should breed in the Spring, whence he takes Occasion, after the Manner of the Ancients, to make a Digression in Praise of that Season. The Verses, here subjoined, are not all upon that Subject; but the Transitions slide so easily into one another, that I knew not how to leave off, till I had writ out the whole Digression.

In

*In Spring, let loose thy Males. Then all Things prove
The Stings of Pleasure, and the Pangs of Love:
Ætherial Jove then glads, with genial Showers,
Earth's mighty Womb, and strows her Lap with Flowers;
Hence Juices mount, and Buds, embolden'd, try
More kindly Breezes, and a softer Sky:
Kind Venus revels. Hark! on ev'ry Bough,
In lulling Strains the feather'd Warblers woo.
Fell Tygers soften in th' infectious Flames,
And Lions, fawning, court their brinded Dams:
Great Love pervades the Deep; to please his Mate,
The Whale, in Gambols, moves his monstrous Weight;
Heav'd by his Wayward Mirth old Ocean roars,
And scatter'd Navies bulge on distant Shores.*

*All Nature smiles: Come now, nor fear, my Love,
To taste the Odours of the Wood-bine Grove,
To pass the Evening Glooms, in harmless Play,
And, sweetly swearing, languish Life away.
An Altar, bound with recent Flowers, I rear
To Thee, best Season of the various Year;
All hail! such Days in beauteous Order ran,
So soft, so sweet, when first the World began,
In Eden's Bowers, when Man's great Sire assign'd
The Names, and Natures of the brutal Kind.
Then Lamb and Lion friendly walk'd their Round,
And Hares, undaunted, lick'd the fondling Hound,
Wondrous to tell! But when, with luckless Hand,
Our daring Mother broke the sole Command,
Then Want and Envy brought their Meagre Train,
Then Wrath came down, and Death had leave to reign:
Hence Foxes earth'd, and Wolves abhor'd the Day,
And hungry Churles ensnar'd the nightly Prey,
Rude Arts at first; but witty Want refin'd
The Huntsman's Wiles, and Famine form'd the Mind.*

*Bold Nimrod first the Lion's Trophies wore,
The Panther bound, and launc'd the bristling Boar;
He taught to turn the Hare, to bay the Deer,
And wheel the Courser in his mid Career:*

Ah!

*Ab! had he there restrain'd his Tyrant Hand!
 Let me, ye Pow'rs, an humbler Wreath demand.
 No Pomps I ask, which Crowns and Scepters yield,
 Nor dang'rous Laurels in the dusty Field;
 Fast by the Forrest, and the limpid Spring,
 Give me the Warfare of the Woods to sing,
 To breed my Whelps, and healthful press the Game,
 A mean, inglorious, but a guiltless Name.*

N^o 126. *Wednesday, August 5.*

Humo sum, humani nihil a me alienum puto. Ter.

IF we consider the whole Scope of the Creation that lies within our View, the Moral and Intellectual, as well as the Natural and Corporeal, we shall perceive throughout a certain Correspondence of the Parts, a Similitude of Operation, and Unity of Design, which plainly demonstrate the Universe to be the Work of *One* infinitely Good and Wise Being; and that the System of Thinking Beings is actuated by Laws derived from the same Divine Power which ordained those by which the Corporeal System is upheld.

FROM the Contemplation of the Order, Motion and Cohesion of Natural Bodies, Philosophers are now agreed, that there is a mutual Attraction between the most distant Parts at least of this Solar System. All those Bodies that revolve round the Sun are drawn towards each other and towards the Sun, by some secret, uniform and never ceasing Principle.
 Hence

Hence it is, that the Earth (as well as the other Planets) without flying off in a Tangent Line, constantly rould about the Sun, and the Moon about the Earth, without deserting her Companion in so many thousand Years. And as the larger Systems of the Universe are held together by this Cause, so likewise the particular Globes derive their Cohesion and Consistence from it.

NOW if we carry our Thoughts from the Corporeal to the Moral World, we may observe in the Spirits or Minds of Men, a like Principle of Attraction, whereby they are drawn together into Communities, Clubs, Families, Friendships, and all the various Species of Society. As in Bodies, where the Quantity is the same, the Attraction is strongest between those which are placed nearest to each other, so is it likewise in the Minds of Men *ceteris paribus*, between those which are most nearly related. Bodies that are placed at the Distance of many Millions of Miles, may nevertheless attract and constantly operate on each other, although this Action do not shew it self by an Union or Approach of those distant Bodies, so long as they are withheld by the contrary Forces of other Bodies, which, at the same time, attract them different Ways, but would, on the supposed Removal of all other Bodies, mutually approach and unite with each other. The like holds with Regard to the Human Soul, whose Affection towards the Individuals of the same Species, who are distantly related to it, is rendered incon-

conspicuous by its more powerful Attraction towards those who have a nearer Relation to it. But as those are removed, the Tendency, which before lay concealed, doth gradually disclose it self.

A Man who has no Family is more strongly attracted toward his Friends and Neighbours; and, if absent from these, he naturally falls into an Acquaintance with those of his own City or Country who chance to be in the same Place. Two *Englishmen* meeting at *Rome* or *Constantinople*, soon run into a Familiarity. And in *China* or *Japan*, *Europeans* would think their being so a good Reason for their uniting in particular Converse. Further, in case we suppose our selves translated into *Jupiter* or *Saturn*, and there to meet a *Chinese*, or other most distant Native of our own Planet, we should look on him as a near Relation, and readily commence a Friendship with him. These are natural Reflections, and such as may convince us that we are linked by an imperceptible Chain to every Individual of the Human Race.

THE several great Bodies which compose the Solar System are kept from joining together at the common Center of Gravity by the rectilinear Motions the Author of Nature hath impressed on each of them, which concurring with the attractive Principle from their respective Orbits round the Sun, upon the ceasing of which Motions the general Law of Gravitation that is now thwarted, would shew it self by drawing them all into one Mass.

After

After the same manner in the Parallel Case of Society, private Passions and Motions of the Soul do often obstruct the Operation of that benevolent uniting Instinct implanted in Humane Nature, which notwithstanding doth still exert, and will not fail to shew it self when those Obstructions are taken away.

THE mutual Gravitation of Bodies cannot be explained any other way than by resolving it into the immediate Operation of God, who never ceases to dispose and actuate his Creatures in a manner suitable to their respective Beings. So neither can that reciprocal Attraction in the Minds of Men be accounted for by any other Cause. It is not the result of Education, Law or Fashion; but is a Principle originally engrafted in the very first Formation of the Soul by the Author of our Nature.

AND as the attractive Power in Bodies is the most universal Principle which produceth innumerable Effects, and is a Key to explain the various *Phænomena* of Nature; so the corresponding Social Appetite in Human Souls is the great Spring and Source of Moral Actions. This it is that inclines each Individual to an Intercourse with his Species, and models every one to that Behaviour which best suits with the Common Well-being. Hence that Sympathy in our Nature, whereby we feel the Pains and Joys of our Fellow-creatures. Hence that prevalent Love in Parents towards their Children, which is neither founded on the Merit of the Object, nor yet on Self-interest.

terest. It is this that makes us inquisitive concerning the Affairs of distant Nations, which can have no Influence on our own. It is this that extends our Care to future Generations, and excites us to acts of Beneficence towards those who are not yet in Being, and consequently from whom we can expect no Recompence. In a word, hence arises that diffusive Sense of Humanity so unaccountable to the selfish Man who is untouched with it, and is, indeed, a sort of Monster or Anomalous Production.

THESE Thoughts do naturally suggest the following Particulars, First That as social Inclinations are absolutely necessary to the Well-Being of the World, it is the Duty and Interest of each Individual to cherish and improve them to the Benefit of Mankind; the Duty, because it is agreeable to the Intention of the Author of our Being, who aims at the common Good of his Creatures, and as an Indication of his Will, hath implanted the Seeds of mutual Benevolence in our Souls; the Interest, because the Good of the whole is inseparable from that of the Parts; in promoting therefore the common Good, every one doth at the same time promote his own private Interest. Another Observation I shall draw from the Premises is, That it makes a signal Proof of the Divinity of the Christian Religion, that the main Duty which it inculcates above all other is *Charity*. Different Maxims and Precepts have distinguished the different Sects of Philosophy and Religion:
Our

Our Lord's peculiar Precept is, *Love thy neighbour as thy self. By this shall all men know that you are my disciples, if you love one another.*

I will not say, that what is a most shining Proof of our Religion, is not often a Reproach to its Professors; but this I think very plain, that whether we regard the Analogy of Nature, as it appears in the mutual Attraction or Gravitations of the mundane System, in the general Frame and Constitution of the Human Soul, or lastly, in the Ends and Aptnesses which are discoverable in all Parts of the visible and intellectual World; we shall not doubt but the Precept, which is the Characteristick of our Religion, came from the Author of Nature. Some of our modern *Free-Thinkers* would indeed insinuate the Christian Morals to be defective, because (say they) therere is no mention made in the Gospel of the Virtue of Friendship. These sagacious Men (if I may be allow'd the use of that vulgar Saying) *cannot see the Wood for Trees.* That a Religion, whereof the main Drift is to inspire its Professors with the most noble and disinterested Spirit of Love, Charity, and Beneficence to all Mankind, or, in other Words, with a Friendship to every individual Man, should be taxed with the want of that very Virtue, is surely a glaring Evidence of the Blindness and Prejudice of its Adversaries.

N^o 127. Thursday, August 6.

Lusit amabiliter —————

AN agreeable young Gentleman, that has a Talent for Poetry, and does me the Favour to entertain me with his Performances after my more serious Studies, read me Yesterday the following Translation. In this Town, where there are so many Women of prostituted Charms, I am very glad when I gain so much Time of Reflection from a Youth of a gay Turn, as is taken up in any Composition, tho' the Piece he writes is not foreign to that his natural Inclination. For it is a great Step towards gaining upon the Passions, that there is a Delicacy in the Choice of their Object; and to turn the Imagination towards a Bride, rather than a Mistress, is getting a great way towards being in the Interests of Virtue. It is an hopeless manner of reclaiming Youth which has been practised by some Moralists, to declaim against Pleasure in general: No; the way is to show, that the pleasurable Course is that which is limited and governed by Reason. In this case Virtue is upon equal Terms with Vice, and has, with all the same Indulgences of Desire, the Advantage of Safety in Honour and Reputation. I have for this reason often thought of exercising my Pupils, of whom I have several of admirable Talents,
upon

upon Writing little Poems, or Epigrams, which in a Volume I would entitle the *Seeing Cupid*. These Compositions should be written on the little Advances made towards a young Lady of the strictest Virtue, and all the Circumstances alluded to in them, should have something that might please her Mind in its purest Innocence, as well as celebrate her Person in its highest Beauty. This Work would instruct a Woman to be a good Wife, all the while it is a Wooing her to be a Bride. Imagination and Reason should go hand in hand in a generous Amour, for when it is otherwise, real Discontent and Aversion in Marriage succeed the groundless and wild Promise of Imagination in Courtship.

The Court of *Venus* from *Claudian*, being Part of the *Epithalamium* on *Honorius*, and *Maria*.

*IN the fam'd Cyprian Isle a Mountain stands,
That casts a Shadow into distant Lands.
In vain Access by Human Feet is try'd,
Its lofty Brow looks down with noble Pride
On bounteous Nile, thro' seven wide Channels spread,
And sees old Proteus in his Oozie Bed.
Along its Sides no hoary Frosts presume
To blast the Myrtle Shrubs, or nip the Bloom.
The Winds with caution sweep the rising Flow'rs,
While balmy Dews descend, and vernal Show'rs.
The ruling Orbs no Wintry Horrors bring,
Fix'd in th' Indulgence of Eternal Spring.
Unfading Sweets in Purple Scenes appear,
And genial Breezes soften all the Year.*

*The nice, luxurious Soul, uncloy'd may rove,
From Pleasures still to circling Pleasures move,
For endless Beauty kindles endless Love.*

*The Mountain, when the Summit once you gain,
Falls by degrees, and sinks into a Plain;
Where the pleas'd Eye may flow'ry Meads behold
Enclos'd with branching Oar, and hedg'd with Gold.
Or where large Crops the gen'rous Glebe supplies,
And yellow Harvests, unprovok'd, arise.
For by mild Zephyrs fann'd, the teeming Soil
Yields ev'ry Grain, nor asks the Peasant's Toil.
These were the Bribes, the Price of Heav'nly Charms,
These Cytherea won to Vulcan's Arms.
For such a Bliss he such a Gift bestow'd,
The rich, th' immortal Labours of a God.*

*A Sylvan Scene, in solemn State display'd,
Flatters each feather'd Warbler with a Shade;
But here no Bird its Painted Wings can move,
Unless elected by the Queen of Love.
Ere made a Member of this tuneful Throng,
She hears the Songster, and approves the Song.
The joyous Victors hop from Spray to Spray,
The vanquish'd fly with mournful Notes away.*

*Branches in Branches twin'd compose the Grove,
And shoot, and spread, and blossom into Love.
The trembling Palms their mutual Vows repeat,
And bending Poplars bending Poplars meet.
The distant Platane's seem to press more nigh,
And to the sighing Alder, Alders sigh.
Blue Heav'ns above them smile, and all below
Two murm'ring Streams in wild Meanders flow.
This, mix'd with Gall, and that, like Honey, sweet,
But ah! too soon th' unfriendly Waters meet!
Steep'd in these Springs (if Verse Belief can gain)
The Darts of Love their double Pow'r attain:*

Hence

*Hence all Mankind a bitter Sweet have found,
A painful Pleasure, and a grateful Wound.*

*Along the grassie Banks in bright Array
Ten thousand little Loves their Wings display.
Quivers and Bows their usual Sport proclaim,
Their Dress, their Stature, and their Looks the same:
Smiling in Innocence, and ever young,
And tender, as the Nymphs, from whom they sprung.
For Venus did but boast one only Son,
And rosie Cupid was that boasted One.
He, uncontroul'd, thro' Heav'n extends his Sway,
And Gods, and Goddeses by turns obey:
Or if he stoops on Earth, great Princes burn,
Sicken on Thrones, and wreath'd with Laurels mourn.
Th' inferior Pow'rs o'er Hearts inferior reign,
And pierce the rural Fair, or homely Swain.*

*Here Love's imperial Pomp is spread around,
Voluptuous Liberty, that knows no Bound,
And sudden Storms of Wrath, which soon decline,
And midnight Watchings o'er the Fumes of Wine.
Unartful Tears, and bestick Looks, that show
With silent Eloquence the Lover's Woe.
Boldness unsledg'd, and to stol'n Raptures new,
Half trembling stands, and scarcely dares pursue.
Fears, that delight, and anxious Doubts of Joy,
Which check our swelling Hopes, but not destroy:
And short-breath'd Vows, forgot, as soon as made,
On airy Pinions flutter thro' the Glade.
Youth, with a haughty Look, and gay Attire,
And rolling Eyes, that glow with soft Desire,
Shines forth exalted on a pompous Seat,
While sullen Cares, and wither'd Age retreat.*

*Now from afar the Palace seems to blaze,
And hither would extend it's golden Rays;
But by Reflection of the Grove is seen
The Gold still vary'd by a waving Green.*

*For Mulciber with secret Pride beheld,
How far his Skill all Human Wit excell'd;
And, grown uxorious, did the Work design
To speak the Artist, and the Art divine.
Proud Columns, tow'ring high, support the Frame,
That hewn from Hyacinthian Quarries came.
The Beams are Em'ralsds, and yet scarce adorn
The Rubie Walls, on which themselves are born.
The Pavement, rich with Veins of Agate, lies,
And Steps, with shining Jaspers slipp'ry, rise.*

*Here Spices in Parterres promiscuous blow,
Not from Arabia's Fields more Odours flow.
The wanton Winds thro' Groves of Cassia play,
And steal the ripen'd Fragrancies away.
Here, with its Load the mild Amomum bends,
There, Cinnamon in rival Sweets contends.
A rich Perfume the ravish'd Senses fills,
While from the weeping Tree the Balm distills.*

*At these delightful Bow'rs arrives at last
The God of Love, a tedious Journey past:
Then shapes his Way to reach the Fronting-Gate,
Doubles his Majesty, and walks in State.
It chanc'd, upon a radiant Throne reclin'd,
Venus her golden Tresses did unbind:
Proud to be thus employ'd, on either Hand
Th' Idalian Sisters, rang'd in order, stand.
Ambrosial Essence one bestows in Show'rs,
And lavishly whole Streams of Nectar pours.
With Iv'ry Combs another's dext'rous Care,
Or curls, or opens the dishevel'd Hair.
A third, industrious with a nicer Eye,
Instructs the Ringlets, in what Form to lie:
Yet leaves some few, that, not so closely prest,
Sport in the Wind, and wanton from the rest.
Sweet Negligence! by artful Study wrought,
A graceful Error, and a lovely Fault.*

The

*The Judgment of the Glafs is here unknown,
 Here Mirrors are supply'd by ev'ry Stone.
 Where-e'er the Goddess turns, her Image falls,
 And a new Venus dances on the Walls.
 Now while she did her spotless Form survey,
 Pleas'd with Love's Empire, and almighty Sway,
 She spy'd her Son, and fir'd with eager Joy
 Sprung forwards, and embrac'd the Fav'rite Boy.*

N^o 128. *Friday, August 7.*

Delenda est Carthago —————

IT is usually thought, with great Justice, a very impertinent thing in a private Man to intermeddle in Matters which regard the State. But the Memorial which is mentioned in the following Letter is so daring, and so apparently designed for the most Traiterous Purpose imaginable, that I do not care what Misinterpretation I suffer, when I expose it to the Resentment of all Men who value their Country, or have any Regard to the Honour, Safety, or Glory of their Queen. It is certain there is not much Danger in delaying the Demolition of *Dunkirk* during the Life of his present most Christian Majesty, who is renowned for the most inviolable Regard to Treaties; but that pious Prince is aged, and in case of his Decease, now the Power of *France* and *Spain* is in the same Family, it is possible an Ambitious Successor, (or his Ministry

Q 4

nistry in a King's Minority) might dispute his being bound by the Act of his Predecessor in so weighty a Particular.

Mr. IRONSIDE,

‘ YOU employ your important Moments,
 ‘ methinks, a little too frivolously,
 ‘ when you consider so often little Cir-
 ‘ cumstances of Dress and Behaviour, and
 ‘ never make mention of Matters where-
 ‘ in you and all your Fellow-Subjects in
 ‘ general are concerned. I give you now
 ‘ an Opportunity, not only of manifest-
 ‘ ing your Loyalty to your Queen, but
 ‘ your Affection to your Country, if you
 ‘ treat an Insolence done to them both with
 ‘ the Disdain it deserves. The enclosed
 ‘ Printed Paper in *French* and *English* has
 ‘ been handed about the Town, and gi-
 ‘ ven *gratis* to Passengers in the Streets at
 ‘ Noon-Day. You see the Title of it is,
 ‘ *A most humble Address, or Memorial,*
 ‘ *presented to her Majesty the Queen of*
 ‘ *Great Britain, by the Deputy of the Ma-*
 ‘ *gistrates of Dunkirk.* The nauseous Me-
 ‘ morialist, with the most fulsom Flattery tells
 ‘ the Queen of her Thunder, and of Wis-
 ‘ dom and Clemency adored by all the Earth,
 ‘ at the same time that he attempts to un-
 ‘ dermine her Power, and escape her Wis-
 ‘ dom, by beseeching her to do an Act which
 ‘ would give a well-grounded Jealousie to her
 ‘ People. What the Sycophant desires is, that
 ‘ the

‘ the Mole and Dikes of *Dunkirk* may be
 ‘ spared ; and, it seems, the *Sieur Tugghe*, for
 ‘ so the Petitioner is called, was Thunder-
 ‘ struck by the *Denunciation* (which he says)
 ‘ the *Lord Viscount Bolingbroke* made to him,
 ‘ That her Majesty did not think to make a-
 ‘ ny Alteration in the dreadful Sentence she
 ‘ had pronounced against the Town. Mr.
 ‘ IRONSIDE, I think you would do an Act
 ‘ worthy your general Humanity, if you would
 ‘ put the *Sieur Tugghe* right in this Matter,
 ‘ and let him know That her Majesty has
 ‘ pronounced no Sentence against the Town,
 ‘ but his most Christian Majesty has agreed
 ‘ that the Town and Harbour shall be De-
 ‘ molished.

‘ THAT the *British* Nation expect the
 ‘ immediate Demolition of it.

‘ THAT the very Common People know,
 ‘ that within three Months after the signing
 ‘ of the Peace, the Works towards the Sea
 ‘ were to be demolished, and within three
 ‘ Months after it the Works towards the
 ‘ Land.

‘ THAT the said Peace was signed the
 ‘ last of *March*, O. S.

‘ THAT the Parliament has been told
 ‘ from the Queen, that the Equivalent for it
 ‘ is in the Hands of the *French King*.

‘ THAT the *Sieur Tugghe* has the Impu-
 ‘ dence to ask the Queen to remit the most
 ‘ material Part of the Articles of Peace be-
 ‘ tween Her Majesty and his Master.

‘ THAT

‘ THAT the *British* Nation received
‘ more Damage in their Trade from the Port
‘ of *Dunkirk*, than from almost all the Ports
‘ of *France*, either in the Ocean or in the
‘ Mediterranean.

‘ THAT Fleets of above thirty Sail have
‘ come together out of *Dunkirk*, during the
‘ late War, and taken Ships of War as well
‘ as Merchant Men.

‘ THAT the Pretender sailed from thence
‘ to *Scotland*; and that it is the only Port the
‘ *French* have till you come to *Brest*, for the
‘ whole Length of *St. George’s Channel*, where
‘ any considerable Naval Armament can be
‘ made.

‘ THAT destroying the Fortifications of
‘ *Dunkirk* is an inconsiderable Advantage to
‘ *England*, in Comparison to the Advantage
‘ of destroying the Mole, Dykes and Har-
‘ bour, it being the Naval Force from thence
‘ which only can hurt the *British* Nation.

‘ THAT the *British* Nation expect the
‘ immediate Demolition of *Dunkirk*.

‘ THAT the *Dutch*, who suffered equal-
‘ ly with us from those of *Dunkirk*, were
‘ probably induced to Sign the Treaty with
‘ *France* from this Consideration, That the
‘ Town and Harbour of *Dunkirk* should be
‘ destroyed.

‘ THAT the Situation of *Dunkirk* is such, as
‘ that it may always keep Runners to observe
‘ all Ships sailing on the *Thames* and *Medway*.

‘ THAT all the Suggestions, which the
‘ *Sieur Tugghe* brings concerning the *Dutch*,
‘ are false and scandalous.

‘ THAT

‘ THAT whether it may be advantageous to the Trade of *Holland* or not, that
 ‘ *Dunkirk* should be demolished, it is necessary for the Safety, Honour, and Liberty
 ‘ of *England* that it should be so.

‘ THAT when *Dunkirk* is demolished,
 ‘ the Power of *France*, on that Side, should
 ‘ it ever be turned against us, will be removed several hundred Miles further off of *Great*
 ‘ *Britain* than it is at present.

‘ THAT after the Demolition there can
 ‘ be no considerable Preparation made at Sea
 ‘ by the *French* in all the Channel but at *Brest*;
 ‘ and that *Great Britain* being an Island,
 ‘ which cannot be attacked but by a Naval
 ‘ Power, we may esteem *France* effectually removed by the Demolition from *Great Britain*
 ‘ as far as the Distance from *Dunkirk*
 ‘ to *Brest*.

‘ PRAY, Mr. IRONSIDE, repeat this last
 ‘ Particular, and put it in a different Letter,
 ‘ *That the Demolition of Dunkirk will remove*
 ‘ *France many hundred Miles further off from*
 ‘ *us*; and then repeat again, *That the British*
 ‘ *Nation expects the Demolition of Dunkirk.*

‘ I Demand of you, as you Love and Honour your Queen Country, that you insert
 ‘ this Letter, or speak, to this Purpose, your
 ‘ own way; for in this all Parties must agree,
 ‘ that however bound in Friendship one Nation is with another, it is but prudent, that
 ‘ in case of a Rupture, they should be, if
 ‘ possible, upon equal Terms.

‘ BE Honest, old NESTOR, and say all
 ‘ this ; for whatever half-witted hot Whigs
 ‘ may think, we all value our Estates and Liber-
 ‘ ties, and every true Man of each Party must
 ‘ think himself concerned that *Dunkirk* should
 ‘ be Demolished.

‘ IT lies upon all who have the Honour to
 ‘ be in the Ministry to hasten this Matter, and
 ‘ not let the Credulity of an honest brave Peo-
 ‘ ple be thus infamously abused in our open
 ‘ Streets.

‘ I cannot go on for Indignation ; but pray
 ‘ God that our Mercy to *France* may not ex-
 ‘ pose us to the Mercy of *France*.

Your humble Servant,

English Tory.

N^o 129. *Saturday, August 8.*

Animasque in Vulnere ponunt. Virg.

ANGER is so uneasie a Guest in the
 Heart, that he may be said to be born
 unhappy who is of a rough and cholerick Dis-
 position. The Moralists have defined it to be,
a desire of Revenge for some Injury offered.
 Men, of hot and heady Tempers, are eager-
 ly desirous of Vengeance, the very Moment
 they apprehend themselves injured : Whereas
 the Cool and Sedate watch proper Opportu-
 nities to return Grief for Grief to their Ene-
 my. But this Means, it often happens that
 the

the Cholerick inflict disproportioned Punishments, upon slight, and sometimes imaginary Offences : but the temperately Revengeful have leisure to weigh the Merits of the Cause ; and thereby either to smother their secret Resentments, or to seek proper and adequate Reparations for the Damages they have sustained. Weak Minds are apt to speak well of the Man of Fury ; because, when the Storm is over, he is full of Sorrow and Repentance ; but the Truth is, he is apt to commit such Ravages during his Madness, that when he comes to himself, he becomes Tamethen, for the same Reason that he ran Wild before, *only to give himself Ease* ; and is a Friend only to himself in both Extremities. Men of this unhappy make, more frequently than any others, expect that their Friends should bear with their Infirmities. Their Friends should in Return desire them to correct their Infirmities. The common Excuses, That they cannot help it, That it is soon over, That they harbour no Malice in their Hearts, are Arguments for pardoning a Bull or a Mastiff ; but shall never reconcile me to an intellectual Savage. Why, indeed, should any one imagine, that Persons, independent upon him, should venture into his Society, who hath not yet so far subdued his boiling Blood, but that he is ready to do something, the next Minute, which he can never repair ; and hath nothing to plead in his own behalf, but that he is apt to do Mischief as fast as he can ? Such a Man may be feared, he may be pitied, he can never be loved.

I would not hereby be so understood, as if I meant to recommend slow and deliberate Malice: I would only observe, that Men of Moderation are of a more amiable Character than the Rash and Inconsiderate; but if they do not husband the Talent that Heaven hath bestowed upon them, they are as much more odious than the Cholerick, as the Devil is more horrible than a Brute. It is hard to say which of the two, when injured, is more troublesome to himself, or more hurtful to his Enemy; the one is boistrous and gentle by Fits, dividing his Life between Guilt and Repentance, now all Tempest, again all Sunshine: The other hath a smother but more lasting Anguish, lying under a perpetual Gloom; the latter is a cowardly Man, the former a generous Beast. If he may be held unfortunate who cannot be sure but that he may do something the next Minute which he shall lament during his Life; what shall we think of him, who hath a Soul so infected, that he can never be happy till he hath made another miserable? What Wars may we imagine perpetually raging in his Breast? what dark Stratagems, unworthy Designs, inhumane Wishes, dreadful Resolutions! A Snake curled in many intricate Mazes, ready to sting a Traveller, and to hiss him in the Pangs of Death, is no unfit Emblem of such an artful, unsearchable Projector. Were I to chuse an Enemy, whether should I wish for one that would stab me suddenly; or one that would give me an *Italian* Poison, subtle and lingring,
yet

yet as certainly fatal as the Stroke of a Stiletto: Let the Reader determine the Doubt in his own Mind.

THERE is yet a third sort of Revenge, if it may be called a third, which is compounded of the other two: I mean the mistaken Honour which hath too often a place in generous Breasts. Men of good Education, tho' naturally Cholerick, restrain their Wrath so far as to seek convenient Times for Vengeance: The single Combat seems so generous a way of ending Controversies, that, till we have stricter Laws, the Number of Widows and Orphans, and I which I could not say, of wretched Spirits, will be increased. Of all the Medals which have been struck in Honour of a Neighbouring Monarch, there is not one which can give him so true Renown as that upon the Success of his Edicts for *Abolishing the Impious Practice of Duelling.*

WHAT inclined me at present to write upon this Subject, was the Sight of the following Letters, which I can assure the Reader to be genuine. They concern two Noble Names among us, but the Crime of which the Gentlemen are guilty, bears too prevalently the Name of Honour, to need an Apology to their Relations for reviving the mention of their Duel. But the Dignity of Wrath, and the cool and deliberate Preparation, (by passing different Climes, and waiting convenient Seasons) for Murdering each other, when we consider them as moved by a Sense of Honour, must raise in the Reader as much Compassion as Horror. A

A Monsieur Monsieur Sackville.

‘I That am in *France* hear how much you
 ‘ attribute to your self in this time, that
 ‘ I have given the World leave to ring your
 ‘ Praises *****
 ‘ If you call to Memory, whereas I gave you
 ‘ my Hand last, I told you I reserved the
 ‘ Heart for a truer Reconciliation. Now be
 ‘ that noble Gentleman, my Love once spoke
 ‘ you, and come and do him Right that
 ‘ could recite the Tryals you owe your Birth
 ‘ and Country, were I not confident your
 ‘ Honour gives you the same Courage to do
 ‘ me Right, that it did to do me Wrong. Be
 ‘ Master of your own Weapons and Time;
 ‘ the Place wheresoever I will wait on you.
 ‘ By doing this you shall shorten Revenge,
 ‘ and clear the Idle Opinion the World hath
 ‘ of both our Worths.

*Ed. Bruce.**A Mr. Monsieur le Baron de Kinlofs.*

‘AS it shall be always far from me to seek a
 ‘ Quarrel, so will I always be ready to
 ‘ meet with any that desire to make Tryal of
 ‘ my Valour by so fair a Course as you re-
 ‘ quire. A Witness whereof your self shall
 ‘ be, who within a Month shall receive a
 ‘ strict Account of Time, Place and Weapon,
 ‘ where you shall find me ready disposed to
 ‘ give you honourable Satisfaction by him that
 ‘ shall conduct you thither. In the mean time
 ‘ be

‘ be as secret of the Appointment as it seems
‘ you are desirous of it.

Ed. Sackville.

A Mr. Monsieur le Baron de Kinlofs.

‘ I Am ready at *Tergoso*, a Town in *Zeland*,
‘ to give you that Satisfaction your Sword
‘ can tender you, accompanied with a wor-
‘ thy Gentleman for my Second, in degree a
‘ Knight; and for your coming I will not li-
‘ mit you a peremptory Day, but desire you
‘ to make a definite and speedy repair for
‘ your own Honour, and fear of Prevention,
‘ until which time you shall find me there.
‘ *Tergoso* 10th of *August*, 1613.

Ed. Sackville.

A Mr. Monsieur Sackville.

‘ I Have received your Letter by your Man,
‘ and acknowledge you have dealt nobly
‘ with me, and now I come with all possible
‘ Haste to meet you.

Ed. Bruce.

N^o 130. *Monday, August 10.*

— *Vacuum sine mente popellum.* Musæ Anglicanæ.

AS the greatest part of Mankind are more
affected by things which strike the Sen-
ses, than by Excellencies that are to be di-
scerned by Reason and Thought, they form

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very

very erroneous Judgments, when they compare the one with the other. An eminent Instance of this is, that vulgar Notion, that Men addicted to Contemplation are less useful Members of Society, than those of a different course of Life. The Business therefore of my present Paper shall be, to compare the distinct Merits of the Speculative and the Active Parts of Mankind.

THE Advantages arising from the Labours of Generals and Politicians are confined to narrow Tracts of the Earth, and while they promote the Interest of their own Country, they lessen or obstruct that of other Nations. Whereas the Light and Knowledge that spring from Speculation are not limited to any single Spot, but equally diffused to the Benefit of the whole Globe. Besides, for the most part, the Renown only of Men of Action is transmitted to distant Posterity, their great Exploits either dying with themselves, or soon after them; whereas Speculative Men continue to deserve well of the World thousands of Years after they have left it. Their Merits are propagated with their Fame, which is due to them, but a free Gift to those whose Beneficence has not outlived their Persons.

WHAT Benefit do we receive from the renowned Deeds of *Cæsar* or *Alexander*, that we shou'd make them the constant Themes of our Praise? while the Name of *Pythagoras* is more sparingly celebrated, tho' it be to him that we are indebted for our Trade and Riches. This may seem strange to a vulgar Reader,

Reader, but the following Reflection will make it plain. That Philosopher invented the Forty seventh Proposition of the first Book of *Euclid*, which is the Foundation of Trigonometry and consequently of Navigation, upon which the Commerce of *Great Britain* depends.

THE Mathematicks are so useful and ornamental to Human Life, that the Ingenious Sir *William Temple* acknowledges, in some part of his Writings, all those Advantages which distinguish Polite Nations from Barbarians to be derived from them. But as these Sciences cultivate the exterior Parts of Life, there are others of a more excellent Nature, that indue the Heart with Rudiments of Virtue, and by opening our Prospects, and awakening our Hopes, produce generous Emotions and sublime Sentiments in the Soul.

THE Divine Sages of Antiquity, who by transmitting down to us their Speculations upon Good and Evil, upon Providence, and the Dignity and Duration of Thinking Beings, have imprinted an Idea of Moral Excellence on the Minds of Men, are most eminent Benefactors to Human Nature; and, however overlooked in the loud and Thoughtless Applauses that are every Day bestowed on the Slaughterers and Disturbers of Mankind, yet they will never want the Esteem and Approbation of the Wise and Virtuous.

THIS Apology in behalf of the Speculative part of Mankind, who make useful Truth the end of their Being, and its Acquisition the Business as well as Entertainment of their Lives, seems not improper, in

order to rectifie the Mistake of those who measure Merit by Noise and outward Appearance, and are too apt to depreciate and ridicule Men of Thought and Retirement. The Raillery and Reproaches which are thrown on that Species by those who abound in the Animal Life, wou'd incline one to think the World not sufficiently convinced, that whatsoever is good or excellent proceeds from Reason and Reflection.

EVEN those who only regard Truth as such, without communicating their Thoughts, or applying them to Practice, will seem worthy Members of the Commonwealth, if we compare the Innocence and Tranquility with which they pass their Lives, with the Fraud and Impertinence of other Men. But the number of those, who by abstracted Thoughts become useles, is inconsiderable, in respect of them who art hurtful to Mankind by an active and restless Disposition.

AS in the distribution of other things, so in this the Wisdom of Providence appears, that Men addicted to intellectual Pursuits, bear a small proportion to those who rejoice in exerting the Force and Activity of their Corporal Organs; for Operations of the latter sort are limited a narrow extent of Time and Place, whereas those of the Mind are Permanent and Universal. *Plato* and *Euclid* enjoy a sort of Immortality upon Earth, and at this Day read Lectures to the World.

BUT,

BUT, if to inform the Understanding, and regulate the Will, is the most lasting and diffusive Benefit, there will not be found so useful and excellent an Institution as that of the Christian Priesthood, which is now become the Scorn of Fools. That a numerous Order of Men should be consecrated to the Study of the most sublime and beneficial Truths, with a design to propagate them by their Discourses and Writings, to inform their Fellow-Creatures of the Being and Attributes of the Deity, to possess their Minds with the Sense of a future State, and not only to explain the Nature of every Virtue and Moral Duty, but likewise to persuade Mankind to the Practice of them by the most powerful and engaging Motives, is a thing so excellent and necessary to the Well-being of the World, that no body but a Modern *Free-thinker* cou'd have the Forehead or Folly to turn it into Ridicule.

THE Light in which these Points shou'd be expos'd to the View of one who is prejudiced against the Names, *Religion, Church, Priest*, and the like, is, to consider the Clergy as so many Philosophers, the Churches as Schools, and their Sermons as Lectures for the Information and Improvement of the Audience. How would the Heart of *Socrates* or *Tully* have rejoiced, had they lived in a Nation, where the Law had made Provision for Philosophers, to read Lectures of Morality and Theology every seventh Day, in several thousands of Schools erected at the Publick

Charge throughout the whole Country, at which Lectures all Ranks and Sexes without Distinction were obliged to be present for their general Improvement? And what wicked Wretches would they think those Men, who should endeavour to defeat the purpose of so Divine an Institution?

IT is indeed usual with that low Tribe of Writers, to pretend their Design is only to reform the Church, and expose the Vices and not the Order of the Clergy. The Author of a Pamphlet Printed the other Day, (which without my mentioning the Title, will on this occasion occur to the Thoughts of those who have read it) hopes to insinuate, by that Artifice, what he is afraid or ashamed openly to maintain. But there are two Points which clearly shew what it is he aims at. The first is, that he constantly uses the word *Priest* in such a Manner, as that his Reader cannot but observe he means to throw an Odium on the Clergy of the Church of *England*, from their being called by a Name which they enjoy in common with Heathens and Impostors. The other is, his raking together and exaggerating, with great Spleen and Industry, all those Actions of Church-Men, which, either by their own Illness or the bad Light in which he places them, tend to give Men an ill Impression of the Dispensers of the Gospel: All which he pathetically addresses to the Consideration of his wise and honest Country-Men of the Laiety. The Sophistry and Ill-breeding of these Proceedings are so obvious to Men
who

who have any Pretence to that Character, that I need say no more either of them or their Author.

THE Inhabitants of the Earth may properly be ranged under the two general Heads of Gentlemen and Mechanics. This Distinction arises from the different Occupations wherein they exert themselves. The former of these Species is universally acknowledged to be more honourable than the other, who are looked upon as a base and inferior Order of Men. But if the World is in the right in this natural Judgment, it is not generally so in the Distribution of particular Persons under their respective Denominations. It is a clear settled Point, that the Gentleman should be preferred to the Mechanic. But who is the Gentleman, and who the Mechanic, wants to be explained.

THE Philosophers distinguish two Parts in Human Nature; the Rational and the Animal. Now if we attend to the Reason of the thing, we shall find it difficult to assign a more just and adequate Idea of these distinct Species, than by defining the Gentleman to be him whose Occupation lies in the Exertion of his rational Faculties, and the Mechanic him who is employed in the Use of his Animal Parts, or the organic Parts of his Body.

THE concurring Assent of the World, in preferring Gentlemen to Mechanics, seems founded in that Preference which the Rational Part of our Nature is intitled to above the

Animal: When we consider it in its self, as it is the Seat of Wisdom and Understanding, as it is pure and immortal, and as it is that, which, of all the known Works of the Creation, bears the brightest Impress of the Deity.

IT claims the same Dignity and Preheminence, if we consider it with respect to its Object. Mechanical Motives or Operations are confined to a narrow Circle of low and little Things. Whereas Reason inquires concerning the Nature of intellectual Beings, the great Author of our Existence, its End, and the proper Methods of attaining it. Or, in case that noble Faculty submit it self to nearer Objects, it is not, like the Organic Powers, confined to a slow and painful manner of Action, but shifts the Scenes, and applies it self to the most distant Objects with incredible Ease and Dispatch. Neither are the Operations of the Mind, like those of the Hands, limited to one individual Object, but at once extended to a whole Species.

AND as we have shewn the intellectual Powers to be nobler than those of Motion, both in their own Nature and in regard to their Object, the same will still hold if we consider their Office. It is the Province of the former to preside and direct, of the latter to execute and obey. Those who apply their Hands to the Materials, appear the immediate Builders of an Edifice, but the Beauty and Proportion of it is owing to the Architect who designed the Plan in his Closet. And in like manner, whatever there is either in Art

or
 11

or Nature, of Use or Regularity, will be found to proceed from the superior Principle of Reason and Understanding. These Reflections, how obvious soever, do nevertheless seem not sufficiently attended to by those who, being at great Pains to improve the Figure and Motions of the Body, neglect the Culture of the Mind.

FROM the Premises it follows, that a Man may descend from an ancient Family, wear fine Cloaths, and be Master of what is commonly called good Breeding, and yet not merit the Name of *Gentleman*. All those, whose principal Accomplishments consist in the Exertion of the Mechanic Powers, whether the Organ made use of be the Eye, the Muscles of the Face, the Fingers, Feet, or any other Part, are in the Eye of Reason to be esteemed Mechanics.

I do therefore, by these Presents, declare, that all Men and Women, by what Title soever distinguished, whose Occupation it is either to ogle with the Eye, flirt with the Fan, dress, cringe, adjust the Muscles of the Face, or other Parts of the Body, are degraded from the Rank of Gentry; which is from this time forward appropriated to those who employ the Talents of the Mind in the Pursuit of Knowledge and Practice of Virtue, and are content to take their Places as they are distinguished by moral and intellectual Accomplishments.

THE rest of the Human Species come under the Appellation of Mechanics, with this

this difference, that the professed Mechanics who, not pretending to be Gentlemen, contain themselves within their proper Sphere, are necessary to the Well-being of Mankind, and consequently should be more respected in a well regulated Common-wealth, than those Mechanics who make a Merit of being useless.

HAVING hitherto considered the Human Species as distinguished into Gentlemen and Mechanics, I come now to treat of the *Machines*, a Sort of Beings that have the Outside or Appearance of Men, without being really such. The *Free-Thinkers* have often declared to the World, that they are not actuated by any incorporeal Being or Spirit, but that all the Operations they exert proceed from the Collision of certain Corpuscles, endued with proper Figures and Motions. It is now a considerable time that I have been their Profelite in this Point. I am even so far convinced that they are in the right, that I shall attempt proving it to others.

THE Mind being it self invisible, there is no other way to discern its Existence, than by the Effects which it produceth. Where Design, Order and Symmetry are visible in the Effects, we conclude the Cause to be an intelligent Being; but where nothing of these can be found, we ascribe the Effect to Hazard, Necessity, or the like. Now I appeal to any one who is conversant in the Modern Productions of our *Free-Thinkers*, if they do not look rather like Effects of Chance, or at best
of

of Mechanism, than of a Thinking Principle, and consequently whether the Authors of those Rhapsodies are not meer Machines.

THE same Point is likewise evident from their own Assertion, it being plain that no one could mistake Thought for Motion, who knew what Thought was. For these Reasons I do hereby give it in charge to all Christians, that hereafter they speak of *Free-Thinkers* in the Neuter Gender, using the Term *it* for *him*. They are to be considered as *Automata*, made up of Bones and Muscles, Nerves, Arteries and Animal Spirits; not so innocent indeed, but as destitute of Thought and Reason, as those little Machines which the excellent Author from whom I take the Motto of this Paper has so elegantly described.

N^o 131. *Tuesday, August 11.*

Iter Pigrorum quasi sepes Spinarum. ex Latin. Prov.

THERE are two sorts of Persons within the Consideration of my Frontispiece; the first are the mighty Body of Lingerers, Persons who don't indeed employ their Time Criminally, but are such pretty Innocents, who, as the Poet says,

————— *waste away*
In gentle Inactivity the Day————

The others being something more Vivacious,
are

are such as do not only omit to spend their Time well, but are in the constant Pursuit of Criminal Satisfactions. Whatever the Divine may think, the Case of the first seems to me the most deplorable, as the Habit of Sloth is more invincible than that of Vice. The first is preferr'd even when the Man is fully possessed of himself, and submitted to with constant Deliberation and cool Thought. The other we are driven into generally thro' the Heat of Wine or Youth, which Mr. *Hobbs* calls a Natural Drunkenness; and therefore consequently are more excusable for any Errors committed during the Deprivation or Suspension of our Reason, than in the Possession of it. The Irregular Starts of Vicious Appetites are in Time destroyed by the Gratification of 'em; but a well ordered Life of Sloth, receives daily Strength from its Continuance. *I went (says Solomon) by the Field of the Slothful, and the Vineyard of the Man void of Understanding, and, lo! it was all grown over with Thorns, and Nettles had covered the Face thereof, and the Stone Wall thereof was broken down.* To raise the Image of this Person, the same Author adds, *The slothful Man hideth his Hand in his Bosom, and it grieveth him to bring it again to his Mouth.* If there were no future Account expected of spending our Time, the immediate Inconvenience that attends a Life of Idleness, should of it self be Persuasion enough to the Men of Sense to avoid it. I say to the Men of Sense, because there are of these that give into it, and for these

these chiefly is this Paper designed. Arguments drawn from future Rewards and Punishments, are things too remote for the Consideration of stubborn Sanguin Youth: They are affected by such only as propose immediate Pleasure or Pain; as the strongest Persuasive to the Children of *Israel* was a Land flowing with Milk and Hony. I believe I may say there is more Toil, Fatigue and Uneasiness in Sloth, than can be found in any Employment a Man will put himself upon. When a Thoughtful Man is once fixed this way, Spleen is the necessary Consequence. This directs him instantly to the Contemplation of his Health or Circumstances, which must ever be found extremely bad upon these melancholy Enquiries. If he has any Common Business upon his Hands, numberless Objections arise, that make the Dispatch of it impossible; and he cries out with *Solomon*, There is a Lion in the Way, a Lion in the Streets; that is, there is some Difficulty or other, which to his Imagination is as Invincible as a Lion really would be. The Man, on the contrary, that applies himself to Books, or Business, contracts a chearful Confidence in all his Undertakings, from the daily Improvement of his Knowledge or Fortune, and instead of giving himself up to

Thick-ey'd Musing and Cursed Melancholy, Shake.

has that constant Life in his Visage and Conversation, which the Idle Splenetick Man borrows sometimes from the Sun-shine, Exercise,

cise, or an agreeable Friend. A Recluse idle Sobriety must be attended with more bitter Remorse, than the most Active Debauchery can at any Intervals be molested with. The Rake, if he is a cautious Manager, will allow himself very little Time to examine his own Conduct, and will bestow as few Reflections upon himself, as the Lingerer does upon any thing else, unless he has the Misfortune to Repent: I repeat the Misfortune to Repent, because I have put the great Day of Account out of the present Case, and am now inquiring not whose Life is most Irreligious, but most Inconvenient. A Gentleman that has formerly been a very Eminent Lingerer, and something Splenetick, informs me, that in one Winter he drank six Hampers of Spaw Water, several Gallons of Calybiate Tincture, two Hogsheds of Bitters at the Rate of 60 *l.* an Hogshed, laid One hundred and fifty infallible Schemes, in every one of which he was disappointed, received a thousand Affronts during the North Easterly Winds, and in short run thro' more Misery and Expence, than the most meritorious Brave could boast of. Another tells me, that he fell into this way at the University, where the Youth are too apt to be lulled into a State of such Tranquillity as prejudices 'em against the Bustle of that Wordly Business, for which this part of their Education should prepare 'em. As he could with the utmost Secresie be Idle in his own Chamber, he says he was for some Years irrecoverably sunk, and immers'd in the Lux-
ury

ury of an Easie Chair, tho' at the same time, in the general Opinion, he pass'd for a hard Student. During this Lethargy he had some Intervals of Application to Books, which rather aggravated than suspended the painful Thoughts of a mis-spent Life. Thus his suppos'd Relief became his Punishment, and like the Damn'd in *Milton*, upon their Conveyance at certain Revolutions from Fire to Ice,

— *He felt by Turns the bitter Change*

Of fierce Extreams, Extreams by Change more fierce.

When he had a mind to go out, he was so scrupulous as to form some Excuse or other which the Idle are ever provided with, and could not satisfy himself without this ridiculous Appearance of Justice. Sometimes by his own Contrivance and Insinuation, the Woman that look'd after his Chamber would convince him of the Necessity of washing his Room, or any other Matter of the like joyous Import, to which he always submitted, after having decently oppos'd it, and made his Exit with much seeming Reluctance and inward Delight. Thus did he pass the Noon of his Life in the Solitude of a Monk, and the Guilt of a Libertine. He is since awakened by Application out of Slumber, has no more Spleen than a *Dutchman*, who, as Sir *W. Temple* observes, is not delicate or idle enough to suffer from this Enemy, but is *always Well when he is not Ill, always Pleas'd when he is not Augry.*

THERE

THERE is a Gentleman I have seen at a Coffee-house near the Place of my Abode, who having a pretty good Estate, and a Disinclination to Books or Business, to secure himself from some of the abovementioned Misfortunes, employs himself with much Alacrity in the following Method. Being vehemently disposed to Loquacity, he has a Person constantly with him, to whom he gives an annual Pension for no other Merit but being very attentive, and never interrupting him by Question and Answer, what ever he may utter that may seemingly require it. To secure to himself Discourse, his fundamental Maxim seems to be, by no means to consider what he is going to say. He delivers therefore every Thought as it first intrudes it self upon him, and then, with all the freedom you could wish, will examine it, and rally the Impertinence or evince the Truth of it. In short, he took the same Pleasure in confuting himself, as he could have done in discomfiting an Opponent: And his Discourse was as that of two Persons attacking each other with exceeding Warmth, Incoherence and good Nature. There is another, whom I have seen in the Park, employing himself with the same Industry, tho' not with the same Innocence. He is very dextrous in taking Flies, and fixing one at each End of a Horse Hair, which his Perriwig supplies him with: He hangs 'em over a little Stick, which Suspension inclines them immediately to War upon each other, there being no possibility of Retreat.

From

From the frequent Attention of his Eye to these Combats, he perceives the several Turns and Advantages of the Battel, which are altogether invisible to a common Spectator. I t'other Day found him in the Enjoyment of a couple of gygantick Blue-bottles, which were hung out and embattled in the aforesaid warlike Appointment. That I might enter into the secret Shocks of this Conflict, he lent me a Magnifying Glass, which presented me with an Engagement between two of the most rueful Monsters I had ever read of even in Romance.

IF we can't bring our selves to appoint and perform such Tasks as would be of considerable Advantage to us; let us resolve upon some other, however trifling, to be perform'd at appointed Times. By this we may gain a Victory over a wandring unsettled Mind, and by this Regulation of the Impulse of our Wills, may, in time, make them obedient to the Dictates of our Reason.

WHEN I am dispos'd to treat of the Irreligion of an idle Life, it shall be under this Head, *Pereunt & Imputantur*; which is an Inscription upon a Sun-Dial in one of the Inns of Court, and is with great Propriety placed to publick View in such a Place, where the Inhabitants being in an everlasting hurry of Business or Pleasure, the Busie may receive an innocent Admonition to keep their Appointments, and the Idle a dreadful one not to keep theirs.

Mr. IRONSIDE, *August 10, 1713.*

I Am obliged to you for inserting my Letter concerning the Demolition of *Dunkirk* in your Paper of the 7th Instant; but you will find, upon Perusal, that you have Printed the Word *Three* where you should have Printed the Word *Two*; which I desire you would amend by inserting the whole Paragraph, and that which immediately follows it, in your very next Paper. The Paragraph runs thus,

“ THE very common People know, that
“ within Two Months after the Signing of
“ the Peace, the Works towards the Sea
“ were to be demolished, and within Three
“ Months after it the Works towards the
“ Land.

“ THAT the said Peace was sign’d the
“ last of March, O. S.

“ I beg Pardon for giving you so much
“ Trouble, which was only to avoid Mistakes,
“ having been very much abused by some
“ Whiggish Senseless Fellows, that give out
“ I am for the Pretender.

Your most humble Servant,
English Tory.

Wednesday,

N^o 132. *Wednesday, August 12.*

Quisque suos patimur manes—

Virg.

Mr. IRONSIDE,

THE following Letter was really written by a young Gentleman in a languishing Illness, which both himself, and those who attended him, thought it impossible for him to outlive. If you think such an Image of the State of a Man's Mind in that Circumstance be worth Publishing, it is at your Service, and take it as follows.

Dear Sir,

YOU formerly observed to me, that nothing made a more ridiculous Figure in a Man's Life, than the Disparity we often find in him Sick and Well. Thus one of an unfortunate Constitution is perpetually exhibiting a miserable Example of the Weakness of his Mind, or of his Body, in their Turns. I have had frequent Opportunities of late to consider my self in these different Views, and hope I have received some Advantage by it. If what Mr. *Waller* says be true, that

*The Soul's dark Cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lies in new Light thro' Chinks that Time has made:*

Then surely Sickness, contributing no less than old Age to the shaking down this Scaffold-

‘ folding of the Body, may discover the in-
‘ closed Structure more plainly. Sickness is
‘ a sort of early old Age; it teaches us a Dif-
‘ fidence in our Earthly State, and inspires
‘ us with the Thoughts of a future, better
‘ than a thousand Volumes of Philosophers
‘ and Divines. It gives so warning a Concus-
‘ sion to those Props of our Vanity, our
‘ Strength and Youth, that we think of for-
‘ tifying our selves within, when there is
‘ so little dependance on our Outworks.
‘ Youth, at the very best, is but a Betray-
‘ er of Human Life in a gentler and
‘ smother manner than Age: ’Tis like a
‘ Stream that nourishes a Plant upon its Bank,
‘ and causes it to flourish and blossom to the
‘ Sight, but at the same time is undermin-
‘ ing it at the Root in secret. My Youth
‘ has dealt more fairly and openly with me;
‘ it has afforded several Prospects of my Dan-
‘ ger, and given me an Advantage not very
‘ common to young Men, that the Attracti-
‘ ons of the World have not dazzled me ve-
‘ ry much; and I began where most People
‘ end, with a full Conviction of the Emptiness
‘ of all sorts of Ambition, and the unsatisfa-
‘ ctory Nature of all human Pleasures.

‘ WHEN a smart Fit of Sickness tells me
‘ this Scurvy Tenement of my Body will fall
‘ in a little time, I am e’enas unconcern’d as
‘ was that honest *Hibernian*, who (being in Bed
‘ in the great Storm some Years ago, and told
‘ the House would tumble over his Head)
‘ made Answer, *What care I for the House?*
‘ *I am only a Lodger.*

‘ I

‘ I fancy ’tis the best time to die when one
‘ is in the best Humour, and so excessively
‘ weak as I now am, I may say with Conscience,
‘ that I’m not at all uneasie at the Thought
‘ that many Men, whom I never had any E-
‘ steem for, are likely to enjoy this World af-
‘ ter me. When I reflect what an inconsider-
‘ able little Atome every single Man is, with
‘ respect to the whole Creation, methinks ’tis
‘ a Shame to be concerned at the Removal
‘ of such a trivial Animal as I am. The Morn-
‘ ing after my *Exit*, the Sun will arise as
‘ bright as ever, the Flowers smell as sweet,
‘ the Plants spring as green, the World will
‘ proceed in its old Course, People will laugh
‘ as heartily, and Marry as fast, as they were
‘ used to do. *The Memory of Man* (as it is
‘ elegantly exprest in the Wisdom of Solomon)
‘ *passeth away as the remembrance of a Guest*
‘ *that tarrieth but one Day*. There are Rea-
‘ sons enough, in the fourth Chapter of the
‘ same Book, to make any young Man con-
‘ tented with the Prospect of Death. *For*
‘ *honourable Age is not that which standeth in*
‘ *length of Time, or is measured by number of*
‘ *Years. But Wisdom is the gray Hair to*
‘ *Men, and an unspotted Life is old Age*. He
‘ was taken away speedily, least that *Wicked-*
‘ *ness should alter his Understanding, or De-*
‘ *ceit beguile his Soul*.

I am, Yours.

To NESTOR IRONSIDE, *Esq*; Greeting.

Old Dadd,

I Am so happy as to be the Husband of a
Woman that never is in the Wrong, and
yet is at continual War with every body,
especially with all her Servants, and my self.
As to her Maids, she never fails of having
at least a dozen or fourteen in each Year,
yet never has above one at a time, and the
last that comes is always the worst that e-
ver she had in her Life; although they have
given very good Content in better Fami-
lies than mine for several Years together :
Not that she has the Pleasure of turning them
away, but she does so Ferrit them about,
Forsooth and *Mistress* them up, and so find
fault with every thing they do, and talks
to them so *loud* and so *long*, that they ei-
ther give her immediate Warning, or march
off without any Wages at all: So that thro'
her great Zeal and Care to make them bet-
ter Servants than any in the World, and
their Obstinacy in being no better than they
can, our House is a sort of *Bedlam*, and
nothing in Order; for by that time a Maid
comes to know where things stand, whip,
she is gone, and so we han't another in four
or five Days, and this all the Year round :
As to my self, all the World believes me to
be one of the best of Husbands, and I am of
the World's Mind till my dear *Patient Griz-*
zell comes to give her Opinion about me,
and

‘ and then you would believe I am as bad as
 ‘ her Maids. Oh, Mr. IRONSIDE, never
 ‘ was Woman used as she is! The World does
 ‘ not think how unhappy she is! I am a Wolf
 ‘ in Sheep’s Cloathing. And then, her
 ‘ Neighbours are so Ill-natur’d, that they re-
 ‘ fuse to suffer her to say what she pleases of
 ‘ their Families, without either returning her
 ‘ Compliments, or withdrawing from her
 ‘ Oratory; so that the poor Woman has scarce-
 ‘ ly any Society Abroad, nor any Comfort at
 ‘ Home, and all thro’ the Sauciness of Ser-
 ‘ vants, and the Unkindness of a Husband
 ‘ that is so cruel to her, as to desire her to
 ‘ be quiet. But she is coming. I am in haste,

S I R,

Your Humble Servant,

Nicolas Earring.

S I R,

‘ I Hope you’ll not endure this Dumb Club,
 ‘ for I am the lucky Spouse of one of
 ‘ those Gentlemen, and when my Dear comes
 ‘ from this joyless Society I am an imperti-
 ‘ nent, noisie Rattle-Snake, my Maid’s a
 ‘ sawcy Sow, the Man’s a thick-skull’d Pup-
 ‘ py, and founders like a Horse, my Cook’s
 ‘ a tasteless Afs, and if a Child cry, the
 ‘ Maid’s a careless Bear; If I have Company,
 ‘ they are a parcel of chattering Mag-Pies;
 ‘ if abroad, I am a gagging Goose; when I
 ‘ return, You are a fine Galloper; Women,
 ‘ like Cats, should keep the House. This is

' a frequent Sentence with him. Consider
 ' some Remedy against a Temper that sel-
 ' dom speaks, and then speaks only Unkind-
 ' ness. This will be a Relief to all those mi-
 ' serable Women who are married to the worst
 ' of Tempers, the Sullen, more especially to

Your Distressed Appellant,

Goody Dump.

Friend NESTOR,

' OUR Brother *Tremble* having lately given
 ' thee wholesome Advice concerning
 ' Tuckers, I send thee a Word of Counsel touch-
 ' ing thy self: Verily thou hast found great
 ' Favour with the godly Sisters. I have read
 ' in that mysterious Book called *Esop's* Fa-
 ' bles, how once upon a Time an Afs arrayed
 ' himself in the Skin of a Lion, thereby design-
 ' ing to appear as one of the Mighty: But be-
 ' hold the Vanity of this World was found
 ' light, the Spirit of Untruth became altogether
 ' naked. When the vain-glorious Animal o-
 ' pened his Jaws to roar, the lewd Voice of
 ' an Afs braying was heard in the Mountains.
 ' Friend, Friend, let the Moral of this sink deep
 ' into thy Mind, the more thou ponderest there-
 ' on, the fitter thou wilt become for the Fellow-
 ' ship of the Faithful: We have every Day more
 ' and more hopes of thee, but between thee and
 ' me, when thou art converted, thou must
 ' take to thee a Scripture-Name: One of thy
 ' writing Brethren wore a very good Name,
 ' he

‘ he was intitled *Isaac*, but now sleepeth.
 ‘ *Jacob* suiteth thy Bookseller well; verily
 ‘ *NESTOR* soundeth *Babylonish* in the Ears
 ‘ of thy Well-wisher and constant Reader,

The third Day of the Week
 prophanely called *Tuesday*.

Ruth Prim.

S I R,

‘ **N**OTWITHSTANDING your grave Ad-
 ‘ vice to the Fair Sex not to lay the
 ‘ Beauties of their Necks so open, I find they
 ‘ mind you so little, that we young Men are
 ‘ in as much Danger as ever. Yesterday, a-
 ‘ bout seven in the Evening, I took a turn
 ‘ with a Gentleman, just come to Town, in
 ‘ a publick Walk. We had not walk’d a-
 ‘ bove two Rounds, when the Spark, on a
 ‘ sudden, pretended Weariness, and as I im-
 ‘ portun’d him to stay longer, he turn’d short,
 ‘ and pointing to a celebrated Beauty, What
 ‘ (said he) do you think I am made of, that
 ‘ I should bear the Sight of such snowy Breasts?
 ‘ oh! she is intollerably handsome! Upon this
 ‘ we parted, and I resolv’d to take a little
 ‘ more Air in the Garden, yet avoid the
 ‘ Danger by casting my Eyes downwards;
 ‘ but, to my unspeakable Surprise, I disco-
 ‘ vered, in the same fair Creature, the finest
 ‘ Ankle and prettiest Foot that ever Fancy
 ‘ imagined. If the Petticoats, as well as the
 ‘ Stays, thus diminish, what shall we do,
 ‘ dear *NESTOR*? If ’tis neither safe to look
 ‘ at the Head nor the Feet of the Charmer,
 ‘ whither shall we direct our Eyes? I need
 ‘ not

• not trouble you with any further Description of her, but I beg you would consider
 • that your Wards are frail, and mortal.

Your most Obedient Servant,

Epimetrius.

N° 133. *Thursday, August 13.*

*Oh! fatal Love of Fame! Oh Glorious Heat!
 Only Destructive to the Brave and Great. Campaign.*

THE Letters which I published in the *Guardian* of *Saturday* last, are written with such Spirit and Greatness of Mind, that they had excited a great Curiosity in my Lady *Lizard's* Family, to know what occasioned the Quarrel betwixt the two brave Men who wrote them; and what was the Event of their Combat. I found the Family the other Day listening in a Circle to Mr. *William* the *Templer*, who was informing the Ladies, of the Ceremonies used in the *Single Combat*, when the Kings of *England* permitted such Trials to be performed in their Presence. He took Occasion, from the chance of such judicial Proceedings, to relate a Custom used, in a certain Part of *India*, to determine Law-Suits, which he produced as a Parallel to the *Single Combat*. The Custom is, *That the Plaintiff and Defendant are thrown into a River, where each endeavours to keep under Water as long as he is able; and he who comes up first,*

first, loses the Cause. The Author adds, *that if they had no other way of deciding Controversies in Europe, the Lawyers might e'en throw themselves in after them.*

THE Mirth, occasioned by this *Indian Law*, did not hinder the Ladies from reflecting still more upon the above-named Letters. I found they had agreed, that it must be a Mistress which caused the Duel; and Mrs *Cornelia* had already settled in her Mind the Fashion of their Arms, their Colours and Devices: My Lady only asked, with a Sigh, if either of the Combatants had a Wife and Children.

IN order to give them what Satisfaction I could I looked over my Papers; and though I could not find the Occasion of the Difference, I shall present the World with an authentick Account of the Fight, written by the Survivor to a Courtier. The gallant Behaviour of the Combatants may serve to raise in our Minds a yet higher Detestation of that false Honour, which robs our Country of Men so fitted to support, and adorn it.

Sir Edward Sackvill's Relation of the Fight betwixt him and the Lord Bruce.

Worthy Sir,

‘AS I am not ignorant, so ought I to be
 ‘ sensible, of the false Aspersions some
 ‘ Authorless Tongues have laid upon me, in
 ‘ the Reports of the unfortunate Passage lately
 ‘ happened between the Lord *Bruce* and
 ‘ my self, which as they are spread here, so
 ‘ may

‘ may I justly fear they reign also where you
‘ are. There are but two Ways to resolve
‘ Doubts of this Nature; by Oath, or by Sword.
‘ The first is due to Magistrates, and com-
‘ municable to Friends; the other to such, as
‘ maliciously slander, and impudently defend
‘ their Assertion. Your Love, not my Me-
‘ rit, assure me, you hold me your Friend,
‘ which Esteem I am much desirous to retain.
‘ Do me therefore the Right to understand
‘ the Truth of that, and in my behalf inform
‘ others, who either are, or may be infected
‘ with sinister Rumours, much prejudicial to
‘ that fair Opinion I desire to hold amongst all
‘ worthy Persons. And, on the Faith of a
‘ Gentleman, the Relation I shall give is nei-
‘ ther more nor less than the bare Truth. The
‘ inclosed contains the first Citation, sent me
‘ from *Paris* by a *Scottish* Gentleman, who de-
‘ livered it me in *Derbyshire* at my Father-in-
‘ Law’s House: After it follows my then An-
‘ swer, returned him by the same Bearer. The
‘ next is my Accomplishment of my first Pro-
‘ mise, being a particular Assignment of Place,
‘ and Weapons, which I sent, by a Servant
‘ of mine, by Post from *Rotterdam*, as soon
‘ as I landed there. The Receipt of which,
‘ joined with an Acknowledgment of my too
‘ fair Carriage to the Deceased Lord, is te-
‘ stified by the Last, which Periods the Busi-
‘ ness till we meet at *Tergoso* in *Zeland*, it
‘ being the Place allotted for Rendezvous;
‘ where he, accompanied with one Mr. *Craw-*
‘ *ford*, an *English* Gentleman, for his *Second*,

‘ a Surgeon, and a Man, arrived with all
 ‘ the speed he could. And there having ren-
 ‘ dred himself, I addressd my Second, Sir
 ‘ *John Heidon*, to let him understand, that now
 ‘ all following should be done by Consent, as
 ‘ concerning the Terms whereon we should
 ‘ fight, as also the Place. To our *Seconds* we
 ‘ gave Power for their Appointments, who
 ‘ agreed we should go to *Antwerp*, from
 ‘ thence to *Bergen-op-zoom*, where in the
 ‘ mid-way but a Village divides the *States’s*
 ‘ Territories from the *Arch-Duke’s*. And
 ‘ there was the destined Stage, to the end,
 ‘ that having ended, he, that could, might
 ‘ presently exempt himself from the Justice
 ‘ of the Country, by retiring into the Domi-
 ‘ nion not offended. It was further conclu-
 ‘ ded, that in case any should Fall, or Slip,
 ‘ that then the Combat should cease, and he
 ‘ whose ill Fortune had so subjected him, was
 ‘ to acknowledge his Life to have been in the
 ‘ other’s Hands. But in case one Party’s
 ‘ Sword should break, because that could on-
 ‘ ly chance by Hazard, it was agreed that
 ‘ the other should take no Advantage, but ei-
 ‘ ther then be made Friends, or else upon e-
 ‘ ven Terms go to it again. Thus these Con-
 ‘ clusions being each of them related to his
 ‘ Party, was by us both approved, and assented
 ‘ to. Accordingly we embarked for *Antwerp*,
 ‘ and by reason my Lord, as I conceive, be-
 ‘ cause he could not handsomly, without
 ‘ Danger of Discovery, had not paired the
 ‘ Sword I sent him to *Paris*; bringing one of
 ‘ the

the same length, but twice as broad: My
Second excepted against it, and advised me
to match my own, and send him the Choice,
which I obeyed; it being, you know, the
Challenger's Privilege to elect his Wea-
pon. At the Delivery of the Sword, which
was performed by Sir *John Heidon*, is plea-
sed the Lord *Bruce* to chuse my own, and
then, past Expectation, he told him, that
he found himself so far behind hand, as a
little of my Blood would not serve his Turn;
and therefore he was now resolved to have
me alone, because he knew (for I will use
his own Words) *that so worthy a Gentle-
man, and my Friend, could not endure to
stand by, and see him do that which he must,
to satisfie himself, and his Honour.* Here-
unto Sir *John Heidon* replied, that such In-
tentions were bloody and butcherly, far
unfitting so Noble a Personage, who should
desire to bleed for Reputation, not for
Life; withal adding, he thought himself
injured, being come thus far, now to be
prohibited from executing those Honoura-
ble Offices he came for. The Lord for
Answer, only reiterated his former Resolu-
tions; whereupon Sir *John* leaving him the
Sword he had elected, delivered me the o-
ther, with his Determinations. The which,
not for Matter, but Manner, so moved me,
as though, to my Remembrance, I had not
of a long while eaten more liberally than
at Dinner, and therefore unfit for such an
Action (seeing the Surgeons hold a Wound
upon

‘ upon a full Stomach much more dangerous
 ‘ than otherwise) I requested my *Second* to
 ‘ certifie him, I would presently decide the
 ‘ Difference, and therefore he should pre-
 ‘ sently meet me on Horseback, only waited
 ‘ on by our Surgeons, they being unarmed.
 ‘ Together we rode, but one before the o-
 ‘ ther some twelve Score, about two *English*
 ‘ Miles: And then, Passion having so weak
 ‘ an Enemy to assail, as my Direction, easily
 ‘ became Victor, and using his Power, made
 ‘ me obedient to his Commands. I being verily
 ‘ mad with Anger, the Lord *Bruce* should
 ‘ thirst after my Life with a kind of Assured-
 ‘ ness, seeing I had come so far, and need-
 ‘ lessly, to give him leave to regain his lost Re-
 ‘ putation; I bad him alight, which with all
 ‘ willingness he quickly granted, and there
 ‘ in a Meadow Auncle deep in Water at the
 ‘ least, bidding Farewel to our Doublets, in
 ‘ our Shirts began to charge each other; hav-
 ‘ ing afore commanded our Surgeons to with-
 ‘ draw themselves a pretty distance from us,
 ‘ conjuring them besides, as they respected our
 ‘ Favours, or their own Safeties, not to stir,
 ‘ but suffer us to execute our Pleasures: We
 ‘ being fully resolved (God forgive us!) to
 ‘ dispatch each other by what means we could,
 ‘ I made a Thrust at my Enemy, but was short,
 ‘ and in drawing back my Arm I received a
 ‘ great Wound thereon, which I interpreted
 ‘ as a Reward for my short Shooting; but in Re-
 ‘ venge I prest in to him, tho’ I then miss’d
 ‘ him also, and then receiving a Wound in my
 ‘ right

‘ right Pap, which past level through my Bo-
‘ dy, and almost to my Back. And there we
‘ wrestled for the two greatest and dearest
‘ Prizes we could ever expect Trial for,
‘ Honour and Life. In which struggling my
‘ Hand, having but an ordinary Glove on it,
‘ lost one of her Servants, through the mea-
‘ nest; which hung by a Skin, and to Sight
‘ yet remaineth as before, and I am put in
‘ hope one Day to recover the Use of it a-
‘ gain. But at last, Breathless, yet keeping
‘ our Holds, there past on both Sides Propo-
‘ sitions of quitting each others Sword. But
‘ when Amity was dead, Confidence could
‘ not live; and who should quit first was the
‘ Question; which, on neither Part, either
‘ would perform, and restraining again afresh,
‘ with a Kick and a Wrinch together, I freed
‘ my long captived Weapon. Which incon-
‘ tinently levying at his Throat, being Ma-
‘ ster still of his, I demanded if he would ask
‘ his Life, or yield his Sword; both which,
‘ though in that imminent Danger, he bravely
‘ denied to do. My self being wounded, and
‘ feeling loss of Blood, having three Conduits
‘ running on me, began to make me faint;
‘ and he, courageously persisting not to ac-
‘ cord to either of my Propositions, Remem-
‘ brance of his former bloody Desire, and feel-
‘ ing of my present Estate, I struck at his
‘ Heart, but with his avoiding miss’d my Aim,
‘ yet past through the Body, and drawing
‘ thro’ my Sword repast it through again,
‘ through another Place; when he cried *Oh!*

‘ *I am slain!* seconding his Speech with all the
‘ Force he had, to cast me. But being too
‘ weak, after I had defended his Assault, I
‘ easily became Master of him, laying him on
‘ his Back; when being upon him, I rede-
‘ manded if he would request his Life, but it
‘ seemed he prized it not at so dear a Rate to
‘ be beholding for it; bravely replying *he*
‘ *scorned it.* Which Answer of his was so
‘ noble and worthy, as I protest I could not
‘ find in my Heart to offer him any more Vio-
‘ lence, only keeping him down, ’till at length
‘ his Surgeon, afar off, cried out, *he would*
‘ *immediately die if his Wounds were not stop-*
‘ *ped.* Whereupon I asked if he desired his
‘ Surgeon should come, which he accepted
‘ of; and so, being drawn away, I never of-
‘ fered to take his Sword, accounting it in-
‘ human to rob a dead Man, for so I held him
‘ to be. This thus ended, I retired to my
‘ Surgeon, in whose Arms after I had remain-
‘ ed a while for want of Blood, I lost my
‘ Sight, and withal, as I then thought, my
‘ Life also. But strong Water and his Dili-
‘ gence quickly recovered me, when I escap-
‘ ped a great Danger. For my Lord’s Sur-
‘ geon, when no Body dreamt of it, came
‘ full at me with his Lord’s Sword; and had
‘ not mine, with my Sword, interposed him-
‘ self, I had been slain by those base Hands.
‘ Although my Lord *Bruce*, weltring in his
‘ Blood, and past all Expectation of Life,
‘ conformable to all his former Carriage,
‘ which was undoubtedly noble, cry’d out,

‘ *Rascal! hold thy Hand.* So may I prosper
 ‘ as I have dealt sincerely with you in this Re-
 ‘ lation; which I pray you, with the inclosed
 ‘ Letter, deliver to my Lord *Chamberlain.*
 ‘ And so, &c.

Yours,

Lovain, the 8th of
 September, 1613.

Edward Sackville.

N^o 134. *Friday, August 14.*

*Matronæ præter faciem nil cernere possis,
 Cætera, ni Catia est, demissâ veste tegentis.* Hor.

MY Lion having given over roaring for
 some time, I find that several Stories
 have been spread abroad in the Country to
 his Disadvantage. One of my Correspondents
 tells me, it is confidently reported of him, in
 their Parts, that he is silenced by Authority;
 another informs me, that he hears he was
 sent for by a Messenger, who had Orders to
 bring him away with all his Papers, and that
 upon Examination he was found to contain
 several dangerous things in his Maw. I must
 not omit another Report which has been rai-
 sed by such as are Enemies to me and my Li-
 on, namely, that he is starved for want of
 Food, and that he has not had a good Meals
 Meat for this Fortnight. I do hereby declare
 these Reports to be altogether groundless;
 and since I am contradicting Common Fame,

I must likewise acquaint the World, that the Story of a two hundred Pound Bank Bill being conveyed to me through the Mouth of my Lion has no Foundation of Truth in it. The Matter of Fact is this, my Lion has not roared for these twelve Days past, by Reason that his Prompters have put very ill Words in his Mouth, and such as he could not utter with common Honour and Decency. Notwithstanding the Admonitions I have given my Correspondents, many of them have crammed great Quantities of Scandal down his Throat, others have choaked him with Lewdness and Ribaldry. Some of them have gorged him with so much Nonsense that they have made a very Ass of him. On *Monday* last, upon examining, I found him an arrant *French* Tory, and the Day after a virulent Whig. Some have been so mischievous as to make him fall upon his Keeper, and give me very reproachful Language; but as I have promised to restrain him from hurting any Man's Reputation, so my Reader may be assured that I my self shall be the last Man whom I will suffer him to abuse. However, that I may give general Satisfaction, I have a Design of converting a Room in Mr. *Button's* House to the *Lion's Library*, in which I intend to deposite the several Packets of Letters and private Intelligence which I do not communicate to the Publick. These Manuscripts will in time be very Valuable, and may afford good Lights to future Historians who shall give an Account of the present Age. In the

mean while, as the Lion is an Animal which has a particular Regard for Chastity, it has been observed that mine has taken Delight in roaring very vehemently against the untucker'd Neck, and, as far as I can find by him, is still determined to roar louder and louder, till that Irregularity be thoroughly reformed.

Good Mr. IRONSIDE,

‘ I Must acquaint you, for your Comfort,
 ‘ that your Lion is grown a kind of Bull-
 ‘ beggar among the Women where I live.
 ‘ When my Wife comes home late from Cards,
 ‘ or commits any other Enormity, I whisper
 ‘ in her Ear, partly betwixt Jest and Earnest,
 ‘ that *I will tell the Lion of her*. Dear Sir,
 ‘ don’t let ’em alone till you have made ’em
 ‘ put on their Tuckers again. What can be
 ‘ a greater sign, that they themselves are sen-
 ‘ sible they have stripped too far, than their
 ‘ pretending to call a Bitt of Linnen which
 ‘ will hardly cover a Silver Groat their *Mo-*
 ‘ *desty-Piece*? It is observed, that this Modesty-
 ‘ piece still sinks lower and lower, and who
 ‘ knows where it will fix at last?

‘ YOU must know, Sir, I am a *Turkey*
 ‘ Merchant, and lived several Years in a
 ‘ Country where the Women show nothing
 ‘ but their Eyes. Upon my return to *Eng-*
 ‘ *land* I was almost out of Countenance to
 ‘ see my pretty Country-women laying open
 ‘ their Charms with so much Liberality, tho’
 ‘ at that time many of them were concealed
 ‘ under

‘ under the modest Shade of the Tucker. I
 ‘ soon after married a very fine Woman, who
 ‘ always goes in the Extremity of the Fashi-
 ‘ on. I was pleased to think, as every mar-
 ‘ ried Man must be, that I should make daily
 ‘ Discoveries in the dear Creature, which
 ‘ were unknown to the rest of the World. But
 ‘ since this new airy Fashion is come up, eve-
 ‘ ry one’s Eye is as familiar with her as mine;
 ‘ for I can positively affirm, that her Neck is
 ‘ grown eight Inches within these three Years.
 ‘ And what makes me tremble when I think
 ‘ of it, that pretty Foot and Ankle are now
 ‘ exposed to the sight of the whole World,
 ‘ which made my very Heart dance within
 ‘ me when I first found my self their Proprie-
 ‘ tor. As in all appearance the Curtain is still
 ‘ Rising, I find a parcel of Rascally young
 ‘ Fellows in the Neighbourhood are in hopes
 ‘ to be presented with some new Scene every
 ‘ Day.

‘ IN short, Sir, the Tables are now quite
 ‘ turned upon me. Instead of being acquaint-
 ‘ ed with her Person more than other Men,
 ‘ I have now the least share of it. When she
 ‘ is at home she is continually muffled up, and
 ‘ concealed in Mobbs, Morning Gowns, and
 ‘ Handkerchers; but strips every Afternoon
 ‘ to appear in Publick. For ought I can find,
 ‘ when she has thrown aside half her Cloaths,
 ‘ she begins to think herself half drest. Now,
 ‘ Sir, if I may presume to say so, you have
 ‘ been in the wrong to think of reforming
 ‘ this Fashion, by showing the Immodesty of
 ‘ it.

‘ it. If you expect to make Female Profelytes,
‘ you must convince ’em, that, if they wou’d
‘ get Husbands, they must not show All before
‘ Marriage. I am sure, had my Wife been
‘ dressed before I married her as she is at pre-
‘ sent, she would have satisfied a good half
‘ of my Curiosity. Many a Man has been hin-
‘ dered from laying out his Mony on a Show,
‘ by seeing the principal Figures of it hung
‘ out before the Door. I have often observed
‘ a curious Passenger so attentive to these Ob-
‘ jects which he cou’d see for nothing, that
‘ he took no notice of the Master of the
‘ Show, who was continually crying out,
‘ *Pray Gentlemen walk in.*

‘ I have told you at the beginning of this
‘ Letter, how *Mahomet’s* She-Disciples are
‘ obliged to cover themselves; you have late-
‘ ly informed us from the Foreign News Pa-
‘ pers of the Regulations which the Pope is
‘ now making among the *Roman* Ladies in
‘ this Particular; and I hope our *British* Dames,
‘ notwithstanding they have the finest Skins
‘ in the World, will be content to show no
‘ more of them than what belongs to the Face
‘ and to the *Neck* properly speaking. Their
‘ being Fair is no Excuse for their being
‘ Naked.

‘ YOU know, Sir, that in the beginning
‘ of the last Century there was a Sect of Men
‘ among us who called themselves *Adamites*,
‘ and appeared in Publick without Cloaths.
‘ This Heresie may spring up in the other
‘ Sex, if you do not put a timely Stop to it,
there

‘ there being so many in all Publick Places,
 ‘ who show so great an Inclination to be E-
 ‘ vites.

✠

I am, S I R, &c.

N^o 135. *Saturday, August 15.*

— — — — — mea
Virtute me involvo — — —

Hor.

A Good Conscience is to the Soul what Health is to the Body: It preserves a constant Ease and Serenity within us, and more than countervails all the Calamities and Afflictions which can possibly befall us. I know nothing so hard for a generous Mind to get over as Calumny and Reproach, and cannot find any Method of quieting the Soul under them, besides this single one, of our being conscious to our selves that we do not deserve them.

I have been always mightily pleased with that Passage in *Don Quixote*, where the fantastical Knight is represented as loading a Gentleman of good Sense with Praises and Elogiums. Upon which the Gentleman makes this Reflection to himself: How grateful is Praise to Human Nature! I cannot forbear being secretly pleased with the Commendations I receive, tho’ I am sensible ’tis a Madman bestows them on me. In the same manner, tho’ we are often sure that the Censures

which are passed upon us are uttered by those who know nothing of us, and have neither Means nor Abilities to form a right Judgment of us, we cannot forbear being grieved at what they say,

IN order to heal this Infirmary, which is so natural to the best and wisest of Men, I have taken a particular Pleasure in observing the Conduct of the old Philosophers, how they bore themselves up against the Malice and Detraction of their Enemies.

THE way to silence Calumny, says *Bias*, is to be always exercised in such Things as are Praise-worthy. *Socrates*, after having received Sentence, told his Friends, that he had always accustomed himself to regard Truth and not Censure, and that he was not troubled at his Condemnation because he knew himself free from Guilt. It was in the same Spirit that he heard the Accusations of his two great Adversaries, who had uttered against him the most virulent Reproaches. *Anytus* and *Melitus*, says he, may procure Sentence against me, but they cannot hurt me. This Divine Philosopher was so well fortified in his own Innocence, that he neglected all the Impotence of evil Tongues which were engaged in his Destruction. This was properly the Support of a good Conscience, that contradicted the Reports which had been raised against him, and cleared him to himself.

OTHERS of the Philosophers rather chose to retort the Injury, by a smart Reply, than thus to disarm it with respect to themselves.

selves. They shew that it stung them, tho', at the same time, they had the Address to make their Aggressors suffer with them. Of this kind was *Aristotle's* Reply to one who pursued him with long and bitter Invectives. You, says he, who are used to suffer Reproaches, utter them with Delight; I, who have not been used to utter them, take no Pleasure in hearing them. *Diogenes* was still more severe on one who spoke ill of him: No Body will believe you when you speak ill of me, any more than they would believe me should I speak well of you.

I N these, and many other Instances I could produce, the Bitterness of the Answer sufficiently testifies the Uneasiness of Mind the Person was under who made it. I wou'd rather advise my Reader, if he has not in this case the secret Consolation that he deserves no such Reproaches as are cast upon him, to follow the Advice of *Epictetus*. If any one speaks ill of thee, consider whether he has Truth on his side; and if so, reform thy self that his Censures may not affect thee. When *Anaximander* was told, that the very Boys laugh'd at his Singing; Ay, says he? then I must learn to Sing better. But of all the Sayings of Philosophers which I have gathered together for my own Use on this Occasion, there are none which carry in them more Candour and good Sense than the two following ones of *Plato*. Being told that he had many Enemies who spoke ill of him, 'Tis no matter, said he, I'll live so that none shall believe 'em. Hearing at another

ther time, that an Intimate Friend of his had spoken detractingly of him; I am sure he would not do it, says he, if he had not some Reason for it. This is the surest, as well as the noblest way, of drawing the Sting out of a Reproach, and the true method of preparing a Man for that great and only Relief against the Pains of Calumny, *a Good Conscience.*

I designed in this Essay, to show, that there is no Happiness wanting to him who is possessed of this excellent Frame of Mind, and that no Person can be miserable who is in the Enjoyment of it; but I find this Subject so well treated in one of Dr. South's Sermons, that I shall fill this *Saturday's* Paper with a Passage of it, which cannot but make the Man's Heart burn within him, who reads it with due Attention.

THAT admirable Author, having shown the Virtue of a Good Conscience in supporting a Man under the greatest Tryals and Difficulties of Life, concludes with representing its Force and Efficacy in the Hour of Death.

THE Third and last Instance, in which above all others this Confidence towards God does most eminently shew and exert it self; is at the time of Death. Which surely gives the grand Opportunity of trying both the Strength and Worth of every Principle. When a Man shall be just about to quit the Stage of this World, to put off his Mortality, and to deliver up his last Accounts to God; at which sad time his Memory shall serve him for little else, but to terrifie him with a frightful Review of his
past

past Life, and his former Extravagancies strip'd of all their Pleasure, but retaining their Guilt. What is it then that can promise him a fair Passage into the other World, or a comfortable Appearance before his dreadful Judge when he is there? Not all the Friends and Interests, all the Riches and Honours under Heaven, can speak so much as a Word for him, or one Word of Comfort to him in that Condition; they may possibly Reproach, but they cannot Relieve him.

NO; at this disconsolate time, when the busie Tempter shall be more than usually apt to vex and trouble him, and the Pains of a dying Body to hinder and discompose him, and the Settlement of Worldly Affairs to disturb and confound him; and in a word, all things conspire to make his Sick Bed grievous and uneasy: Nothing can then stand up against all these Ruins, and speak Life in the midst of Death, but a clear Conscience.

AND the Testimony of that shall make the Comforts of Heaven descend upon his weary Head, like a refreshing Dew, or Shower upon a parched Ground. It shall give him some lively Earnests, and secret Anticipations of his approaching Joy. It shall bid his Soul go out of the Body undauntedly, and lift up its Head with Confidence before Saints and Angels. Surely the Comfort, which it conveys at this Season, is something bigger than the Capacities of Mortality, mighty and unspeakable, and not to be understood till it comes to be felt.

AND

AND now, who would not quit all the Pleasures, and Trash and Trifles, which are apt to captivate the Heart of Man, and pursue the greatest Rigors of Piety, and Austerities of a good Life, to purchase to himself such a Conscience, as at the Hour of Death, when all the Friendship in the World shall bid him adieu, and the whole Creation turn its Back upon him, shall dismiss the Soul, and close his Eyes with that blessed Sentence, Well done thou good and faithful Servant, enter thou into the Joy of thy Lord? 

N^o 136. Monday, August 17.

Noctes atque dies patet atri Janua Ditis. Virg.

SOME of our Quaint Moralists have pleased themselves with an Observation, that there is but one Way of coming into the World, but a thousand to go out of it. I have seen a fanciful Dream written by a *Spaniard*, in which he introduces the Person of Death metamorphosing himself like another *Proteus* into innumerable Shapes and Figures. To represent the fatality of Feavers and Agues, with many other Distempers and Accidents that destroy the Life of Man; Death enters first of all in a Body of Fire, a little after he appears like a Man of Snow, then rolls about the Room like a Cannon Ball, then lies on the Table like a gilded Pill: after this he transforms himself, of a sudden, into a Sword, then dwindles

dwindles successively to a Dagger, to a Bodkin, to a crooked Pin, to a Needle, to a Hair. The *Spaniard's* Design, by this Allegory, was to shew the many Assaults to which the Life of Man is exposed, and to let his Reader see that there was scarce any thing in Nature so very mean and inconsiderable but that it was able to overcome him and lay his Head in the Dust. I remember Monsieur *Paschal*, in his Reflections on Providence, has this Observation upon *Cromwell's* Death. That Usurper, says he, who had destroyed the Royal Family in his own Nation, who had made all the Princes of *Europe* tremble, and struck a Terror into *Rome* it self, was at last taken out of the World by a Fit of the Gravel. An Atome, a Grain of Sand, says he, that would have been of no Significancy in any other Part of the Universe, being lodg'd in such a particular Place, was an Instrument of Providence to bring about the most happy Revolutions, and to remove from the Face of the Earth this Troubler of Mankind. In short, Swarms of Distempers are every where hovering over us; Casualties, whether at home or abroad, whether we wake or sleep, sit or walk, are planted about us in Ambuscade; every Element, every Climate, every Season, all Nature is full of Death.

THERE are more Casualties incident to Men than Women, as Battels, Sea-Voyages, with several dangerous Trades and Professions that often prove fatal to the Practitioners. I have seen a Treatise written by a learned
 ✓ Physi-

Physician on the Distempers peculiar to those who work in Stone or Marble. It has been therefore observed by curious Men, that upon a strict Examination there are more Males brought into the World than Females. Providence, to supply this Waste in the Species, has made Allowances for it by a suitable Redundancy in the Male Sex. Those who have made the nicest Calculations have found, I think, that taking one Year with another, there are about twenty Boys produced to nineteen Girls. This Observation is so well grounded, that I will at any time lay five to four, that there appear more Male than Female Infants in every Weekly Bill of Mortality. And what can be a more demonstrative Argument for the Superintendency of Providence?

THERE are Casualties incident to every particular Station and Way of Life. A Friend of mine was once saying, that he fancied there would be something new and diverting in a Country Bill of Mortality. Upon communicating this Hint to a Gentleman who was then going down to his Seat, which lies at a considerable Distance from *London*, he told me he would make a Collection, as well as he could, of the several Deaths that had happened in his Country for the Space of a whole Year, and send them up to me in the Form of such a Bill as I mentioned. The Reader will here see that he has been as good as his Promise. To make it the more entertaining he has set down, among the real Distempers,

stempers, some imaginary ones, to which the Country People ascribed the Deaths of some of their Neighbours. I shall extract out of them such only as seem almost peculiar to the Country, laying aside Feavers, Apoplexies, Small-pox, and the like, which they have in common with Towns and Cities.

Of a six Bar Gate, Fox-hunters	4
Of a Quick-set Hedge	2
Two Duels, <i>viz.</i>	
First, between a Frying-Pan and a Pitch-Fork	1
Second, between a Joint Stool and a Brown Jug	1
Bewitched	13
Of an Evil Tongue	9
Croft in Love	7
Broke his Neck in Robbing a Henroost	1
Cut Finger turned to a Gangreen by an old Gentlewoman of the Parish	1
Surfeit of Curds and Cream	2
Took Cold sleeping at Church	11
Of a Sprain in his Shoulder by saving his Dog at a Bull-baiting	1
Lady B——s Cordial Water	2
Knocked down by a Quart Bottle	1
Frighted out of his Wits by a Headless Dog with Sawcer Eyes	1
Of <i>October</i>	25
Broke a Vein in Bawling for a Knight of the Shire	1
Old Women drowned upon Tryal of Witchcraft	3
Climbing a Crows Nest	1
	Chalk

Chalk and Green Apples	4
Led into a Horse Pond by a <i>Will of the Wisp</i>	1
Died of a Fright in an Exercife of the Train- ed Bands	1
Over-Eat himself at a House-warming	1
By the Parfon's Bull	2
Vagrant Beggars worried by the Squire's House-Dog	2
Shot by Mistake	1
Of a Mountebank Doctor	6
Of the <i>Merry-Andrew</i>	1
Caught her Death in a wet Ditch	1
Old Age	100
Foul Distemper	0



N^o 137. *Tuesday, August 18.*

————— *sanctus haberi*
Iustitiæque tenax, factis dictisque mereris?
Agnosco procerem —————

Juv.

HORACE, *Juvenal*, *Boileau*, and indeed the greatest Writers in almost every Age, have exposed, with all the Strength of Wit and good Sense, the Vanity of a Man's valuing himself upon his Ancestors, and endeavoured to show that true Nobility consists in Virtue, not in Birth. With Submission however to so many great Authorities, I think they have pushed this matter a little too far. We ought in Gratitude to Honour the Posterity of those who have raised either the Interest or Reputation of their Conntry, and by whose

Labours

Labours we our selves are more Happy, Wise or Virtuous than we should have been without them. Besides, naturally speaking, a Man bids fairer for Greatness of Soul, who is the Descendant of worthy Ancestors, and has good Blood in his Veins, than one who is come of an ignoble and obscure Parentage. For these Reasons I think a Man of Merit, who is derived from an Illustrious Line, is very justly to be regarded more than a Man of equal Merit who has no Claim to Hereditary Honours. Nay, I think those who are indifferent in themselves, and have nothing else to distinguish them but the Virtues of their Forefathers, are to be looked upon with a degree of Veneration even upon that account, and to be more respected than the common Run of Men who are of low and vulgar Extraction.

AFTER having thus ascribed due Honours to Birth and Parentage, I must however take Notice of those who arrogate to themselves more Honours than are due to them on this Account. The first are such who are not enough sensible that Vice and Ignorance taint the Blood, and that an unworthy Behaviour degrades and disennobles a Man, in the Eye of the World, as much as Birth and Family aggrandize and exalt him.

THE second are those who believe a *new* Man of an elevated Merit is not more to be honoured than an insignificant and worthless Man who is descended from a long Line of Patriots and Heroes: Or, in other Words,

behold with Contempt a Person who is such a Man as the first Founder of their Family was, upon whose Reputation they value themselves.

BUT I shall chiefly apply my self to those whose Quality sits uppermost in all their Discourses and Behaviour. An empty Man of a great Family is a Creature that is scarce conversible. You read his Ancestry in his Smile, in his Air, in his Eye-brow. He has indeed nothing but his Nobility to give Employment to his Thoughts. Rank and Precedency are the important Points which he is always discussing within himself. A Gentleman of this Turn began a Speech in one of King Charles's Parliaments: *Sir, I had the Honour to be born at a time* — upon which a rough honest Gentleman took him up short, *I would fain know what that Gentleman means, Is there any one in this House that has not had the Honour to be born as well as himself?* The good Sense which reigns in our Nation has pretty well destroyed this starched Behaviour among Men who have seen the World, and know that every Gentleman will be treated upon a Foot of Equality. But there are many who have had their Education among Women, Dependants or Flatterers, that lose all the Respect, which would otherwise be paid them, by being too assiduous in procuring it.

MY Lord *Proth* has been so educated in Punctilio, that he governs himself by a Ceremonial in all the ordinary Occurrences of Life. He Measures out his Bow to the degree of the Person

Person he converses with. I have seen him in every Inclination of the Body, from a familiar Nod to the low Stoop in the Salutation-Sign. I remember five of us, who were acquainted with one another, met together one Morning at his Lodgings, when a Wag of the Company was saying, it wou'd be worth while to observe how he would distinguish us at his first Entrance. Accordingly he no sooner came into the Room, but casting his Eye about, *My Lord such a one*, says he, *your most humble Servant. Sir Richard your humble Servant. Your Servant Mr. Ironside. Mr. Ducker, how do you do? Hah! Frank are you there?*

THERE is nothing more easie than to discover a Man whose Heart is full of his Family. Weak Minds that have imbibed a strong Tincture of the Nursery, younger Brothers that have been brought up to nothing, Superannuated Retainers to a great House, have generally their Thoughts taken up with little else.

I had some Years ago an Aunt of my own, by Name *Mrs. Martha Ironside*, who would never Marry beneath herself, and is supposed to have died a Maid in the Fourscorth Year of her Age. She was the Chronicle of our Family, and past away the greatest part of the last Forty Years of her Life in recounting the Antiquity, Marriages, Exploits and Alliances of the *Ironsides*. *Mrs. Martha* conversed generally with a knot of old Virgins, who were

likewise of good Families, and had been very cruel all the beginning of the last Century. They were every one of 'em as proud as *Lucifer*, but said their Prayers twice a Day, and in all other respects were the best Women in the World. If they saw a fine Petticoat at Church, they immediately took to Pieces the Pedigree of her that wore it, and would lift up their Eyes to Heaven at the Confidence of the sawcy Minx, when they found she was an honest Tradesman's Daughter. It is impossible to describe the pious Indignation that would rise in them at the sight of a Man who lived plentifully on an Estate of his own getting. They were transported with Zeal beyond measure, if they heard of a young Woman's matching into a great Family upon account only of her Beauty, her Merit, or her Mony. In short, there was not a Female with ten Miles of them that was in Possession of a Gold Watch, a Pearl Necklace, or a Piece of *Mechlin* lace, but they examined her Title to it. My Aunt *Martha* used to chide me very frequently for not sufficiently valuing myself. She would not eat a Bit all Dinner-time, if at an Invitation she found she had been seated below her self; and would frown upon me for an Hour together, if she saw me give place to any Man under a Baronet. As I was once talking to her of a wealthy Citizen whom she had refused in her Youth, she declared to me with great warmth, that she preferred a Man of Quality in his Shirt to the richest Man upon the Change in a Coach and Six. She pretended,

tended, that our Family was nearly related by the Mother's Side to half a dozen Peers; but as none of them knew any thing of the matter, we always kept it as a Secret among ourselves. A little before her Death she was reciting to me the History of my Fore-fathers; but dwelling a little longer than ordinaty upon the Actions of Sir *Gilbert Ironside*, who had a Horse shot under him at *Edghill* Fight, I gave an unfortunate *Pish*, and asked, *What was all this to me?* upon which she retired to her Closet, and fell a Scribling for three Hours together, in which time, as I afterwards found, she struck me out of her Will, and left all she had to my Sister *Margaret*, a wheedling Baggage, that used to be asking Questions about her great Grandfather from Morning to Night. She now lies buried among the Family of the *Ironsides*, with a Stone over her, acquainting the Reader, that she died at the Age of Eighty Years, a Spinster, and that she was descended of the Ancient Family of the *Ironsides* — After which follows the Genealogy drawn up by her own Hand. 

N^o 138. *Wednesday, August 19.*

Incenditque animum famæ venientis amore. Virg.

THERE is nothing which I study so much in the Course of these my Daily Dissertations as Variety. By this means every one of my Readers is sure some time or other

to find a Subject that pleases him, and almost every Paper has some particular Set of Men for its Advocates. Instead of seeing the Number of my Papers every Day increasing, they would quickly lie as a Drug upon my Hands, did not I take care to keep up the Appetite of my Guests, and quicken it from time to time by something new and unexpected. In short, I endeavour to treat my Reader in the same manner as *Eve* does the Angel in that beautiful Description of *Milton*.

*So saying, with dispatchful looks in haste
She turns, on Hospitable thoughts intent,
What choice to chuse for delicacy best,
What order, so contrived as not to mix
Tastes, not well join'd, inelegant, but bring
Taste after Taste, upheld with kindest change.
Whatever Earth, all-bearing Mother, yields
In India East or West, or middle Shore
In Pontus or the Punick Coast, or where
Alcinous reigned, Fruit of all kinds, in Coat
Rough or Smooth rind, or bearded husk, or shell,
She gathers, Tribute large, and on the board
Heaps with unsparing Hand — Fifth Book.*

IF by this Method, I can furnish out a *Splendida ferrago*, according to the Compliment lately paid me in a fine Poem published among the Exercises of the last *Oxford Act*, I have gained the End which I propose to my self.

IN my Yesterday's Paper, I shew'd how the Actions of our Ancestors and Forefathers should excite us to every thing that is Great and Virtuous; I shall here observe, that a Regard to our Posterity, and those who are to descend

descend from us, ought to have the same kind of Influence on a generous Mind. A noble Soul would rather Die than commit an Action that shou'd make his Children blush when he is in his Grave, and be looked upon as a Reproach to those who shall live a hundred Years after him. On the contrary, nothing can be a more pleasing Thought to a Man of Eminence, than to consider that his Posterity, who lie many Removes from him, shall make their Boast of his Virtues, and be honoured for his Sake.

VIRGIL represents this Consideration as an Incentive of Glory to *Æneas*, when after having shown him the Race of Heroes who were to descend from him, *Anchises* adds with a noble warmth,

Et dubitamus adhuc Virtutem extendere factis?

And doubt we yet thro' Dangers to pursue

The Paths of Honour? — Mr. Dryden.

SINCE I have mentioned this Passage in *Virgil*, where *Æneas* was Entertained with the View of his great Descendants, I cannot forbear observing a particular Beauty, which I do not know that any one has taken notice of. The List which he has there drawn up was in general to do Honour to the *Roman* Name, but more particularly to compliment *Augustus*. For this reason *Anchises*, who shows *Æneas* most of the rest of his Descendants in the same Order that they were to make their Appearance in the World, breaks his method for the Sake of *Augustus*, whom he singles out

immediately after having mentioned *Romulus*, as the most Illustrious Person who was to rise in that Empire which the other had founded. He was impatient to describe his Posterity raised to the utmost Pitch of Glory, and therefore passes over all the rest to come at this great Man, whom by this means he implicitly represents as making the most conspicuous Figure among them. By this Artifice the Poet did not only give his Emperor the greatest Praise he cou'd bestow upon him; but hinder'd his Reader from drawing a Parallel, which wou'd have been disadvantageous to him, had he been celebrated in his proper place, that is, after *Pompey* and *Cæsar*, who each of them eclipsed the other in Military Glory.

THO' there have been finer things spoken of *Augustus* than of any other Man, all the Wits of his Age having tried to out-rival one another on that Subject, he never received a Compliment, which, in my Opinion, can be compared, for Sublimity of Thought, to that which the Poet here makes him. The *English* Reader may see a faint Shadow of it in Mr. *Dryden's* Translation, for the Original is inimitable.

Hic vir hic est, &c.

*But next behold the Youth of Form Divine,
Cæsar himself, exalted in his Line;
Augustus, promis'd oft, and long foretold,
Sent to the Realm that Saturn rul'd of old;
Born to restore a better Age of Gold.*

}
Affrick,

Affrick, and India, shall his Pow'r obey,
 He shall extend his propagated Sway,
 Beyond the Solar Year, without the starry Way.
 Where Atlas turns the rowling Heav'n's around:
 And his broad Shoulders with their Lights are crown'd.
 At his fore-seen Approach, already quake
 The Caspian Kingdoms, and Mæotian Lake.
 Their Seers behold the Tempest from afar;
 And threatning Oracles denounce the War.
 Nile hears him knocking at his sev'nfold Gates;
 And seeks his hidden Spring, and fears his Nephew's
 Fates.

Nor Hercules more Lands or Labours knew,
 Not tho' the brazen-footed Hind he slew;
 Freed Erymanthus from the foaming Boar,
 And dip'd his Arrows in Lernæan Gore.
 Nor Bacchus, turning from his Indian War,
 By Tygers drawn triumphant in his Car,
 From Nisus top descending on the Plains;
 With curling Vines around his purple Reins.
 And doubt we yet thro' Dangers to pursue
 The Paths of Honour? —————

I could shew out of other Poets the same kind of Vision as this in *Virgil*, wherein the chief Persons of the Poem have been entertained with the Sight of those who were to descend from them; but instead of that, I shall conclude with a Rabbinical Story which has in it the Oriental way of thinking, and is therefore very amusing.

ADAM, say the Rabbins, a little after his Creation, was presented with a View of all those Souls who were to be united to Human Bodies, and take their Turn after him upon the Earth. Among others, the Vision set before him the Soul of *David*. Our great
 Ance-

Ancestor was transported at the Sight of so beautiful an Apparition, but to his unspeakable Grief was informed, that it was not to be conversant among Men the Space of one Year.

*Ostendent terris hunc tantum fata, neque ultra
Esse sinent* —————

Adam, to procure a longer Life for so fine a Piece of Human Nature, begged that three-score and ten Years (which he heard would be the Age of Man in *David's* time) might be taken out of his own Life, and added to that of *David*. Accordingly, say the Rabbins, *Adam* falls short of a thousand Years, which was to have been the compleat Term of his Life, by just so many Years as make up the Life of *David*. *Adam* having lived 930 Years and *David* 70.

THIS Story was invented to show the high Opinion which the Rabbins entertained of this Man after God's own Heart, whom the Prophet, who was his own Contemporary, could not mention without Rapture, where he Records the last poetical Composition of *David*, of *David the Son of Jesse*, of the Man who was raised up on high, of the anointed of the God of Jacob, of the sweet Psalmist of Israel. 

Thursday,

N^o 139. Thursday, August 20.

— *prisca fides facta, sed fama perennis.* Virg.

Most Venerable NESTOR,

I Find that every body is very much delighted with the Voice of your Lion. His Roarings against the Tucker have been most melodious and emphatical. It is to be hoped, that the Ladies will take warning by them, and not provoke him to greater Outrages; for I observe, that your Lion, as you your self have told us, is made up of Mouth and Paws. For my own part, I have long considered with my self how I might express my Gratitude to this noble Animal that has so much the good of our Country at his Heart. After many Thoughts on this Subject, I have at length resolved to do Honour to him, by compiling a History of his Species, and extracting out of all Authors whatever may redound to his Reputation. In the Prosecution of this Design I shall have no manner of regard to what *Æsop* has said upon the Subject, whom I look upon to have been a Republican by the unworthy Treatment which he often gives to this King of Beasts, and whom, if I had time, I could convict of Falshood and Forgery in almost every Matter of Fact which he has related of this generous

' nerous Animal. Your Romance Writers
 ' are likewise a Set of Men whose Authority
 ' I shall build upon very little in this case.
 ' They all them are born with a particular
 ' Antipathy to Lions, and give them no more
 ' Quarter than they do Giants, where-ever
 ' they chance to meet them. There is not
 ' one of the seven Champions, but when he
 ' has nothing else to do, encounters with a
 ' Lion, and you may be sure always gets the
 ' better of him. In short, a Knight-Errant
 ' lives in a perpetual State of Enmity with this
 ' noble Creature, and hates him more than
 ' all things upon the Earth, except a Dragon.
 ' Had the Stories recorded of them by these
 ' Writers been true, the whole Species would
 ' have been destroyed before now. After ha-
 ' ving thus renounced all fabulous Authori-
 ' ties, I shall begin my Memoirs of the Lion
 ' with a Story related of him by *Aulus Gelli-*
 ' *us*, and extracted by him out of *Dion Cas-*
 ' *sius*, an Historian of undoubted Veracity.
 ' It is the famous Story of *Androcles* the *Ro-*
 ' *man* Slave, which I premise for the sake of
 ' my learned Reader, who needs go no fur-
 ' ther in it if he has read it already.

' *ANDROCLES* was the Slave of a
 ' noble *Roman* who was Proconsul of *Africk*.
 ' He had been guilty of a Fault, for which
 ' his Master would have put him to Death,
 ' had not he found an Opportunity to escape
 ' out of his Hands, and fled into the Desarts
 ' of *Numidia*. As he was wandering among
 ' the barren Sands, and almost dead with
 ' Heat

‘ Heat and Hunger, he saw a Cave in the
 ‘ side of a Rock. He went into it, and find-
 ‘ ing at the further end of it a Place to sit
 ‘ down upon, rested there for some time. At
 ‘ length to his great Surprize a huge over-
 ‘ grown Lion entered at the Mouth of the
 ‘ Cave, and seeing a Man at the upper end
 ‘ of it, immediately made towards him. *An-*
 ‘ *drocles* gave himself for gone; but the Li-
 ‘ on, instead of treating him as he expected,
 ‘ laid his Paw upon his Lap, and with a com-
 ‘ plaining kind of Voice fell a licking his
 ‘ Hand. *Androcles*, after having recovered
 ‘ himself a little from the Fright he was in,
 ‘ observed the Lion’s Paw to be exceedingly
 ‘ swelled by a large Thorn that stuck in it.
 ‘ He immediately pull’d it out, and by squee-
 ‘ zing the Paw very gently, made a great
 ‘ deal of Corrupt Matter run out of it, which
 ‘ probably freed the Lion from the great An-
 ‘ guish he had felt some time before. The
 ‘ Lion left him upon receiving this good Of-
 ‘ fice from him, and soon after returned with
 ‘ a Fawn which he had just killed. This he
 ‘ laid down at the Feet of his Benefactor,
 ‘ and went off again in pursuit of his Prey.
 ‘ *Androcles*, after having sodden the Flesh of
 ‘ it by the Sun, subsisted upon it ’till the Lion
 ‘ had supplied him with another. He lived
 ‘ many Days in this frightful Solitude, the
 ‘ Lion Catering for him with great Assi-
 ‘ duity. Being tired at length of this Sa-
 ‘ vage Society, he was resolved to de-
 ‘ liver himself up into his Master’s Hands,
 ‘ and

‘ and suffer the worst Effects of his Displea-
‘ sure, rather than be thus driven out from
‘ Mankind. His Master, as was customary
‘ for the Proconsuls of *Africk*, was at that
‘ time getting together a Present of all the
‘ largest Lions that could be found in the
‘ Country, in order to send them to *Rome*,
‘ that they might furnish out a Show to the
‘ *Roman* People. Upon his poor Slave’s sur-
‘ rendering himself into his Hands, he orde-
‘ red him to be carried away to *Rome* as soon
‘ as the Lions were in readiness to be sent,
‘ and that for his Crime he should be expo-
‘ sed to fight with one of the Lions in the
‘ Amphitheatre, as usual, for the Diversion
‘ of the People. This was all performed ac-
‘ cordingly. *Androcles*, after such a strange
‘ run of Fortune, was now in the Area of the
‘ Theatre amidst thousands of Spectators, ex-
‘ pecting every Moment when his Antagonist
‘ would come out upon him. At length a
‘ huge monstrous Lion leaped out from the
‘ Place where he had been kept hungry for
‘ the Show. He advanced with great Rage
‘ towards the Man, but on a sudden, after
‘ having regarded him a little wistfully, fell
‘ to the Ground, and crept towards his Feet
‘ with all the Signs of Blandishment and Ca-
‘ refs. *Androcles*, after a short Pause, dis-
‘ covered that it was his old *Numidian* Friend,
‘ and immediately renewed his Acquaintance
‘ with him. Their mutual Congratulations
‘ were very surprising to the Beholders, who,
‘ upon hearing an Account of the whole mat-
‘ ter

' ter from *Androcles*, ordered him to be par-
 ' doned and the Lion to be given up into his
 ' Possession. *Androcles* returned at *Rome* the
 ' Civilities which he had received from him
 ' in the Desarts of *Africk*. *Don Cassus* says,
 ' that he himself saw the Man leading the Lion
 ' about the Streets of *Rome*, the People every
 ' where gathering about 'em, and repeating
 ' to one another, *Hic est Leo hospes Hominis,*
 ' *hic est Homo medicus Leonis.* This is the
 ' Lion who was the Man's Host, this is the
 ' Man who was the Lion's Physician.

N^o 140. *Friday, August 21.*

————— *quibus incendi jam frigidus ævo*
Laomedontiades, vel Nestoris hernia possit. Juv.

I Have lately received a Letter from an A-
 strologer in *Moor-fields*, which I have read
 with great Satisfaction. He observes to me,
 that my Lion at *Button's* Coffee-house was ve-
 ry luckily erected in the very Month when
 the Sun was in *Leo*. He further adds, that
 upon conversing with the above-mentioned
 Mr. *Button* (whose other Name he observes is
Daniel, a good Omen still with regard to the
 Lion his Cohabitant) he had discovered the
 very Hour in which the said Lion was set up;
 and that by the help of other Lights, which
 he had received from the said Mr. *Button*,
 he had been enabled to Calculate the Nativi-
 ty of the Lion. This Mysterious Philosopher
 acquaints

acquaints me, that the Sign of *Leo* in the Heavens immediately precedes that of *Virgo*, by which, says he, is signified the natural Love and Friendship the Lion bears to Virginity, and not only to Virginity but to such Matrons likewise as are pure and unspotted, from whence he foretells the good Influence which the Roarings of my Lion are likely to have over the Female World for the purifying of their Behaviour, and bettering of their Manners. He then proceeds to inform me, that in the most exact Astrological Schemes, the Lion is observed to affect, in a more particular manner, the Legs and the Neck, as well as to allay the Power of the Scorpion in those Parts which are allotted to to that fiery Constellation. From hence he very naturally Prognosticates, that my Lion will meet with great Success in the Attacks he has made on the untuckered Stays and short Petticoat, and that, in a few Months, there will not be a Female Bosom or Ankle uncovered in *Great Britain*. He concludes, that by the Rules of his Art he foresaw, five Years ago, that both the Pope and my self should about this time unite our Endeavours in this particular, and that sundry Mutations and Revolutions would happen in the Female Dress.

I have another Letter by me from a Person of a more Volatile and Airy Genius, who finding this great Propension in the fair Sex to go uncovered, and thinking it impossible to reclaim them entirely from it, is for compounding the Matter with them, and finding out a middle Expedient between Nakedness and Cloathing.

Cloathing. He proposes, therefore, that they should imitate their Great Grandmothers the *Briths* or *Picts*, and Paint the Parts of their Bodies which are uncovered with such Figures as shall be most to their Fancy. The Bosom of the Coquette, says he, may bear the Figure of a *Cupid*, with a Bow in his Hand, and his Arrow upon the String. The Prude might have a *Pallas*, with a Shield and Gorgon's Head. In short, by this method, he thinks every Woman might make very agreeable Discoveries of her self, and at the same time show us what she would be at. But, by my Correspondent's good leave, I can by no means consent to spoil the Skin of my pretty Country-women. They could find no Colours half so charming as those which are Natural to them; and tho', like the old *Picts*, they painted the Sun it self upon their Bodies, they would still change for the worse, and conceal something more beautiful than what they exhibited.

I shall therefore persist in my first Design, and endeavour to bring about the Reformation in Neck and Legs, which I have so long aimed at. Let them but raise their Stays and let down their Petticoats, and I have done. However, as I will give them Space to consider of it, I design this for the last time that my Lion shall roar upon the Subject during this Season, which I give publick Notice of for the Sake of my Correspondents, that they may not be at an unnecessary Trouble or Expence in furnishing me with any Informations

relating to the Tucker before the beginning of next Winter, when I may again resume that Point if I find Occasion for it. I shall not, however, let it drop without acquainting my Reader, that I have written a Letter to the Pope upon it, in order to encourage him in his present good Intentions, and that we may act by Concert in this Matter. Here follows the Copy of my Letter.

To Pope Clement the Eighth, NESTOR IRONSIDE, Greeting.

Dear Brother,

I Have heard, with great Satisfaction, that you have forbidden your Priests to Confess any Woman, who appears before them without a Tucker, in which you please me well. I do agree with you, that it is impossible for the good Man to discharge his Office, as he ought, who gives an Ear to those alluring Penitents that discover their Hearts and Necks to him at the same time. I am labouring, as much as in me lies, to stir up the same Spirit of Modesty among the Women of this Island, and should be glad we might assist one another in so good a Work. In order to it, I desire that you will send me over the Length of a *Roman* Lady's Neck, as it stood before your late Prohibition. We have some here who have Necks of one, two, and three Foot in Length, some that have Necks which reach down to their Middles, and, indeed, some who

‘ who may be said to be all Neck and no Bo-
‘ dy. I hope, at the same time you observe
‘ the Stays of your Female Subjects, that you
‘ have also an Eye to their Petticoats, which
‘ rise in this Island daily. When the Petti-
‘ coat reaches but to the Knee, and the Stays
‘ fall to the fifth Rib (which I hear is to be
‘ the Standard of each, as it has been lately
‘ settled in a Junto of the Sex) I will take
‘ care to send you one of either Sort, which
‘ I Advertise you of before-hand, that you
‘ may not compute the Stature of our *English*
‘ Women from the Length of their Garments.
‘ In the mean time I have desired the Master
‘ of a Vessel, who tells me that he shall touch
‘ at *Civita Vecchia*, to present you with a
‘ certain Female Machine which, I believe,
‘ will puzzle your Infallibility to discover the
‘ Use of it. Not to keep you in suspense, it
‘ is what we call in this Country a Hooped-
‘ Petticoat. I shall only beg of you to let
‘ me know, whether you find any Garment
‘ of this Nature among all the Reliques of
‘ your Female Saints, and, in particular, whe-
‘ ther it was ever worn by any of your twen-
‘ ty thousand Virgin Martyrs.

Tours, usque ad aras,

NESTOR IRONSIDE.

I must not dismiss this Letter without de-
claring my self a good Protestant, as I hint in
the subscribing Part of it. This I think neces-
sary to take Notice of, lest I should be ac-
cused, by an Author of *Unexampled Stupidi-*

ty, for corresponding with the Head of the Romish Church.

N^o 141. Saturday, August 22.

*Frangere, miser, calamos, vigilataque praelia dele,
Qui facis in parvâ sublimia Carmina Cellâ,
Ut dignus venias Hederis, & Imagine Macrâ. Juv.*

WIT, saith the Bishop of Rochester in his elegant Sermon against the Scorn-er, as it implies a certain uncommon Reach and Vivacity of Thought, is an Excellent Talent, very fit to be employed in the Search of Truth, and very capable of assisting us to discern and embrace it. I shall take leave to carry this Observation further into common Life, and remark, that it is a Faculty, when properly directed, very fit to recommend young Persons to the Favour of such Patrons, as are generously studious to promote the Interest of Politeness, and the Honour of their Country. I am therefore much grieved to hear the frequent Complaints of some rising Authors whom I have taken under my Guardianship. Since my Circumstances will not allow me to give them due Encouragement, I must take upon me the Person of a Philosopher, and make them a Present of my Advice. I would not have any Poet whatsoever, who is not born to Five hundred a Year, deliver himself up to Wit, but as it is subservient to the Improvement of his Fortune. This Talent is useful in all Professions, and should be con-

sidered not as a Wife, but as an Attendant. Let them take an old Man's Word; the Desire of Fame grows languid in a few Years, and Thoughts of Ease and Convenience erase the Fairy Images of Glory and Honour. Even those who have succeeded both in Fame and Fortune, look back on the petty Trifles of their Youth with some Regret, when their Minds are turned to more exalted and useful Speculations. This is admirably exprest in the following Lines, by an Author, whom I have formerly done Justice to on the Account of his Pastoral Poems

*In search of Wisdom, far from Wit I fly.
Wit is a Harlot, beauteous to the Eye,
In whose bewitching Arms our early Time
We waste, and Vigour of our youthful Prime:
But when Reflection comes with riper Years,
And Manhood with a Thoughtful Brow appears;
We cast the Mistress off to take a Wife,
And, wed to Wisdom, lead a happy Life.*

A Passage which happened to me some Years ago confirmed several Maxims of Frugality in my Mind. A Woollen-draper of my Acquaintance, remarkable for his Learning and Good-nature, pulled out his Pocket Book, wherein he showed me at the one End several well-chosen Mottos, and several Patterns of Cloth at the other—I, like a well-bred Man, praised both sorts of Goods; whereupon he tore out the Mottos, and generously gave them to me; but, with great Prudence, put up the Patterns in his Pocket again.

I am sensible, that any Accounts of my own Secret History can have but little weight with

young Men of Sanguine Expectations. I shall therefore take this Opportunity to present my Wards with the History of an Ancient *Greek* Poet, which was sent me from the Library of *Fez*, and is to be found there in the End of a very Ancient Manuscript of *Homer's* Works, which was brought by the Barbarians from *Constantinople*. The Name of the Poet is torn out, nor have the Criticks yet determined it. I have faithfully translated part of it, and desire that it may be diligently perused by all Men who design to live by their Wits.

‘ I was born at the foot of a certain Mountain in *Greece* called *Parnassus*, where the
‘ Country is remarkably delicious. My Mother, while she was with Child of me, long-
‘ ed for Laurel Leaves; and, as I lay in my
‘ Cradle, a Swarm of Bees settled about my
‘ Mouth, without doing me any Injury These
‘ were looked upon as Presages of my being
‘ a Great Man; and the early Promises I gave
‘ of a quick Wit and lively Fancy, confirmed
‘ the high Opinion my Friends had conceived of me. It would be an idle Tale to
‘ relate the trifling Adventures of my Youth,
‘ till I arrived at my Twentieth Year. It was
‘ then that the Love I bore to a beautiful
‘ young Virgin, with whom I had innocently
‘ and familiarly conversed from my Childhood,
‘ became the Publick Talk of our Village. I
‘ was so taken up with my Passion, that I entirely neglected all other Affairs; and tho’
‘ the Daughter of *Machaon* the Physician, and

‘ a rich Heiress, the Daughter of a famous
 ‘ *Grecian* Orator, were offered me in Mar-
 ‘ riage, I peremptorily refused both the Mat-
 ‘ ches, and rashly vowed to live and die with
 ‘ the lovely *Polyhymnia*. In vain did my Pa-
 ‘ rents remonstrate to me, that the Traditi-
 ‘ on of her being descended from the Gods,
 ‘ was too poor a Portion for one of my nar-
 ‘ row Fortunes; that, except her fine Green-
 ‘ house and Garden, she had not one Foot of
 ‘ Land; and tho’ she should gain the Law-
 ‘ Suit about the Summit of *Parnassus*, (which
 ‘ yet had many Pretenders to it) that the Air
 ‘ was so bleak there, and the Ground so bar-
 ‘ ren, that it would certainly starve the Pos-
 ‘ sessor. I fear my Obstinacy in this Particu-
 ‘ lar broke my Mother’s Heart, who died
 ‘ a short time after, and was soon followed
 ‘ by my Father.

‘ I now found my self at Liberty, and, not-
 ‘ withstanding the Opposition of a great ma-
 ‘ ny Rivals, I won and enjoyed *Polyhymnia*.
 ‘ Our Amour was known to the whole Coun-
 ‘ try, and all, who saw, extolled the Beauty
 ‘ of my Mistress, and pronounced me happy
 ‘ in the Possession of so many Charms. We li-
 ‘ ved in great Splendor and Gaiety, I being
 ‘ persuaded that high Living was necessary to
 ‘ keep up my Reputation and the Beauty of
 ‘ my Mistress; from whom I had daily Ex-
 ‘ pectations given me of a Post in the Go-
 ‘ vernment, or some lavish Present from the
 ‘ great Men of our Commonwealth. I was
 ‘ so proud of my Partner, that I was perpe-

‘ tually bringing Company to see her, and was
‘ a little tiresome to my Acquaintance, by
‘ talking continually of her several Beauties.
‘ She her self had a most exalted Conceit of
‘ her Charms, and often invited the Ladies
‘ to ask their Opinions of her Dress; which
‘ if they disapprov’d in any Particular, she
‘ call’d them a Pack of envious insipid Things,
‘ and ridiculed them in all Companies. She
‘ had a delicate Set of Teeth, which appear-
‘ ed most to Advantage when she was angry;
‘ and therefore she was very often in a Passi-
‘ on. By this imprudent Behaviour, when
‘ we had run out of our Mony, we had no li-
‘ ving Soul to befriend us; and every Body
‘ cried out, it was a Judgment upon me for
‘ being a Slave to such a proud Minx, such a
‘ conceited Hussy.

‘ I loved her passionately, and exclaimed a-
‘ gainst a blind and injudicious World. Be-
‘ sides, I had several Children by her, and
‘ was likely still to have more; for I always
‘ thought the youngest the most Beautiful. I
‘ must not forget that a certain great Lord
‘ offered me a considerable Sum, in my Ne-
‘ cessity, to have the Reputation of fathering
‘ one of them; but I rejected his Offer with
‘ Disdain. In order to support her Family
‘ and Vanities, she carried me to *Athens*;
‘ where she put me upon a hundred Pranks to
‘ get Mony. Sometimes she drest me in an
‘ Antique Robe and placed a Diadem on my
‘ Head, and made me gather a Mob about
‘ me by talking in a blustering Tone, and un-
‘ intelli-

‘ intelligible Language. Sometimes she made
 ‘ me foam at the Mouth, roll my Eyes, in-
 ‘ voke the Gods, and Act a Sort of Mad-
 ‘ ness, which the *Athenians* call the *Pinda-*
 ‘ *rism*. At another time she put a Sheep-
 ‘ hook in my Hand, and drove me round my
 ‘ Garret, calling it the Plains of *Arcadia*.
 ‘ When these Projects failed, she gave out,
 ‘ with good Success that I was an *Old Astro-*
 ‘ *loger*; after that a *Dumb Man*; and last of
 ‘ all she made me pass for a *Lion*.

‘ IT may seem strange, that, after so te-
 ‘ dious a Slavery, I should ever get my Free-
 ‘ dom. But so it happened, that, during the
 ‘ three last Transformations, I grew acquaint-
 ‘ ed with the Lady *Sophia*, whose superior
 ‘ Charms cooled my Passion for *Polyhymnia*;
 ‘ insomuch that some envious dull Fellows
 ‘ gave it out, my Mistress had jilted and left
 ‘ me. But the Slanders of my Enemies were
 ‘ silenced by my publick Espousal of *Sophia*;
 ‘ who, with a Greatness of Soul, void of all
 ‘ Jealousie, hath taken *Polyhymnia* for her
 ‘ Woman, and is drest by her every Day.

N^o 142. *Monday, August 24.*

— *pacis mala: sevirior armis*

Luxuria incubuit, victumque ulciscitur — Juv.

BEING obliged, at present, to attend a
 particular Affair of my own, I do im-
 power my Printer to look into the Arcana of
 the

the Lion, and select out of them such as may be of publick Utility; and Mr. *Button* is hereby authoris'd and commanded to give my said Printer free Ingress and Egress to the Lion, without any Hindrance, Lett, or Molestation whatsoever, untill such time as he shall receive Orders to the contrary. And for so doing this shall be his Warrant.

NESTOR IRONSIDE.

By Vertue of the foregoing Order, the Lion has been carefully examined, and the two following Papers being found upon him, are thought very proper for publick Use.

Given in at the Lion's Mouth at 6 a Clock in the Morning.

Mr. IRONSIDE,

I Came very early this Morning to rouse your Lion, thinking it the properest time to offer him Trash when his Stomach was empty and sharp sett; and being informed too that he is so very modest, as to be shy of swallowing any thing before much Company, and not without some other Politick Views, the principal of which was, that his Digestion being then the most keen and vigorous, it might probably refine this Raw-piece from several of its Crudities, and so make it proper Food for his Master; for as great Princes keep their Taster, so I perceive you keep your Digester, having an Appetite peculiarly turned for Delicacies.

If

‘ If a Fellow-feeling and Similitude of Em-
‘ ployment are any Motives to engage your
‘ Attention, I may for once promise my self
‘ a favourable Hearing. By the Account you
‘ have given us of the *Sparkler*, and your o-
‘ ther Female Wards, I am pretty confident
‘ you cannot be a Stranger to the many great
‘ Difficulties there are in weaning a young
‘ Lady’s Inclination from a Frolick which she
‘ is fully bent upon. I am Guardian to a
‘ young Heiress, whose Conduct I am more
‘ than ordinary Sollicitous to keep steady in
‘ the slippery Age we live in; I must confess
‘ Miss has hitherto been very Tractable and
‘ Toward, considering she is an Heiress, and
‘ now upon the brink of Fifteen; but here of
‘ late *Tom Whirligigg* has so turned her Head
‘ with the Gallantries of a late Masquerade,
‘ (which no doubt *Tom*, according to his u-
‘ sual Vivacity, set forth in all its gayest Co-
‘ lours;) that the young Creature has been
‘ perfectly giddy ever since, and so set agog
‘ with the Thoughts of it, that I am teased
‘ to Death by her importuning me to let her
‘ go to the next. In the mean time, I have sur-
‘ prized her more than once or twice very
‘ busie in pulling all her Cloaths to pieces, in
‘ order to make up a strange Dress, and with
‘ much ado have reprieved them from her
‘ merciless Scizzars. Now you must under-
‘ stand, old IRON, I am very loath to trust
‘ her all alone into such an Ocean of Temp-
‘ tations. I have made use of all manner of
‘ Dissuasives to her, and have sufficiently demon-
mon-

‘ monstrated to her, that the Devil first ad-
 ‘ dressed himself to *Eve* in a Masque, and
 ‘ that we owe the Loss of our first happy
 ‘ State to a Masquerade, which that Sly In-
 ‘ triguer made in the Garden, where he se-
 ‘ duced her; but she does not at all regard all
 ‘ this, the Passion of Curiosity is as Predomi-
 ‘ nant in her as ever it was in her Predeces-
 ‘ sor. Therefore I appeal, Sage NESTOR,
 ‘ to your experienced Age, whether these
 ‘ Nocturnal Assemblies have not a bad Ten-
 ‘ dency, to give a loose Turn to a young La-
 ‘ dy’s Imagination. For the being in Disguise
 ‘ takes away the usual Checks and Restraints
 ‘ of Modesty; and consequently the *Beaux*
 ‘ don’t blush to talk wantonly, nor the *Bel-
 ‘ les* to listen; the one as greedily sucks in the
 ‘ Poison, as the other industriously infuses it;
 ‘ and I am too apt to think too, that the Ladies
 ‘ may possibly forget their own selves in such
 ‘ strange Dresses, and do that in a personated
 ‘ Character which may stain their real ones.
 ‘ A young Milk-maid may indulge her self in
 ‘ the innocent Freedom of a Green Gown;
 ‘ and a Shepherdess, without thinking any
 ‘ harm, may lye down with a Shepherd on a
 ‘ Mossie Bank; and all this while poor *Silvia*
 ‘ may be so far lost in the pleasing Thoughts of
 ‘ her new Romantick Attire, and *Damon*’s soft
 ‘ endearing Language, as never once to re-
 ‘ flect who she is, till the Romance is com-
 ‘ pleted. Besides, do but consider, dear
 ‘ NESTOR, when a young Lady’s Spirits are
 ‘ fermented with sparkling Champaign, her
 ‘ Heart

‘ Heart opened and dilated by the attractive
 ‘ Gayety of every thing about her, her Soul
 ‘ melted away by the soft Airs of Musick,
 ‘ and the gentle Powers of Motion, in a word,
 ‘ the whole Woman dissolved in a Luxury
 ‘ of Pleasure; I say in such critical Circum-
 ‘ stances, in such unguarded Moments, how
 ‘ easie is it for a young thing to be led aside
 ‘ by her Stars. Therefore, good Mr. IRON-
 ‘ SIDE, set your Lion a roaring against these
 ‘ dangerous Assemblies: I can assure you, one
 ‘ good loud Roar will be sufficient to deter
 ‘ my Ward from them, for she is naturally
 ‘ mighty fearful, and has been always used
 ‘ from her Childhood to be frightened into
 ‘ good Behaviour. And it may prove too
 ‘ some Benefit to your self in the Manage-
 ‘ ment of your own Females, who, if they
 ‘ are not already, I don’t at all question but
 ‘ they will be very shortly gadding after these
 ‘ Midnight Gambols. Therefore, to promote
 ‘ your own Peace and Quietness, as well as
 ‘ mine, and the Safety of all young Virgins,
 ‘ pray order your Lion to exert his loudest
 ‘ Notes against Masquerades; I am sure it
 ‘ would be a perfect Consort to all good Mo-
 ‘ thers, and particularly charm the Ears of

Your faithful Friend and Companion,

Old Rustifides.

Most worthy S I R,

‘ BEING informed that the *Evites* daily
 ‘ increase, and that Fig-Leaves are short-
 ‘ ly

' ly coming into Fashion; I have hired me a
 ' Piece of Ground and planted it with Fig-
 ' Trees, the Soil being naturally productive
 ' of 'em. I hope, good Sir, you will so far
 ' encourage my new Project, as to acquaint
 ' the Ladies, that I have now by me a choice
 ' Collection of Fig-Leaves of all Sorts and
 ' Sizes, of a delicate Texture and a lovely
 ' bright Verdure, beautifully scolloped at
 ' the Extremities, and most curiously wrought
 ' with Variety of slender Fibres ranged in
 ' beautiful Meanders and Windings. I have
 ' some very cool ones for Summer, so tran-
 ' sparently thin that you may see through
 ' them, and others of a thicker Substance for
 ' Winter. I have likewise some very small
 ' ones of a particular Species for little Misses.
 ' So that I don't question but to give general
 ' Satisfaction to all Ladies whatsoever, that
 ' please to repair to me at the Sign of the *A-*
 ' *dam* and *Eve* near *Cupid's Gardens*. If you
 ' will favour me with the Insertion of this in
 ' your *Guardian*, I will make your Favou-
 ' rite, the *Sparkler*, a Present of some of the
 ' choicest Fig-Leaves I have, and lay before
 ' her Feet the *Primitias* of my new Garden;
 ' and if you bring me a great many Customers
 ' for my Leaves, I promise you my Figs shall
 ' all be at your Service.

I am, worthy S I R,

*Your Worship's most Obedient,
 Humble Servant,*

Anthony Ever-Green.

N. B. 'I

N. B. ' I am now rearing up a Sett of fine
' Furbelowed Dock-Leafs, which will be ex-
' ceeding proper for old Women and Super-
' annuated Maids; those Plants having two
' excellent good Properties, the one, that
' they flourish best in dry Ground; the o-
' ther, that being cloathed with feveral Inte-
' guments of downy Surfaces, they are ex-
' ceeding warm and cherishing.

N^o 143. *Tuesday, August 25.*

Quis fuit, horrendos, primus qui protulit enses?
Quàm ferus, & verè ferreus ille fuit! Tibul.

NOTWITHSTANDING the Levi-
ty of the Pun, which is in the second
Line of my Motto, the Subject I am going
upon is of the most serious Consequence, and
concerns no less than the Peace and Quiet,
and (for ought I know) the very Life and
Safety, of every inoffensive and well-disposed
Inhabitant of this City. Frequent Complaints
have been made to me, by Men of Discretion
and Sobriety, in most of the Coffee-houses from
St. James's to Jonathan's, that there is sprung
up of late a very numerous Race of young Fel-
lows about the Town, who have the Confi-
dence to walk the Streets, and come into all
Publick Places in open Day light, with Swords
of such an immoderate length, as strike Ter-
ror into a great many of her Majesty's good
Subjects.

Subjects. Besides this, half a dozen of this Fraternity in a Room, or a narrow Street, are as inconvenient as so many Turn-styles, because you can pass neither backward nor forward, till you have first put their Weapons aside. When *Jack Lizard* made his first Tripto Town from the University, he thought, he could never bring up with him too much of the Gentleman; this I soon perceived in the first Visit he made me, when, I remember, he came scraping in at the Door, incumbered with a Bar of Cold Iron so irksomly long, that it banged against his Calf, and jarred upon his Right Heel as he walked, and came ratling behind him as he ran down the Stairs; but his Sister *Annabella's* Raillery soon cured him of this awkward Air, by telling him that his Sword was only fit for going up Stairs, or walking up Hill, and that she shrewdly suspected, he had stolen it out of the College Kitchen.

BUT to return to the Publick Grievance of this City; it is very remarkable, that these *Brothers of the Blade* began to appear upon the first Suspension of Arms; and that since the Conclusion of the Peace the *Order* is very much increased, both as to the Number of the Men, and the Size of their Weapons. I am informed, that these Men of preposterous Bravery, who affect a Military Air in a profound Peace, and dare to look terrible amongst their Friends and Fellow-Citizens, have formed a Plan to erect themselves into a Society, under the Name of the *Terrible-Club*; and that

that they entertain hopes of getting the great Armory Hall in the *Tower* for their Club-Room. Upon this I have made it my Business to enquire more particularly into the Cabals of these *Hectors*; and, by the help of my Lion, I have got such Informations as will enable me to countermine their Designs, together with a Copy of some fundamental Articles drawn up by three of their Ring-leaders; the which, it seems, are to be augmented and assented to by the rest of the Gang on the first of *January* next (if not timely prevented) at a general Meeting in the Sword-Cutlers Hall. I shall at present (to let them see that they are not unobserved) content my self with publishing only the said Articles.

Articles to be agreed upon by the Members of the Terrible Club.

IMPRIMIS, That the Club do meet at Mid-night in the great Armory Hall in the *Tower*, (if leave can be obtained) the first *Monday* in every Month.

II. *THAT* the President be seated upon a Drum at the upper end of the Table, accoutred with a Helmet, a Basket-hilt Sword, and a Buff Belt.

III. *THAT* the President be always obliged to provide, for the first and standing Dish of the Club, a Pasty of Bull Beef, baked in a Target made for that purpose.

IV. *THAT* the Members do cut their Meat with Bayonets instead of Knives.

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Y

V. *THAT*

V. THAT every Member do sit to the Table, and eat, with his Hat, his Sword and his Gloves on.

VI. THAT there be no Liquor drank but Rack-Punch quickned with Brandy and Gunpowder.

VII. THAT a large Mortar be made use of for a Punch Bowl.

IN all appearance, it could be no other than a Member of this Club, who came last Week to *Button's*, and fate over-against the Lion with such a settled Fierceness in his Countenance, as if he came to vie with that Animal in Sternness of Looks. His Stature was somewhat low; his Motions quick and smart, and might be mistaken for Startings and Convulsions. He wore a broad stiff Hat, Cudgel-proof, with an Edging three Fingers deep, trussed up into the fierce Trooper's Cock: To this was added a dark Wig, very moderately curled, and tied in two large Knots up to his Ears; his Coat was short, and rich in tarnished Lace; his Nostrils and his upper Lip were all begrimed with Snuff. At first I was in hopes the Gentleman's Friends took care not to intrust him with any Weapon; 'till, looking down, I could perceive a Sword of a most unwarrantable Size, that hung carelessly below his Knee, with two large Tossels at the Hilt, that played about his Ancles.

I must confess I cannot help shrewdly suspecting the Courage of the *Terribles*; I beg Pardon if I am in the wrong when I think, that
the

the long Sword, and the swaggering Cock, are the ordinary Disguises of a faint Heart. These Men, while they think to impose Terrour upon others, do but render themselves contemptible; their very Dress tells you, that they are surrounded with Fears, that they live in *Hobbs's* State of Nature, and that they are never free from Apprehensions. I dare say, if one were to look into the Hearts of these Champions, one should find there a great Tendency to go cased in Armour, and that nothing but the Fear of a stronger Ridicule restrains them from it. A brave Man scorns to wear any Thing, that may give him an Advantage over his Neighbour; his great Glory is neither to fear nor to be feared. I remember, when I was abroad, to have seen a Buffoon in an Opera, whose excessive Cowardise never failed to set the whole Audience into a loud Laughter: But the Scene which seemed to divert them most, was that in which he came on with a Sword, that reached quite across the Stage, and was put to Flight by an Adversary, whose Stature was not above four Foot high, and whose Weapon was not three Foot long. This brings to my Mind what I have formerly read of a King of *Arabia*, who shewing a rich Sword, that had been presented to him, his Courtiers unanimously gave their Opinion, that it had no other Fault, but that of being too short; upon which the King's Son said, that there was no Weapon too short for a brave Man, since there needed no more but to advance one Step to make it long e-

enough. To this I shall subjoin, by way of Corollary, that there is no Weapon long enough for a Coward, who never thinks himself secure while he is within Sight of his Adversary's Point. I would therefore advise these Men, of a distant Courage, as they tender their Honour, to shorten their Dimensions, and reduce their Tilters to a more reputable, as well as a more portable Size.

N^o 144. *Wednesday, August 19.*

Sua cuique quum sit animi cogitatio,

Colorque privus ————— Phædr.

IT is a very just, and a common Observati-
on upon the Natives of this Island, that in
their different Degrees, and in their several
Professions and Employments, they abound
as much, and perhaps more, in good Sense,
than any People; and yet, at the same time,
there is scarce an *Englishman* of any Life and
Spirit, that has not some odd Cast of Thought,
some Original Humour, that distinguishes
him from his Neighbour. Hence it is, that
our Comedies are enriched with such a Di-
versity of Characters, as is not to be seen up-
on any other Theatre in *Europe*. Even in
the Masquerades that have been lately given
to the Town (though they are Diversions we
are not accustomed to) the Singularities of
Dress were carried much farther than is usual
in Foreign Countries, where the Natives are
trained up, as it were, from their Infancy to
those

those Amusements. The very same Measure of Understanding, the very same Accomplishments, the very same Defects, shall, amongst us, appear under a quite different Aspect in one Man, to what they do in another. This makes it as impracticable to Foreigners to enter into a thorough Knowledge of the *English*, as it would be to learn the *Chinese* Language, in which there is a different Character for every individual Word. I know not how to explain this Vein of Humour so obvious in my Countrymen better, than by comparing it to what the *French* call *Le goût du terroir* in Wines; by which they mean the different Flavour one and the same Grape shall draw from the different Soils in which it is planted. This National Mark is visible amongst us in every Rank and Degree of Men, from the Persons of the first Quality and Politest Sense, down to the rudest and most Ignorant of the People. Every Mechanick has a peculiar Cast of Head and a turn of Wit, or some uncommon Whim, as a Characteristick, that distinguishes him from others of his Trade, as well as from the Multitudes, that are upon a Level with him. We have a Small-Coal Man, who from beginning with two plain Notes, which make up his daily Cry, has made himself Master of the whole Compass of the Gammut, and has frequent Consorts of Musick at his own House for the Entertainment of himself and his Friends. There is a Person of great Hospitality, who

lives in a Plaistered Cottage upon the Road to *Hampstead*, and gets a Superfluity of Wealth, by accommodating Holiday Passengers with Ale, Brandy, Pipes, Tobacco, Cakes, Ginger bread, Apples, Pears, and other small Refreshments of Life; and on Worky-days takes the Air in his Chaise, and recreates himself with the elegant Pleasures of the *Beau-monde*. The shining Men amongst our Mob, dignified by the Title of *Ringleaders*, have an inexhaustible Fund of Archness and Railery; as likewise have our Sailors and Watermen. Our very Street Beggars are not without their peculiar *Oddities*, as the Schoolmen term them. The other Day a tatter'd Wag followed me a-cross the *Meuse* with *One Farthing or Half-penny, good your Honour; do your Honour; and I shall make bold to pray for you.*

SHAKESPEAR (who was a great Copier of Nature) whenever he introduces any Artisans, or low Characters into his Plays, never fails to dash them strongly with some distinguishing Stain of Humour, as may be seen more remarkably in the Scene of the Grave-makers in *Hamlet*.

THOUGH this Singularity of Temper, which runs through the Generality of us, may make us seem whimsical to Strangers; yet it furnishes out a perpetual Change of Entertainment to our selves, and diversifies all our Conversations with such a variety of Mirth, as is not to be met within any other Country. Sir *William Temple*, in his Essay upon Poetry, endeav-

endeavours to account for the *British* Humours in the following Manner:

‘ THIS may proceed from the Native
 ‘ Plenty of our Soil, the Unequalness of our
 ‘ Climate, as well as the Ease of our Govern-
 ‘ ment, and the Liberty of professing Opini-
 ‘ ons and Factions, which perhaps our Neigh-
 ‘ bours have about them, but are forced to
 ‘ disguise, and thereby may come in time to
 ‘ be extinguished. Thus we come to have
 ‘ more Originals, and more that appear what
 ‘ they are: We have more Humour, because
 ‘ every Man follows his own, and takes a
 ‘ Pleasure, perhaps a Pride, to shew it. On
 ‘ the contrary, where the People are general-
 ‘ ly poor, and forced to hard Labour, their
 ‘ Actions and Lives are all of a Piece: Where
 ‘ they serve hard Masters, they must follow
 ‘ their Examples, as well as Commands, and
 ‘ are forced upon Imitation in small Matters,
 ‘ as well as Obedience in great: So that some
 ‘ Nations look as if they were cast all by one
 ‘ Mould, or cut out all by one Pattern (at
 ‘ least the common People in one, and the
 ‘ Gentlemen in another): They seem all of
 ‘ a Sort in their Habits, their Customs, and
 ‘ even their Talk and Conversation, as well
 ‘ as in the Application and Pursuit of their
 ‘ Actions and their Lives. Besides all this,
 ‘ there is another Sort of Variety amongst
 ‘ us, which arises from our Climate, and the
 ‘ Dispositions it naturally produces. We are
 ‘ not only more unlike one another, than a-
 ‘ ny Nation I know; but we are more unlike

‘ our selves too, at several Times, and owe
 ‘ to our very Air some ill Qualities, as well
 ‘ as many good.

OURS is the only Country, perhaps, in the whole World, where every Man, rich and poor, dares to have a Humour of his own, and to avow it upon all Occasions. I make no doubt, but that it is to this great Freedom of Temper, and this unconstrained manner of Living, that we owe, in a great Measure, the Number of shining *Genius's*, which rise up amongst us from time to time, in the several Arts and Sciences, for the Service and for the Ornament of Life. This frank and generous Disposition in a People, will likewise never fail to keep up in their Minds an Aversion to Slavery, and be, as it were, a standing Bulwark of their Liberties. So long as ever Wit and Humour continues, and the Generality of us will have their own way of Thinking, Speaking and Acting, this Nation is not like to give any Quarter to an *Invader*, and much less to bear with the Absurdities of *Popery*, in Exchange for an *established* and a *reasonable Faith*.

N^o 145. Thursday, August 27.

Jura neget sibi nata, nihil non arroget armis. Hor.

AMONGST the several Challenges and Letters which my Paper of the 25th has brought upon me, there happens to be
 one

one which I know not well what to make of. I am doubtful whether it is the Archness of some Wag, or the serious Resentment of a Coxcomb, that vents his Indignation with an insipid Pertness. In either of these two Lights I think it may divert my Readers, for which Reason I shall make no scruple to comply with the Gentleman's Request, and make his Letter Publick.

Old Testy,

Tilt-yard Coffee-house.

‘**Y**OUR grey Hairs for once shall be your
 ‘ Protection, and this Billet a fair War-
 ‘ ning to you for your audacious Raillery upon
 ‘ the Dignity of long Swords. Look to it for
 ‘ the future; consider, we Brothers of the
 ‘ *Blade* are Men of a *long Reach*: Think be-
 ‘ times,

How many Perils do environ

The Man that meddles with cold Iron.

‘ It has always been held dangerous to play
 ‘ with Edge-Tools. I grant you, we Men
 ‘ of Valour are but awkward Jesters; we know
 ‘ not how to repay Joke for Joke; but then
 ‘ we always make up in *Point* what we want
 ‘ in *Wit*. He that shall rashly attempt to re-
 ‘ gulate our Hilts, or reduce our Blades, had
 ‘ need to have a Heart of Oak, as well as *Sides*
 ‘ of *Iron*. Thus much for the present: In
 ‘ the mean time *Bilbo* is the Word, remem-
 ‘ ber that and tremble.

Tho. Swagger.

THIS

THIS jocose manner of bullying an old Man, so long as it affords some Entertainment to my Friends, is what I shall not go about to discourage. However, my witty Antagonist must give me leave, since he attacks me in Proverbs, to exchange a Thrust or two with him at the same Weapons; and so let me tell Mr. *Swagger*, *There is no catching old Birds with Chaff*; and that *Brag* is a good Dog, but *Hold-fast* is a better. *Fore-warned, fore-armed*. Having dispatched this Combatant, and given him as good as he brings, I proceed to exhibit the Case of a Person who is the very Reverse of the former; the which he lays before me in the following Epistle.

Worthy SIR,

I Am the most unfortunate of Men, if you do not speedily interpose with your Authority in behalf of a Gentleman, who by his own Example has for these six Months endeavoured, at the Peril of his Life, to bring little Swords into Fashion, in hopes to prevail upon the Gentry by that means (winning them over Inch by Inch) to appear without any Swords at all. It was my Misfortune to call in at *Tom's* last Night a little fuddled, where I happened only to point towards an odd Fellow with a monstrous Sword, that made a Ring round him, as he turned upon his Heel to speak to one or other in the Room. Upon this *Peccadillo*, the bloody-minded Villain has sent me a Challenge this Morning. I tremble at the very Thoughts

' Thoughts of it, and am Sick with the Ap-
 ' prehension of seeing that Weapon naked,
 ' which terrified me in the Scabbard. The
 ' unconscionable Russian desires, in the most
 ' civil Terms, he may have the Honour of
 ' measuring Swords with me. Alas, Sir, mine
 ' is not (Hilt and all) above a Foot and a half.
 ' I take the Liberty of enclosing it to you in
 ' my Wig-Box, and shall be eternally obliged
 ' to you, if, upon sight of it, your Compas-
 ' sion may be so far moved, as to occasion
 ' you to write a good Word for me to my
 ' Adversary, or to say any thing that may
 ' shame him into Reason, and save at once
 ' the Life and Reputation of,

SIR, Your most devoted Slave,

Timothy Bodkin.

Good Mr. Bodkin,

THE Perusal of this Paper will give you
 to understand, that your Letter, toge-
 ther with the little Implement you sent me in
 the Band-box, came safe to my Hands. From
 the Dimensions of it, I perceive your Cou-
 rage lies in a narrow Compass. Suppose you
 should send this *Bravo* the Fellow to it, and
 desire him to meet you in a Closet, letting
 him know, at the same time, that you fight
 all your Duels under Lock and Key for the
 sake of Privacy. But, if this Proposal seems
 a little too rash, I shall send my Servant with
 your Sword to the Person offended, and give
 him Instructions to tell him, you are a little
 Pur-

Pur-blind, and dare not for that Reason trust to a longer Weapon, and that an Inch in his Body will do your Business as well as an Ell: Or, if you would have me proceed yet more cautiously, my Servant shall let him know as from me, that he should meddle with his Match; and that alone, if he be a Man of Honour, will make him reflect; if otherwise (as I am very inclinable to doubt it) you need give your self no farther unnecessary Fears; but rely upon the Truth of my Remarks upon the *Terribles*. I have bethought my self of one Expedient more for you, which seems to be the most likely to succeed. Send your own Servant to wait upon the Gentleman. Let him carry with him your Sword, and a Letter, in which you tell him, that admiring the Magnificence and Grandeur of his Weapon at *Tom's*, you thought it great Pity, so gallant a *Cavalier* should not be compleatly armed; for which Reason you humbly request, that you may have the Honour of presenting him with a Dagger.

I am SIR,

Your Faithful Servant,

NESTOR IRONSIDE.

I received a Letter last Week from one of my Female Wards, who subscribes her self *Teraminta*. She seems to be a Lady of great Delicacy, by the Concern she shows for the Loss of a small Covering, which the generality of the Sex have laid aside. She is in Pain,
and

and full of those Fears, which are natural in a State of Virginity, least any, the smallest Part of her Linnen, should be in the Possession of a Man. In Compliance therefore with her Request, and to gratifie her Modesty so far as lies in my Power, I have given Orders to my Printer to make Room for her Advertisement in this Day's Paper.

ADVERTISEMENT.

August 19. *Whereas a Modesty-Piece was lost at the Masquerade last Monday Night, being the 17th Instant, between the Hours of Twelve and One, the Author of this Paper gives Notice, that if any Person will put it into the Hands of Mr. Daniel Button, to be returned to the Owner, it shall by her be acknowledged as the last Favour, and no Questions asked.*

N. B. *It is of no Use, but to the Owner.*

N^o 146. *Friday, August 28.*

Primus hominum leonem manu tractare ausus, & ostendere mansuetum, Hanno è clarissimis Pænorum traditur. Plin.

THE Generality of my Readers, I find, are so well pleased with the Story of the Lion, in my Paper of the 20th Instant, and with my Friend's Design of compiling a History of that noble Species of Animals; that
a

a great many Ingenious Persons have promised me their Assistance to bring in Materials for the Work, from all the Store-houses of Ancient and Modern Learning, as well as from Oral Tradition. For a farther Encouragement of the Undertaking, a considerable number of *Virtuosi* have offered, when my Collections shall swell into a reasonable Bulk, to contribute very handsomly, by way of Subscription, towards the Printing of them in *Folio*, on a large Royal Paper, curiously adorned with Variety of Forests, Desarts, Rocks and Caves, and Lions of all Sorts and Sizes upon Copper Plates by the best Hands. A rich old Batchelor of *Lyon's-Inn*, (who is Zealous for the Honour of the Place in which he was Educated) sends me Word, I may depend upon a Hundred Pounds from him, towards the Embellishing of the Work; assuring me, at the same time, that he will set his Clerk to search the Records, and enquire into the Antiquities of that House, that there may be no Stone left unturned to make the Book compleat. Considering the Volumes, that have been written upon *Insects* and *Reptiles*, and the vast Expence and Pains some Philosophers have been at to discover, by the help of Glasses, their almost imperceptible Qualities and Perfections; it will not, I hope, be thought unreasonable, if the Lion (whose Majestick Form lies open to the naked Eye) should take up a first-rate *Folio*.

A worthy Merchant, and a Friend of mine, sends me the following Letter, to be inserted in my Commentaries upon Lions.

S I R,

‘ SINCE one of your Correspondents has,
 ‘ of late, entertained the Publick with
 ‘ a very remarkable and ancient Piece of
 ‘ History, in Honour of the Grandees of
 ‘ the Forest; and since it is probable you
 ‘ may in time collect a great many curious
 ‘ Records and amazing Circumstances, which
 ‘ may contribute to make these Animals
 ‘ respected over the Face of the whole
 ‘ Earth; I am not a little ambitious to have
 ‘ the Glory of contributing somewhat to so
 ‘ generous an Undertaking. If you throw
 ‘ your Work into the Form of Chronicle, I
 ‘ am in hopes I may furnish out a Page in it
 ‘ towards the latter End of the Volume, by
 ‘ a Narration of a modern Date, which I had
 ‘ in the Year 1700, from the Gentleman to
 ‘ whom it happened.

‘ ABOUT sixty Years ago, when the
 ‘ Plague raged at *Naples*, Sir *George Davis*
 ‘ (Consul there for the *English* Nation) re-
 ‘ tir’d to *Florence*. It happened one Day, he
 ‘ went out of Curiosity to see the *Great*
 ‘ *Duke’s* Lions. At the farther End, in one
 ‘ of the Dens, lay a Lion, which the Keep-
 ‘ ers in three Years time could not tame, with
 ‘ all the Art and gentle Usage imaginable.
 ‘ Sir *George* no sooner appared at the Grates
 ‘ of the Den, but the Lion ran to him with
 ‘ all the Marks of Joy and Transport, he was
 ‘ capable of expressing: He reared himself
 ‘ up and licked his Hand, which this Gen-
 ‘ tleman put in through the Grates. The
 Keeper

‘ Keeper afrighted, took him by the Arm and
 ‘ pulled him away, begging him not to ha-
 ‘ zard his Life, by going so near the fiercest
 ‘ Creature of that Kind, that ever entered
 ‘ those Dens. However, nothing would sa-
 ‘ tisfie Sir *George*, notwithstanding all that
 ‘ could be said to dissuade him, but he must
 ‘ go into the Den to him. The very Instant
 ‘ he entered, the Lion threw his Paws
 ‘ upon his Shoulders, and licked his Face, and
 ‘ ran to and fro in the Den, fawning, and full
 ‘ of Joy, like a Dog at the Sight of his Ma-
 ‘ ster. After several Embraces and Salutati-
 ‘ ons exchanged on both Sides, they parted
 ‘ very good Friends. The Rumour of this
 ‘ Interview between the Lion and the Stran-
 ‘ ger rung immediately through the whole
 ‘ City, and Sir *George* was very near passing
 ‘ for a Saint amongst the People. The *Great*
 ‘ *Duke*, when he heard of it, sent for Sir
 ‘ *George*, who waited upon his Highness to
 ‘ the Den, and, to satisfie his Curiosity, gave
 ‘ him the following Account of what seem-
 ‘ ed so strange to the Duke and his Fol-
 ‘ lowers.

‘ A Captain of a Ship from *Barbary* gave
 ‘ me this Lion when he was a young Whelp.
 ‘ I brought him up tame; but when I thought
 ‘ him too large to be suffered to run about
 ‘ the House, I built a Den for him in my
 ‘ Court-yard; from that time, he was never
 ‘ permitted to go loose, except when I brought
 ‘ him within Doors to shew him to my Friends.
 ‘ When he was five Years old, in his Game-
 ‘ some

‘ some Tricks, he did some Mischief by Paw-
 ‘ ing and Playing with People: Having gri-
 ‘ ped a Man one Day a little too hard, I or-
 ‘ dered him to be shot, for fear of incurring
 ‘ the Guilt of what might happen; upon this
 ‘ a Friend, who was then at Dinner with
 ‘ me, begged him: How he came here I
 ‘ know not.

‘ HERE Sir *George Davis* ended; and
 ‘ thereupon the Duke of *Tuscany* assured him,
 ‘ that he had the Lion from that very Friend
 ‘ of his.

I am S I R,

*Your most Obedient Servant,
 and constant Reader, &c.*

N^o 147. *Saturday, August 29.*

Bonum est fugienda aspicere alieno in malo. Publ. Syr.

HAVING, in my Paper of the 21st of
July, shew'd my Dislike of the ridicu-
 lous Custom of garnishing a new-married Cou-
 ple, and setting a Gloss upon their Persons,
 which is to last no longer than the Hony-
 Moon; I think it may be much for the Emo-
 lument of my Disciples of both Sexes, to make
 them sensible, in the next place, of the Folly
 of launching out into extravagant Expences,
 and a more magnificent way of Living imme-
 diately upon Marriage. If the Bride and Bride-
 gom happen to be Persons of any Rank, they

come into all Publick Places, and go upon all Visits, with so gay an Equipage, and so glittering an Appearance, as if they were making so many Publick Entries. But to judicious Minds, and to Men of Experience in this Life, the gilt Chariot, the Coach and Six, the gawdy Liveries, the Supernumerary Train of Servants, the great House, the sumptuous Table, the Services of Plate, the Embroidered Cloaths, the rich Brocades, and the Profusion of Jewels, that upon this occasion break out at once, are so many Symptoms of Madness in the happy Pair, and Prognostications of their future Misery.

I remember a Country Neighbour of my Lady *Lizard's*, Squire *Wiseacre* by Name, who enjoyed a very clear Estate of 500 *l. per Ann.* and by living frugally upon it, was before-hand in the World. This Gentleman unfortunately fell in Love with Mrs. *Fanny Flippant*, the then reigning *Toast* in those Parts. In a Word, he married her; and, to give a lasting Proof of his Affection, consented to make both her and himself miserable, by setting out in the high Mode of Wedlock. He, in less than the space of five Years, was reduced to starve in Prison for Debt; and his Lady, with a Son and three Daughters, became a burden to the Parish. The Conduct of *Frank Foresight* was the very Reverse to Squire *Wiseacre's*. He had lived a Bachelor some Years about this Town, in the best of Companies; kept a Chariot and four Footmen, besides six Saddle Horses; he did not exceed,

exceed, but went to the utmost stretch of his Income; but, when he married the beautiful *Clarinda* (who brought him a plentiful Fortune) he dismissed two of his Footmen, four of the Saddle Horses, and his Chariot; and kept only a Chair for the use of his Lady. Embroidered Cloaths and laced Linnen were quite laid aside; he was married in a plain Druggot, and from that time forward, in all the Accommodations of Life never coveted any thing beyond Cleanliness and Convenience. When any of his Acquaintance asked him the Reason of this sudden Change; he would answer, 'In a single Life I could easily compute my Wants, and provide against them; but the Condition of Life, I am now engaged in, is attended with a thousand unforeseen Casualties, as well as with a great many distant, but unavoidable Expences. The Happiness or Misery, in this World, of a future Progeny, will probably depend upon my good or ill Husbandry. I shall never think I have discharged my Duty, till I have layed up a Provision for three or four Children at least.' But prithee *Frank*, says a pert Coxcomb that stood by, why shouldst thou reckon thy Chickens before — upon which he cut him short, and replied, '*Tis no matter; a brave Man can never want Heirs, while there is one Man of Worth living.*' This precautions way of reasoning and acting, has proved to Mr. *Forefight* and his Lady, an uninterrupted Source of Felicity. Wedlock sits light and easie upon them; and they are at

present happy in two Sons and a Daughter, who a great many Years hence will feel the good Effects of their Parents Prudence.

MY Memory fails me in recollecting where I have read, that in some Parts of *Holland* it is provided by Law, that every Man, before he marries, shall be obliged to plant a certain Number of Trees, proportionably to his Circumstances, as a Pledge to the Government for the Maintenance of his Children. Every honest, as well as every prudent Man, should do something equivalent to this, by retrenching all superfluous and idle Expences, instead of following the Extravagant Practice of Persons, who sacrifice every thing to their present Vanity, and never are a Day beforehand in Thought. I know not what Delight splendid Nuptials may afford to the generality of the *Great World*; I never could be present at any of them without a heavy Heart; it is with Pain I refrain from Tears, when I see the Bride thoughtlessly jigging it about the Room, dishonoured with Jewels, and dazzling the Eyes of the whole Assembly at the Expence of her Children's future Subsistence. How singular, in the Age we live in, is the moderate Behaviour of young *Sophia*, and how amiable does she appear in the Eyes of Wise Men! Her Lover, a little before Marriage, acquainted her, that he intended to lay out a Thousand Pounds for a Present in Jewels; but, before he did it, desired to know what sort would be most acceptable to her. Sir, reply'd *Sophia*, I thank you for your kind and
gene-

generous Intentions, and only beg they may be executed in another manner : Be pleased only to give me the Mony, and I will try to lay it out to a better Advantage. I am not, continues she, at all fond of those expensive Trifles; neither do I think the wearing of Diamonds can be any Addition, nor the Absence of them any Diminution, to my Happiness; I should be ashamed to appear in Publick for a few Days in a Dress, which does not become me at all times. Besides, I see by that modest plain Garb of yours, that you are not your self affected with the Gaiety of Apparel. When I am your Wife, my only Care will be to keep my Person clean and neat for you, and not to make it fine for others. The Gentleman, transported with this excellent Turn of Mind in his Mistress, presented her with the Mony in new Gold. She purchased an Annuity with it; out of the Income of which, at every Revolution of her Wedding Day, she makes her Husband some pretty Present, as a Token of her Gratitude, and a fresh Pledge of her Love; part of it she yearly distributes among her indigent and best deserving Neighbours; and the small Remainder she lays out in something useful for her self, or the Children.

N^o 148. Monday, August 31.

Fas est & ab Hoste doceri.

THERE is a kind of Apothegm, which I have frequently met with in my Reading, to this purpose; *That there are few, if any Books, out of which a Man of Learning may not extract something for his use.* I have often experienced the Truth of this Maxim, when, calling in at my Bookseller's, I have taken the Book next to my Hand off the Counter, to employ the Minutes I have been obliged to linger away there, in waiting for one Friend or other. Yesterday, when I came there, the *Turkish Tales* happened to lie in my way; upon opening of that amusing Author, I happened to dip upon a short Tale, which gave me a great many serious Reflections. The very same Fable may fall into the Hands of a great many Men of Wit and Pleasure, who, 'tis probable, will read it with their usual Levity; but since it may as probably Divert and Instruct a great many Persons of plain and virtuous Minds, I shall make no scruple of making it the Entertainment of this Day's Paper. The Moral to be drawn from it is intirely Christian, and is so very obvious, that I shall leave to every Reader the Pleasure of picking it out for himself. I shall only premise, to obviate any Offence that may be taken, that a great many Notions in the *Mahome-*

tan

tan Religion are borrowed from the *Holy Scripture*.

The History of Santon Barsifa.

TH E R E was formerly a *Santon* whose Name was *Barsifa*, which for the Space of an hundred Years very fervently apply'd himself to Prayer; and scarce ever went out of the Grotto in which he made his Residence, for fear of exposing himself to the Danger of offending God. He fasted in the Day-time, and watched in the Night; all the Inhabitants of the Country had such a great Veneration for him, and so highly valu'd his Prayers, that they commonly apply'd to him, when they had any Favour to beg of Heav'n. When he made Vows for the Health of a sick Person, the Patient was immediately cured.

I T happen'd that the Daughter of the King of that Country fell into a dangerous Distemper, the Cause of which the Physicians could not discover, yet they continu'd prescribing Remedies by guess; but instead of helping the Princess, they only augmented her Disease. In the mean time the King was inconsolable, for he passionately lov'd his Daughter; wherefore one Day, finding all Human Assistance vain, he declar'd it as his Opinion, that the Princess ought to be sent to the *Santon Barsifa*.

A L L the *Beys* applauded his Sentiment, and the King's Officers conducted her to the *Santon*; who, notwithstanding his frozen Age, could not see such a Beauty without being sen-

sibly mov'd. He gaz'd on her with Pleasure; and the Devil, taking this Opportunity, whisper'd in his Ear thus; *O Santon! don't let slip such a fortunate Minute: Tell the King's Servants that it is requisite for the Princess to pass this Night in the Grotto, to see whether it will please God to cure her; that you will put up a Prayer for her, and that they need only come to fetch her to Morrow.*

HOW weak is Man! The Santon follow'd the Devil's Advice, and did what he suggested to him. But the Officers, before they would yield to leave the Princess, sent one of their Number to know the King's Pleasure. That Monarch, who had an entire Confidence in *Barsifa*, never in the least scrupled the trusting of his Daughter with him. *I consent*, said he, *that she stay with that Holy Man, and that he keep her as long as he pleases: I am wholly satisfy'd on that Head.*

WHEN the Officers had receiv'd the King's Answer they all retired, and the Princess remain'd alone with the Hermit. Night being come, the Devil presented himself to the Santon, saying, *Canst thou let slip so favourable an Opportunity with so charming a Creature? Fear not her telling of the Violence you offer her; if she were even so indiscreet as to reveal it, who will believe her? The Court, the City, and all the World are too much prepossessed in your Favour, to give any Credit to such a Report. You may do any thing unpunish'd, when arm'd by the great Reputation for Wisdom, which you have acquir'd.* The unfortunate

fortunate *Barsisa* was so weak as to hearken to the Enemy of Mankind. He approach'd the Princess, took her into his Arms, and in a Moment cancell'd a Virtue of an hundred Years Duration.

HE had no sooner perpetrated his Crime, than a thousand avenging Horrors haunted him Night and Day. He thus accosts the Devil: *O Wretch! says he, 'tis thou which hast destroy'd me! Thou hast encompass'd me for a whole Age, and endeavour'd to seduce me; and now at last thou hast gain'd thy End. O Santon! answer'd the Devil, don't reproach me with the Pleasure thou hast enjoy'd. Thou mayest repent: But what is unhappy for Thee is that the Princess is impregnated, and thy Sin will become publick: thou wilt become the Laughing-stock of those who admire and reverence thee at present, and the King will put thee to an ignominious Death.*

BARSISA, terrify'd by this Discourse, says to the Devil, *What shall I do to prevent the Publication of my Shame? To hinder the Knowledge of your Crime you ought to commit a fresh one,* answer'd the Devil: *Kill the Princess, bury her at the Corner of the Grotto, and when the King's Messengers come to Morrow, tell them you have cur'd her, and that she went from the Grotto very early in the Morning: They will believe you, and search for her all over the City and Country; the King her Father will be in great Pain for her, but after several vain Searches it will wear off.*

THE Hermit, abandon'd by God, pursuant to this Advice kill'd the Princess, bury'd her in a Corner of the Grotto, and the next Day told the Officers what the Devil bid him say. They made diligent Enquiry for the King's Daughter, but not being able to hear of her, they despair'd of finding her, when the Devil told them that all their Search for the Princess was vain; and relating what had pass'd betwixt her and the *Santon*, he told them the Place where she was interred. The Officers immediately went to the Grotto, seiz'd *Barsifa*, and found the Princess's Body in the Place to which the Devil had directed them, whereupon they took up the Corps, and carry'd that and the *Santon* to the Palace.

WHEN the King saw his Daughter dead, and was inform'd of the whole Event, he broke out into Tears and bitter Lamentations; and assembling the Doctors, he laid the *Santon's* Crime before them, and ask'd their Advice how he should be punish'd. All the Doctors condemn'd him to Death, upon which the King order'd him to be hang'd: Accordingly a Gibbet was erected: the Hermit went up the Ladder, and when he was going to be turn'd off, the Devil whisper'd in his Ear these Words; *O Santon! if you will worship me I will extricate you out of this Difficulty, and transport you two thousand Leagues from hence, into a Country where you shall be reverenc'd by Men, as much as you were before this Adventure. I am content, says Barsifa; deliver me,*
and

and I will worship thee. Give me first a Sign of Adoration, replies the Devil; whereupon the *Santon* bow'd his Head, and said, I give my self to 'you. The Devil then raising his Voice, said, O *Barsifa*, I am satisfy'd; I have obtained what I desir'd: And with these Words spitting in his Face, he disappear'd; and the deluded *Santon* was hanged.

N^o 149. *Tuesday, September 1.*

Uratur Vestis amore tue. Ovid.

I Have, in a former *Precaution*, endeavour'd to shew the Mechanism of an *Epick Poem*, and given the Reader Prescriptions whereby he may, without the scarce Ingredient of a *Genius*, compose the several Parts of that great Work. I shall now treat of an Affair of more general Importance, and make *Dress* the Subject of the following Paper.

DRESS is grown of universal Use in the Conduct of Life. Civilities and Respect are only paid to Appearance. 'Tis a Varnish that gives a Lustre to every Action, a *Passe-partout* that introduces us into all polite Assemblies, and the only certain Method of making most of the Youth of our Nation conspicuous.

THERE was formerly an absurd Notion among the Men of Letters, that to establish themselves in the Character of Wits, it was absolutely necessary to shew a Contempt of Dress.

Dress. This injudicious Affectation of theirs flatten'd all their Conversation, took off the Force of every Expression, and incapacitated a Female Audience from giving Attention to any thing they said. While the Man of Dress catches their Eyes as well as Ears, and at every ludicrous Turn obtains a Laugh of Applause by Way of Compliment.

I shall lay down as an established Maxim, which hath been received in all Ages, that no Person can *Dress* without a Genius.

A Genius is never to be acquired by Art, but is the Gift of Nature; it may be discovered even in Infancy. Little Master will smile when you shake his Plume of Feathers before him, and thrust its little Knuckles in *Papa's* Full-bottom; Miss will toy with her Mother's *Machlen* Lace, and gaze on the gaudy Colours of a Fan; she smacks her Lips for a Kiss at the Appearance of a Gentleman in Embroidery, and is frightened at the Indecency of the House-Maid's blue Apron: As she grows up, the Dress of her Baby begins to be her Care, and you will see a genteel Fancy open it self in the Ornaments of the little Machine.

WE have a kind of *Sketch of Dress*, if I may so call it, among us, which, as the Invention was Foreign, is called a *Dishabille*: every thing is thrown on with a loose and careless Air, yet a Genius discovers it self even through this Negligence of Dress, just as you may see the Masterly Hand of a Painter in three or four swift Strokes of the Pencil.

THE most fruitful in *Genius's* is the *French* Nation; we owe most of our janty Fashions, now in Vogue, to some adept Beau among them. Their Ladies exert the whole Scope of their Fancies upon every new Petticoat; every Head-dress undergoes a Change; and not a Lady of *Genius* will appear in the same Shape two Days together: so that we may impute the Scarcity of *Genius's* in our Climate to the Stagnation of Fashions.

THE Ladies among us have a superior *Genius* to the Men; which hath for some Years past shot out in several exorbitant Inventions for the greater Consumption of our Manufacture. While the Men have contented themselves with the Retrenchment of the Hat, or the various Scallop of the Pocket; the Ladies have sunk the Head-dress, inclosed themselves in the Circumference of the Hoop Petticoat; Furbelows and Flounces have been disposed of at Will; the Stays have been lower'd behind, for the better displaying the Beauties of the Neck; not to mention the various rolling of the Sleeve, and those other nice Circumstances of Dress upon which every Lady employs her Fancy at Pleasure.

THE Sciences of *Poetry* and *Dress* have so near an Alliance to each other, that the Rules of the one, with very little Variation, may serve for the other.

AS in a Poem all the several Parts of it must have a Harmony with the Whole; so, to keep to the Propriety of Dress, the Coat,
Waist-

Waistcoat and Breeches must be of the same Piece.

AS *Aristotle* obliges all Dramatick Writers to a strict Observance of *Time*, *Place* and *Action*, in order to compose a just Work of this kind of Poetry; so it is also absolutely necessary for a Person that applies himself to the Study of Dress, to have a strict Regard to these three Particulars.

TO begin with the *Time*. What is more absurd than the Velvet Gown in Summer? and what more agreeable in the Winter? The Muff and Fur are preposterous in *June*, which are charmingly supply'd by the *Turkey* Handkerchief and the Fan. Every thing must be suitable to the Season, and there can be no Propriety in Dress without a strict Regard to *Time*.

YOU must have no less Respect to *Place*. What gives a Lady a more easie Air than the wrapping Gown in the Morning at the Tea-Table? The *Bath* countenances the Men of Dress in showing themselves at the Pump in their *Indian* Night-Gowns, without the least Indecorum.

ACTION is what gives the Spirit both to Writing and Dress. Nothing appears graceful without *Action*; the Head, the Arms, the Legs, must all conspire to give a Habit a genteel Air. What distinguishes the Air of the Court from that of the Country but *Action*? A Lady by the careless Toss of her Head will shew a set of Ribbons to Advantage; by a Pinch of Snuff judiciously taken will display
the

the glittering Ornament of her little Finger; by the new modelling her Tucker, at one View present you with a fine turned Hand, and a rising Bosom. In order to be a Proficient in *Action*, I cannot sufficiently recommend the Science of *Dancing*: This will give the Feet an easie Gate, and the Arms a Gracefulness of Motion. If a Person hath not a strict Regard to these three above-mentioned Rules of Antiquity, the richest Dress will appear stiff and affected, and the most gay Habit fantastical and tawdry.

AS different Sorts of Poetry require a different Style; the *Elegy* tender and mournful; the *Ode* gay and sprightly; the *Epic* sublime, &c. So must the Widow confess her Grief in the Veil; the Bride frequently makes her Joy and Exultation conspicuous in the Silver Brocade; and the Plume and the scarlet Dye is requisite to give the Soldier a Martial Air. There is another kind of Occasional Dress in Use among the Ladies, I mean the riding Habit, which some have not injudiciously stiled the *Hermaphroditical*, by Reason of its Masculine and Feminine Composition; but I shall rather chuse to call it the *Pindaric*; as its first Institution was at a *New-Market* Horse Race, and as it is a mixture of the Sublimity of the *Epic* with the easie Softness of the *Ode*.

THERE sometimes arises a great Genius in Dress, who cannot content himself with meerly Copying from others; but will, as he sees occasion, strike out into the long Pocket, flash'd Sleeve, or something particular in the dispo-

disposition of his Lace, or the flourish of his Embroidery. Such a Person, like the Masters of other Sciences, will show that he hath a Manner of his own.

ON the contrary, there are some Pretenders to Dress who shine out but by halves; whether it be for want of Genius or Mony. A *Dancing Master* of the lowest Rank seldom fails of the Scarlet Stocking and the Red Heel; and shows a particular respect to the *Leg* and *Foot*, to which he owes his Substance: When at the same time perhaps all the Superior Ornament of his Body is neglected. We may say of these sort of Dressers what *Horace* says of his Patch-work Poets,

*Purpureus late qui splendeat unus & Alter
Assuitur Pannus—*

Others who lay the stress of Beauty in their Face, exert all their Extravagance in the Perriwig, which is a kind of Index of the Mind; the Full bottom formally combed all before, denotes the Lawyer and the Politician; the smart tie Wig with the black Ribbon shows a Man of fierceness of Temper; and he that burthens himself with a superfluity of white Hair which flows down the Back, and mantles in waving Curles over the Shoulders is generally observed to be less curious in the furniture of the inward Recesses of the Skull, and lays himself open to the Application of that Censure which *Milton* applies to the fair Sex,

—of outward Form

Elaborate, of inward less exact.

A Lady of Genius will give a genteel Air to her whole Dress by a well fancied Suit of Knots, as a judicious Writer gives Spirit to a whole Sentence by a single Expression. As Words grow old, and new ones enrich the Language, so there is a constant Succession of Dress; the Fringe succeeds the Lace, the Stays shorten or extend the Waste, the Ribbon undergoes divers Variations, the Head-dress receives frequent Rises and Falls every Year; and in short, the whole Woman throughout, as curious Observers of Dress have remarked, is changed from Top to Toe in the period of five Years. A Poet will now and then, to serve his purpose, Coin a Word, so will a Lady of Genius venture at an Innovation in the Fashion; but as *Horace* advises, that all new minted Words should have a *Greek* derivation to give them an indisputable Authority, so I would counsel all our Improvers of Fashion always to take the Hint from *France*, which may as properly be called *the Fountain of Dress*, as *Greece* was of Literature.

DRESS may bear a Parallel to Poetry with respect to moving the Passions. The greatest Motive to *Love*, as daily Experience shows us, is *Dress*. I have known a Lady at sight fly to a Red Feather, and readily give her Hand to a fringed pair of Gloves. At another time, I have seen the awkward Appearance of her Rural humble Servant move her *Indignation*; she is *Jealous* everytime her Rival hath a new Suit; and in a *Rage* when her

Woman Pins her Mantoe to disadvantage. Unhappy, unguarded Woman! alas! what moving Rhetorick has she often found in the seducing Full-bottom? Who can tell the resistless Eloquence of the Embroidered Coat, the Gold Snuff-Box, and the Amberheaded Cane?

I shall conclude these Criticisms with some general Remarks upon the *Milliner*, the *Mantoe-maker*, and the *Lady's Woman*, these being the three chief on which all the Circumstances of Dress depend.

THE *Milliner* must be thoroughly versed in Physiognomy; in the Choice of Ribbons she must have a particular regard to the Complexion, and must ever be mindful to cut the Head-dress to the Dimensions of the Face. When she meets with a Countenance of large Diameter, she must draw the Dress forward to the Face, and let the Lace encroach a little upon the Cheek, which casts an agreeable Shade, and takes off from its Masculine Figure; the little Oval Face requires the diminutive Commode, just on the tip of the Crown of the Head; she must have a regard to the several Ages of Woman; the Head-dress must give the Mother a more sedate Mien than the Virgin; and Age must not be made ridiculous with the flaunting Airs of Youth. There is a Beauty that is peculiar to the several Stages of Life, and as much Propriety must be observed in the Dress of the Old, as the Young.

THE

THE *Mantoe-maker* must be an expert *Anatomist*; and must, if judiciously chosen, have a Name of *French Termination*; she must know how to hide all the defects in the Proportions of the Body, and must be able to Mold the Shape by the Stays, so as to preserve the Intestines, that while she corrects the Body she may not interfere with the Pleasures of the Palate.

THE *Lady's Woman* must have all the Qualities of a Critick in Poetry; all her Dress like the Criticks Learning is at *Second hand*, she must, like him, have a ready Talent at *Censure*, and her Tongue must be deeply versed in Detraction; she must be sure to asperse the Characters of the Ladies of most eminent Virtue and Beauty, to indulge her Lady's Spleen; and as it hath been remarked, that Criticks are the most fawning Sycophants to their Patrons, so must our Female Critick be a thorough Proficient in Flattery: She must add Sprightliness to her Lady's Air by encouraging her Vanity, give Gracefulness to her Step by cherishing her Pride, and make her show a haughty Contempt of her Admirers, by enumerating her imaginary Conquests. As a Critick must stock his Memory with the Names of all the Authors of Note, she must be no less ready in the recital of all the Beaus and pretty Fellows in Vogue; like the Male Critick, she asserts, that the Theory of any Science is above the Practice, and that it is not necessary to be able to set her own Person off to Advantage, in order to be a Judge

of the Dress of others ; and besides all these Qualifications, she must be endow'd with the Gift of Secrecy, a Talent very rarely to be met with in her Profession.

BY what I have said, I believe my Reader will be convinced, that notwithstanding the many Pretenders, the Perfection of Dress cannot be attained without a Genius ; and I shall venture boldly to affirm, that in all Arts and Sciences whatever, *Epick Poetry* excepted, (of which I formerly showed the *Knack* or *Mechanism*,) a Genius is absolutely Necessary.

N^o 150. *Wednesday, September 2.*

————— *Nescio quâ dulcedine leti,
Progeniem nidosque fovent.*

Virg.

I Went the other Day to visit *Eliza*, who, in the perfect Bloom of Beauty, is the Mother of several Children. She had a little prating Girl upon her Lap, who was begging to be very fine, that she might go Abroad ; and the indulgent Mother, at her little Daughter's Request, had just taken the Knots off her own Head, to adorn the Hair of the pretty Trifler. A smiling Boy was at the same time caressing a Lap-Dog, which is their Mother's Favourite, because it pleases the Children ; and she, with a Delight in her Looks which heightened her Beauty, so divided her Conversation with the two pretty Prattlers, as to make them both equally chearful.

A S

AS I came in, she said, with a Blush, Mr. IRONside, *though you are an Old Batchelor, you must not laugh at my Tendernefs to my Children.* I need not tell my Reader, what Civil things I said in Answer to the Lady, whose Matron-like Behaviour gave me infinite Satisfaction: Since I my self take great Pleasure in playing with Children, and am seldom unprovided of Plumms or Marbles, to make my Court to such entertaining Companions.

WHENCE is it, said I to my self when I was alone, that the Affection of Parents is so intense to their Off-spring? Is it because they generally find such Resemblances in what they have produced, as that thereby they think themselves renewed in their Children, and are willing to transmit themselves to future Times? Or is it, because they think themselves obliged, by the Dictates of Humanity, to nourish and rear what is placed so immediately under their Protection; and what, by their means, is brought into this World, the Scene of Misery, of Necessity? These will not come up to it. Is it not rather the good Providence of that Being, who in a supereminent Degree protects and cherishes the whole Race of Mankind, his Sons and Creatures? How shall we, any other way, account for this natural Affection, so signally displayed throughout every Species of the Animal Creation, without which the Course of Nature would quickly fail, and every various Kind be extinct? Instances of Tendernefs in the most Savage

Brutes are so frequent, that Quotations of that kind are altogether unnecessary.

IF we, who have no particular Concern in them, take a secret Delight in observing the gentle Dawn of Reason in Babes; if our Ears are soothed with their half-forming and aiming at Articulate Sounds; if we are charmed with their pretty Mimickry, and surprized at the unexpected Starts of Wit and Cunning in these Miniatures of Man: What Transport may we imagine in the Breasts of those, into whom Natural Instinct hath poured Tenderness and Fondness for them! How amiable is such a Weakness in Humane Nature! or rather, how great a Weakness is it, to give Humanity so reproachful a Name! The bare Consideration of Paternal Affection should methinks create a more grateful Tenderness in Children towards their Parents, than we generally see; and the silent Whispers of Nature be attended to, though the Laws of God and Man did not call aloud.

THESE silent Whispers of Nature have had a marvellous Power, even when their Cause hath been unknown. There are several Examples in Story of tender Friendships formed betwixt Men, who knew not of their near Relation. Such Accounts confirm me in an Opinion I have long entertained, that there is a Sympathy betwixt Souls, which cannot be explained by the Prejudice of Education, the Sense of Duty, or any other Human Motive.

THE Memoirs of a certain *French* Nobleman, which now lie before me, furnish me with a very entertaining Instance of this secret Attraction, implanted by Providence in the Human Soul. It will be necessary to inform the Reader, that the Person, whose Story I am going to relate, was one whose roving and romantick Temper, joined to a Disposition singularly Amorous, had led him through a vast Variety of Gallantries and Amours. He had, in his Youth, attended a Princess of *France* into *Poland*, where he had been entertained by the King her Husband, and married the Daughter of a Grandee. Upon her Death he returned into his Native Country; where his Intrigues and other Misfortunes having consumed his paternal Estate, he now went to take care of the Fortune his deceased Wife had left him in *Poland*. In his Journey he was robbed before he reached *Warsaw*, and lay ill of a Fever, when he met with the following Adventure; which he shall relate in his own Words.

‘ I had been in this Condition for four Days,
 ‘ when the Countess of *Venoski* passed that
 ‘ Way. She was informed that a Stranger of
 ‘ good Fashion lay sick, and her Charity led
 ‘ her to see me. I remembered her, for I had
 ‘ often seen her with my Wife, to whom she
 ‘ was nearly related; but when I found she
 ‘ knew not me, I thought fit to conceal my
 ‘ Name. I told her I was a *German*, that I
 ‘ had been robbed; and that if she had the
 ‘ Charity to send me to *Warsaw*, the Queen

‘ would acknowledge it; I having the Honour to be known to Her Majesty. The Countess had the Goodness to take Compassion of me; and ordering me to be put in a Litter, carried me to *Warsaw*, where I was lodged in her House till my Health should allow me to wait on the Queen.

‘ MY Feaver increased, after my Journey was over, and I was confined to my Bed for fifteen Days. When the Countess first saw me, she had a young Lady with her about eighteen Years of Age, who was much taller and better shaped than the *Polish* Women generally are. She was very fair, her Skin exceeding fine, and her Air and Shape inexpressibly beautiful. I was not so sick as to overlook this young Beauty; and I felt in my Heart such Emotions, at the first View, as made me fear that all my Misfortunes had not armed me sufficiently against the Charms of the Fair Sex. The amiable Creature seemed afflicted at my Sickness; and she appeared to have so much Concern and Care for me, as raised in me a great Inclination and Tenderness for her. She came every Day into my Chamber to enquire after my Health: I asked who she was, and I was answered, that she was Neice to the Countess of *Venoski*.

‘ I verily believe that the constant Sight of this charming Maid, and the Pleasure I received from her careful Attendance, contributed more to my Recovery than all the Medicines the Physicians gave me. In short,

‘ my

‘ my Fever left me, and I had the Satisfaction
 ‘ to see the lovely Creature overjoy’d at my
 ‘ Recovery. She came to see me oftener as
 ‘ I grew better; and I already felt a stronger
 ‘ and more tender Affection for her than I
 ‘ ever bore to any Woman in my Life: When
 ‘ I begun to perceive that her constant Care
 ‘ of me was only a Blind, to give her an Oppor-
 ‘ tunity of seeing a young *Pole* whom I took
 ‘ to be her Lover. He seemed to be much
 ‘ about her Age, of a brown Complexion, very
 ‘ Tall, but finely Shaped. Every time she came
 ‘ to see me the young Gentleman came to
 ‘ find her out; and they usually retired to
 ‘ a corner of the Chamber, where they seemed
 ‘ to converse with great Earnestness. The
 ‘ Aspect of the Youth pleased me wonder-
 ‘ ly; and, if I had not suspected that he was
 ‘ my Rival, I should have taken Delight in his
 ‘ Person and Friendship.

‘ *THEY* both of them often asked me if
 ‘ I were in reality a *German*; which when I
 ‘ continued to affirm, they seemed very much
 ‘ troubled. One Day I took Notice that the
 ‘ young Lady and Gentleman, having reti-
 ‘ red to a Window, were very intent upon
 ‘ a Picture; and that every now and then
 ‘ they cast their Eyes upon me, as if they had
 ‘ found some Resemblance betwixt that and
 ‘ my Features. I could not forbear to ask the
 ‘ Meaning of it; upon which the Lady an-
 ‘ swered, that if I had been a *French-man*, she
 ‘ should have imagined that I was the Person
 ‘ for whom the Picture was drawn, because

it

‘ it so exactly resembled me. I desired to see it.
 ‘ But how great was my Surprize ! when I
 ‘ found it to be the very Painting, which I had
 ‘ sent to the Queen five Years before, and
 ‘ which she commanded me to get drawn, to
 ‘ be given to my Children. After I had viewed
 ‘ the Piece, I cast my Eyes upon the young
 ‘ Lady, and then upon the Gentleman I had
 ‘ thought to be her Lover. My Heart beat,
 ‘ and I felt a secret Emotion which filled me
 ‘ with Wonder. I thought I traced in the
 ‘ two young Persons some of my own Features,
 ‘ and at that Moment I said to myself,
 ‘ *Are not these my Children?* The Tears came
 ‘ into my Eyes, and I was about to run and
 ‘ embrace them ; but constraining my self
 ‘ with Pain, I asked whose Picture it was?
 ‘ The Maid, perceiving that I could not speak
 ‘ without Tears, fell a weeping. Her Tears
 ‘ absolutely confirmed me in my Opinion, and
 ‘ falling upon her Neck, *Ah, my Dear Child,*
 ‘ said I, *yes, I am your Father.* I could say
 ‘ no more. The Youth seized my Hands at
 ‘ the same time, and kissing, bathed them with
 ‘ his Tears. Throughout my Life I never felt a
 ‘ Joy equal to this ; and it must be own’d,
 ‘ that Nature inspires more lively Motions
 ‘ and pleasing Tenderness, than the Passions
 ‘ can possibly excite.

Thurs.

N^o 151. Thursday, September 3.

*Accipiat sanè mercedem sanguinis, & s^r
Palleat, ut nudis preffit qui calcibus anguem. Juv.*

To the GUARDIAN.

Old NESTOR,

I Believe you distance me not so much in
 ‘ Years as in Wisdom, and therefore
 ‘ since you have gained so deserved a Repu-
 ‘ tation, I beg your Assistance in correcting
 ‘ the Manners of an untoward Lad, who
 ‘ perhaps may listen to your Admonitions,
 ‘ sooner than to all the severe Checks, and
 ‘ grave Reproofs of a Father. Without any
 ‘ longer Preamble, you must know, Sir, that
 ‘ about two Years ago, *Jack* my eldest Son
 ‘ and Heir was sent up to *London*, to be ad-
 ‘ mitted of the *Temple*, not so much with a
 ‘ View of his Studying the Law, as a desire
 ‘ to improve his Breeding. This was done
 ‘ out of Complaisance to a Cousin of his, an
 ‘ Airy Lady, who was continually teizing
 ‘ me, that the Boy would shoot up into a
 ‘ meer Country Booby, if he did not see a
 ‘ little of the World. She her self was bred
 ‘ chiefly in Town, and since she was marri-
 ‘ ed into the Country, neither looks, nor
 ‘ talks, nor dresses like any of her Neighbours,
 ‘ and is grown the Admiration of every one
 ‘ but

but her Husband. The latter End of last
 Month some important Business called me
 up to Town, and the first thing I did, the
 next Morning about ten, was to pay a Vi-
 sit to my Son at his Chambers; but as I be-
 gan to knock at the Door, I was interrupt-
 ed by the Bed-maker in the Stair-case, who
 told me her Master seldom rose till about
 twelve, and about one I might be sure to
 find him drinking Tea. I bid her some-
 what hastily hold her prating, and open the
 Door, which accordingly she did. The first
 thing I observed upon the Table was the secret
 Amours of — and by it stood a Box of Pills;
 on a Chair lay a Snuff-Box with a Fan half
 broke, and on the Floor a pair of Foils.
 Having seen this Furniture I entered his
 Bed-Chamber, not without some Noise,
 whereupon he began to swear at his Bed-
 maker (as he thought) for disturbing him so
 soon, and was turning about for the other
 Nap, when he discover'd such a thin, pale,
 sickly Visage, that had I not heard his Voice, I
 should never have guessed him to have been my
 Son. How different was this Countenance from
 that ruddy, hale Complexion, which he had
 at parting with me from home! After I had
 wak'd him, he gave me to understand, that
 he was but lately recover'd out of a violent
 Feaver, and the Reason why he did not ac-
 quaint me with it, was, least the melanco-
 ly News might occasion too many Tears a-
 mong his Relations, and be an unsupporta-
 ble Grief to his Mother. To be short with
 you,

‘ you, old NESTOR, I hurried my young
‘ Spark down into the Country along with
‘ me, and there am endeavouring to plump
‘ him up, so as to be no Disgrace to his Pedigree: for I assure you it was never known
‘ in the Memory of Man, that any one of the
‘ Family of the *Ringwoods* ever fell into a
‘ Consumption, except Mrs. *Dorothy Ringwood*, who died a Maid at 45. In order to
‘ bring him to himself, and to be one of us again,
‘ I make him go to Bed at 10, and rise half an
‘ Hour past 5; and when he is a puling for Bohea Tea and Cream, I place upon a Table
‘ a jolly piece of Cold Roast Beef, or well-powder’d Ham, and bid him eat and live;
‘ then take him into the Fields to observe the
‘ Reapers, how the Harvest goes forwards.
‘ There is no Body pleased with his present
‘ Constitution but his gay Cousin, who Spirits
‘ him up, and tells him he looks fair, and is
‘ grown well-shaped; but the honest Tenants
‘ shake their Heads and cry, Lack-a-Day, how
‘ thin is poor young Master fallen! The other
‘ Day, when I told him of it, he had the Impudence to reply, I hope, Sir, you would
‘ not have me as fat as Mr. — Alas! what
‘ would then become of me? How would the
‘ Ladies pish at such a great monstrous Thing?
‘ — If you are truly, what your Title imports, a *Guardian*, pray Sir, be pleased to
‘ consider, what a noble Generation must in
‘ all probability ensue from the Lives which
‘ the Town-bred Gentlemen too often lead.
‘ A Friend of mine not long ago, as we were
‘ com-

complaining of the Times, repeated two Stanza's out of my Lord Roscommon, which I think may here be applicable.

*'Twas not the Spawn of such as these,
That dy'd with Punick Blood the conquer'd Seas,
And quash'd the stern Æacides:
Made the proud Asian Monarch feel,
How weak his Gold was against Europe's Steel,
Forc'd e'en dire Hannibal to yield,
And won the long disputed World at Zama's fatal Field.*

*But Soldiers of a rustick Mould,
Rough, hardy, season'd, manly, bold;
Either they dug the stubborn Ground,
Or thro' hew'n Woods their weighty Strokes did sound,
And after the declining Sun
Had chang'd the Shadows, and their Task was done,
Home with their weary Team they took their Way,
And drown'd in friendly Bowls the Labour of the Day.*

I am, SIR,

Your very humble Servant,

Jonathan Ringwood.

P. S. ' I forgot to tell you, that while I waited in my Son's Anti-chamber, I found upon the Table the following Bill,

	l.	s.	d.
' Sold to Mr. Jonathan Ring-			
' wood, a plain Muslin Head and	1	18	6
' Ruffles, with Colbertine Lace			
' Six pair of white Kid Gloves	0	14	0
for Madam Salley			
' Three Handkerchiefs for Ma-	0	15	0
' dam Salley.			
			' In

‘ In his Chamber Window I saw his Shoe-
 ‘ maker’s Bill, with this remarkable Article,
 ‘ For Mr. Ringwood three pair { 3/ 00 0
 of Laced Shoes

‘ And in the Drawer of the Table were the
 ‘ two following Billets.

Mr. Ringwood,

‘ I desire, that because you are such a Coun-
 ‘ try Booby, that you forget the Use and Care
 ‘ of your Snuff-Box, you would not call me
 ‘ Thief. Pray see my Face no more.

Your abused Friend,

Sarah Gallopp.

‘ UNDER these Words my hopeful Heir
 ‘ had writ, *Memorandum* to send her Word
 ‘ I have found my Box, tho’ I know she has it.

N^o 152. Friday, September 4.

*Quin potius pacem aeternam pactosque hymenaeos
 Exercemus* ————— *Virg.*

THERE is no Rule in *Longinus* which I
 more admire, than that wherein he ad-
 vifes an Author who would attain to the Sub-
 lime, and writes for Eternity, to confider,
 when he is engaged in his Composition what
Homer or *Plato*, or any other of those Heroes
 in the Learned World, would have said or
 thought upon the same Occasion. I have of-
 ten

ten practised this Rule, with regard to the best Authors among the Ancients, as well as among the Moderns. With what Success I must leave to the Judgment of others. I may at least venture to say with Mr. *Dryden*, where he professes to have imitated *Shakespear's* Stile, that in imitating such great Authors I have always excelled my self.

I have also by this means revived several antiquated ways of Writing, which though very instructive and entertaining, had been laid aside, and forgotten for some Ages. I shall in this Place only mention those Allegories wherein Virtues, Vices and human Passions are introduced as real Actors. Though this kind of Composition was practised by the finest Authors among the Ancients, our Countryman *Spencer* is the last Writer of Note who has applied himself to it with Success.

THAT an Allegory may be both delightful and Instructive; in the first place, the Fable of it ought to be perfect, and if possible, to be filled with surprising Turns and Incidents. In the next, there ought to be useful Morals and Reflections couched under it, which still receive a greater Value from their being new and uncommon; as also from their appearing difficult to have been thrown into emblematical Types and Shadows.

I was once thinking to have written a whole *Canto* in the Spirit of *Spencer*, and in order to it contrived a Fable of imaginary Persons and Characters. I raised it on that common Dispute between the comparative Perfections
and

and Pre-eminence of the two Sexes, each of which have very frequently had their Advocates among the Men of Letters. Since I have not time to accomplish this Work, I shall present my Reader with the naked Fable, reserving the Embellishments of Verse and Poetry to another Opportunity.

THE two Sexes contending for Superiority, were once at War with each other, which was chiefly carried on by their Auxiliaries. The Males were drawn up on the one side of a very spacious Plain, the Females on the other; between them was left a very large Interval for their Auxiliaries to engage in. At each Extremity of this middle space lay encamped several Bodies of Neutral Forces, who waited for the Event of the Battle before they would declare themselves, that they might then act as they saw occasion.

THE main Body of the Male Auxiliaries was commanded by *Fortitude*; that of the Female by *Beauty*. *Fortitude* begun the Onset on *Beauty*, but found to his cost, that she had such a particular Witchcraft in her Looks, as withered all his Strength. She played upon him so many Smiles and Glances, that she quite weakened and disarmed him.

IN short, he was ready to call for Quarter, had not *Wisdom* come to his aid: This was the Commander of the Male Right Wing, and would have turned the Fate of the Day, had not he been timely opposed by *Cunning*, who commanded the Left Wing of the Female Auxiliaries. *Cunning* was the chief Engineer.

of the fair Army; but upon this occasion was posted, as I have here said, to receive the Attacks of *Wisdom*. It was very entertaining to see the workings of these two Antagonists; the Conduct of the one, and the Stratagems of the other. Never was there a more equal Match. Those who beheld it gave the Victory sometimes to the one, and sometimes to the other, tho' most declared the Advantage was on the side of the Female Commander.

IN the mean time the Conflict was very great in the Left Wing of the Army, where the Battel began to turn to the Male Side. This Wing was commanded by an old experienced Officer called *Patience*, and on the Female Side by a General known by the Name of *Scorn*. The latter, that fought after the Manner of the *Parthians*, had the better of it all the beginning of the Day; but being quite tired out with the long Pursuits, and repeated Attacks of the Enemy, who had been repulsed above a hundred times, and rallied as often, begun to think of yielding. When on a sudden a Body of Neutral Forces began to move. The Leader was of an ugly Look, and gigantick Stature. He acted like a Draw-cansir, sparing neither Friend nor Foe. His Name was *Lust*. On the Female Side he was opposed by a select Body of Forces, commanded by a young Officer that had the Face of a Cherubim, and the Name of *Modesty*. This beautiful young Hero was supported by one of a more Masculine turn, and fierce Behaviour, called by *Men* HONOUR, and by the *Gods* PRIDE.

PRIDE. This last made an obstinate Defence, and drove back the Enemy more than once, but at length resigned at Discretion.

THE dreadful Monster, after having overturned whole Squadrons in the Female Army, fell in among the Males, where he made a more terrible Havock than on the other Side. He was here opposed by *Reason*, who drew up all his Forces against him, and held the Fight in suspense for some time, but at length quitted the Field.

AFTER a great Ravage on both Sides, the two Armies agreed to join against this common Foe. And in order to it drew out a small chosen Band, whom they placed by Consent under the Conduct of *Virtue*, who in a little time drove this foul ugly Monster out of the Field.

UPON his Retreat, a second neutral Leader, whose Name was *Love*, marched in between the two Armies. He headed a Body of ten thousand winged Boys that threw their Darts and Arrows promiscuously among both Armies. The Wounds they gave were not the Wounds of an Enemy. They were pleasing to those that felt 'em; and had so strange an Effect that they wrought a Spirit of mutual Friendship, Reconciliation, and good Will in both Sexes. The two Armies now looked with cordial Love on each other, and stretched out their Arms with Tears of Joy, as longing to forget old Animosities and embrace one another.

THE last General of Neutrals, that appeared in the Field, was *Hymen*, who marched immediately after *Love*, and seconding the good Inclinations which he had inspir'd, joined the Hands of both Armies. *Love* generally accompanied him, and recommended the Sexes Pair by Pair to his good Offices.

BUT as it is usual enough for several Persons to dress themselves in the Habit of a great Leader, *Ambition* and *Avarice* had taken on them the Garb and Habit of *Love*, by which means they often imposed on *Hymen*, by putting into his Hands several Couples whom he would never have joined together, had it not been brought about by the Delusion of these two Impostors. 

N^o 153. *Saturday, September 5.*

Admiranda tibi levium spectacula rerum. Virg.

THERE is no Passion which steals into the Heart more imperceptibly, and covers it self under more Disguises, than Pride. For my own part, I think if there is any Passion or Vice which I am wholly a Stranger to, it is this; tho', at the same time, perhaps this very Judgment which I form of my self, proceeds in some measure from this corrupt Principle.

I have been always wonderfully delighted with that Sentence in Holy Writ, *Pride was not made for Man.* There is not indeed any
single

single View of human Nature under its present Condition, which is not sufficient to extinguish in us all the secret Seeds of Pride; and, on the contrary, to sink the Soul into the lowest State of Humility, and what the School-men call Self-Annihilation. Pride was not made for Man, as he is,

1. A Sinful,
2. An Ignorant,
3. A Miserable Being.

THERE is nothing in his Understanding, in his Will, or in his present Condition, that can tempt any considerate Creature to Pride or Vanity.

THESE three very Reasons why he should not be Proud, are notwithstanding the Reasons why he is so. Were not he a Sinful Creature, he would not be subject to a Passion which rises from the Depravity of his Nature; were he not an Ignorant Creature, he would see that he has nothing to be proud of; and were not the whole Species Miserable, he would not have those wretched Objects of Comparison before his Eyes, which are the Occasions of this Passion, and which make one Man value himself more than another.

A wise Man will be contented that his Glory be deferred till such time as he shall be truly glorified; when his Understanding shall be cleared, his Will rectified, and his Happiness assured; or in other Words, when he shall be neither Sinful, nor Ignorant, nor Miserable.

IF there be any thing which makes human Nature appear *ridiculous* to Beings of superior Faculties, it must be Pride. They know so well the Vanity of those imaginary Perfections that swell the Heart of Man, and of those little supernumerary Advantages, whether in Birth, Fortune, or Title, which one Man enjoys above another, that it must certainly very much astonish, if it does not very much divert them, when they see a Mortal puffed up, and valuing himself above his Neighbours on any of these Accounts, at the same that he is obnoxious to all the common Calamities of the Species.

TO set this Thought in its true Light, we will fancy, if you please, that yonder Mole-hill is inhabited by reasonable Creatures, and that every Pismire (his Shape and way of Life only excepted) is endowed with human Passions. How should we smile to hear one give us an Account of the Pedigrees, Distinctions, and Titles that reign among them! Observe how the whole Swarm divide and make way for the Pismire that passes thorough them. You must understand he is an Emmit of Quality, and has better Blood in his Veins than any Pismire in the Mole-hill. Don't you see how sensible he is of it, how slow he marches forward, how the whole Rabble of Ants keep their Distance? Here you may observe one placed upon a little Eminence, and looking down on a long Row of Labourers. He is the richest Insect on this side the Hillock, he has a Walk of half a Yard in length
and

and a quarter of an Inch in Breadth, he keeps a hundred menial Servants, and has at least fifteen Barley-Corns in his Granary. He is now chiding and beslaving the Emmit that stands before him, and who, for all that we can discover, is as good an Emmit as himself.

But here comes an Insect of Figure! don't you take notice of a little white Straw that he carries in his Mouth? That Straw, you must understand, he would not part with for the longest Tract about the Mole-hill: did you but know what he has undergone to purchase it! See how the Ants of all Qualities and Conditions swarm about him. Should this Straw drop out of his Mouth, you would see all this numerous Circle of Attendants follow the next that took it up, and leave the discarded Insect, or run over his Back, to come at his Successor.

IF now you have a mind to see all the Ladies of the Mole-hill, observe first the Pismire that listens to the Emmit on her left Hand, at the same time that she seems to turn away her Head from him. He tells this poor Insect that she is a Goddess, that her Eyes are brighter than the Sun, that Life and Death are at her Disposal. She believes him, and gives herself a thousand little Airs upon it. Mark the Vanity of the Pismire on your Left Hand. She can scarce crawl with Age, but you must know she values her self upon her Birth; and if you mind, spurns at every one that comes within her reach. The little nimble Coquett that is running along by the side of her, is a Wit. She has broke many a Pismire's Heart.

Do but observe what a drove of Lovers are running after her.

WE will here finish this imaginary Scene; but first of all to draw the Parallel closer, will suppose, if you please, that Death comes down upon the Molehill, in the Shape of a Cock Sparrow, who picks up, without Distinction, the Pismire of Quality and his Flatterers, the Pismire of Substance and his Day-Labourers, the White-Straw Officer and his Sycophants, with all the Goddeses, Wits, and Beauties of the Mole-hill.

MAY we not imagine that Beings of superior Natures and Perfections regard all the Instances of Pride and Vanity, among our own Species, in the same kind of View, when they take a Survey of those who inhabit the Earth; or, in the Language of an ingenious *French* Poet, of those Pismires that People this Heap of Dirt, which human Vanity has divided into Climates and Regions?

N^o 154. *Monday, September 7.*

Omnia transformant sese in miracula rerum. Virg.

I Question not but the following Letter will be Entertaining to those who were present at the late Masquerade, as it will recall into their Minds several merry Particulars that passed in it, and, at the same time, be very acceptable to those who were at a Distance from

from it, as they may form from hence some Idea of this fashionable Amusement.

To NESTOR IRONSIDE, *Esq;*

Per Via Leonis.

S I R,

I Could scarce ever go into good Company, but the Discourse was on the Ambassador, the Politeness of his Entertainments, the Goodness of his *Burgundy* and *Champaign*, the Gaiety of his Masquerades, with the odd fantastical Dresses which were made use of in those Midnight Solemnities. The Noise these Diversions made, at last raised my Curiosity, and for once I resolved to be present at them, being at the same time provoked to it by a Lady I then made my Addresses to, one of a sprightly Humour, and a great Admirer of such Novelties. In order to it I hurried my Habit, and got it ready a Week before the time, for I grew impatient to be initiated in these new Mysteries. Every Morning I dressed my self in it, and acted before the Looking-glass, so that I am vain enough to think I was as perfect in my Part, as most who had oftener frequented these Diversions. You must understand I personated a *Devil*, and that for several weighty Reasons. First, because appearing as one of that Fraternity, I expected to meet with particular Civilities from the more polite and better bred part of the Company. Besides, as from their usual Reception they

are

' are called Familiars, I fancied I should, in
 ' this Character, be allowed the greatest Li-
 ' berties, and soonest be led into the Secrets
 ' of the Masquerade. To recommend and
 ' distinguish me from the Vulgar, I drew a very
 ' long Taile after me. But to speak the Truth,
 ' what persuaded me most to this Disguise
 ' was, because I heard an Intriguing Lady
 ' say, in a large Company of Females, who
 ' unanimously assented to it, that she loved
 ' to converse with such, for that generally
 ' they were very clever Fellows who made
 ' Choice of that Shape. At length, when
 ' the long wished for Evening came, which
 ' was to open to us such vast Scenes of Plea-
 ' sure, I repaired to the Place appointed a-
 ' bout ten at Night, where I found Nature
 ' turned top-side turvy, Women changed in-
 ' to Men, and Men into Women, Children
 ' in Leading-strings seven Foot high, Cour-
 ' tiers transformed into Clowns, Ladies of
 ' the Night into Saints, People of the first Qua-
 ' lity into Beasts or Birds, Gods or Goddesses;
 ' I fancied I had all *Ovid's Metamorphoses* be-
 ' fore me. Among these were several Mon-
 ' sters to which I did not know how to give
 ' a Name;

worſe

*Than Fables yet have feigned, or fear conceived,
 Gorgons and Hydra's, and Chimera's dire.* Milton.

' IN the middle of the first Room I met
 ' with one drest in a *Shrowd*. This put me
 ' in mind of the old Custom of serving up a
 ' Death's

‘ Death’s Head at a Feast. I was a little an-
 ‘ gry at the Dress, and asked the Gentleman
 ‘ whether he thought a Dead Man was fit
 ‘ Company for such an Assembly; but he told
 ‘ me, that he was one who loved his Mony,
 ‘ and that he considered this Dress would
 ‘ serve him another Time. This walking
 ‘ Course was followed by a Gigantic Woman
 ‘ with a high crowned Hat, that stood up
 ‘ like a Steeple over the Heads of the whole
 ‘ Assembly. I then chanced to tread upon
 ‘ the Foot of a Female *Quaker*, to all outward
 ‘ Appearance; but was surpris’d to hear her
 ‘ cry out D—n you, you Son of a — upon
 ‘ which I immediately rebuked her, when all
 ‘ of a sudden resuming her Character, *Veri-*
 ‘ *ly*, says she, *I was to blame; but thou hast*
 ‘ *bruised me sorely*. A few Moments after
 ‘ this Adventure, I had like to been knocked
 ‘ down by a Shepherdess, for having run my
 ‘ Elbow a little inadvertently into one of her
 ‘ Sides. She swore like a Trooper, and threat-
 ‘ ned me with a very Masculine Voice; but
 ‘ I was timely taken off by a *Presbyterian*
 ‘ *Parson*, who told me in a very soft Tone,
 ‘ that he believed I was a pretty Fellow, and
 ‘ that he would meet me in *Spring Garden* to-
 ‘ Morrow Night. The next Object I saw was
 ‘ a *Chimney Sweeper* made up of black Crape
 ‘ and Velvet, (with a huge Diamond in his
 ‘ Mouth) making Love to a Butterfly. On
 ‘ a sudden I found my self among a Flock of
 ‘ *Batts*, *Owls*, and *Lawyers*: But what took
 ‘ up my Attention most was, one dress’d in
 ‘ white

' white Feathers that represented a *Swan*. He
 ' would fain have found out a *Leda* among
 ' the Fair Sex, and indeed was the most un-
 ' lucky Bird in the Company. I was then en-
 ' gaged in Discourse with a *Running Footman*,
 ' but as I treated him like what he appeared to
 ' be, a *Turkish* Emperor whispered me in the
 ' Ear, desiring me to use him civilly, for that
 ' it was his Master. I was here interrupted
 ' by the famous large Figure of a *Woman hung*
 ' with little *Looking-glasses*. She had a great
 ' many that followed her as she passed by me,
 ' but I would not have her value her self upon
 ' that Account, since it was plain they did
 ' not follow so much to look upon her as to
 ' see themselves. The next I observed was a
 ' *Nun* making an Affignation with a *Heathen*
 ' *God*, for I heard them mention the *Little*
 ' *Piazza* in *Covent-Garden*. I was by this
 ' time exceeding hot and thirsty, so that I
 ' made the best of my way to the Place where
 ' Wine was dealt about in great Quantities.
 ' I had no sooner presented my self before the
 ' Table, but a *Magician*, seeing me, made a Cir-
 ' cle over my Head with his Wand, and seem-
 ' ed to do me Homage. I was at a loss to ac-
 ' count for his Behaviour; 'till I Recollected
 ' who I was: This however drew the Eyes
 ' of the Servants upon me, and immediately
 ' procured me a Glass of Excellent *Champain*.
 ' The *Magician* said I was a Spirit of an aduſt
 ' and dry Constitution; and desired that I
 ' might have another refreshing Glass, adding
 ' withal, that it ought to be a Brimmer. I
 ' took

‘ took it in my Hand and Drank it off to the
‘ *Magician*. This so enlivened me, that I led
‘ him by the Hand into the next Room,
‘ where we danced a Rigadoon together. I
‘ was here a little offended at a Jackanapes
‘ of a *Scaramouch*, that cry’d out, *Avaunt*
‘ *Satan*; and gave me a little tap on my left
‘ Shoulder, with the end of his Lath-Sword:
‘ As I was considering how I ought to resent
‘ this Affront, a well-shaped Person that stood
‘ at my left Hand, in the Figure of a *Bell-man*,
‘ cry’d out with a suitable Voice, *Past Twelve*
‘ *a Clock*. This put me in mind of Bed time:
‘ Accordingly I made my way towards the
‘ Door, but was intercepted by an *Indian*
‘ *King*, a Tall, slender Youth, dressed up in
‘ a most beautiful Party-colour’d Plumage:
‘ He regarded my Habit very attentively; and
‘ after having turned me about once or twice,
‘ asked me *whom I had been Tempting*; I could
‘ not tell what was the matter with me, but
‘ my Heart leaped as soon as he touched me,
‘ and was still in greater Disorder, upon my
‘ hearing his Voice. In short, I found, af-
‘ ter a little Discourse with him, that his *In-*
‘ *dian* Majesty was my dear *Leonora*, who
‘ knowing the Disguise I had put on, would
‘ not let me pass by her unobserved. Her
‘ awkward Manliness made me guess at her
‘ Sex, and her own Confession quickly let
‘ me know the rest. This Masquerade did
‘ more for me than a Twelve Months Court-
‘ ship: For it inspired her with such tender
‘ Sentiments that I married her the next Mor-
‘ ning.

‘ HOW

‘ HOW happy I shall be in a Wife taken out
 ‘ of a Masquerade, I cannot yet tell; but I
 ‘ have reason to hope the best, *Leonora* ha-
 ‘ ving assured me it was the first, and shall be
 ‘ the last time of her appearing at such an En-
 ‘ tertainment.

‘ AND now, Sir, having given you the Hi-
 ‘ story of this strange Evening, which looks
 ‘ rather like a Dream than a Reality, it is my
 ‘ request to you, that you will oblige the World
 ‘ with a Dissertation on Masquerades in gene-
 ‘ ral, that we may know how far they are use-
 ‘ ful to the Publick, and consequently how
 ‘ far they ought to be encouraged. I have
 ‘ heard of two or three very odd Accidents
 ‘ that have happened upon this Occasion, as
 ‘ in particular, of a *Lawyer*’s being now big-
 ‘ bellied, who was present at the first of these
 ‘ Entertainments; not to mention (what is
 ‘ still more Strange) an *Old Man* with a long
 ‘ Beard, who was got with Child by a *Milk-*
 ‘ *maid*; but in Cases of this Nature, where
 ‘ there is such a Confusion of Sex, Age and
 ‘ Quality, Men are apt to report rather what
 ‘ might have happened, than what really came
 ‘ to pass. Without giving Credit therefore
 ‘ to any of these Rumours, I shall only renew
 ‘ my Petition to you, that you will tell us
 ‘ your Opinion at large of these Matters, and
 ‘ am,

S I R, &c.

✍

Lucifer.

Tuesday,

N^o 155. *Tuesday, September 8.**libelli Stoici inter sericos
Jacere pulvillos amant.*

Her.

I Have often wondered that Learning is not thought a proper Ingredient in the Education of a Woman of Quality or Fortune. Since they have the same improveable Minds as the Male part of the Species, which should they not be cultivated by the same Methods? why should Reason be left to it self in one of the Sexes, and be disciplined with so much Care in the other?

THERE are some Reasons why Learning seems more adapted to the Female World, than to the Male. As in the first place, because they have more spare Time upon their Hands, and lead a more Sedentary Life. Their Employments are of a Domestick Nature, and not like those of the other Sex, which are often inconsistent with Study and Contemplation. The Excellent Lady, the Lady *Lizard*, in the space of one Summer furnished a Gallery with Chairs and Couches of her own and her Daughters working; and at the same time heard all Doctor *Tillotson's* Sermons twice over. It is always the Custom for one of the young Ladies to read, while the others are at work; so that the Learning of the Family is not at all prejudicial to its Manufactures. I was mightily pleased, the
other

other Day, to find them all busie in *preserving* several Fruits of the Season, with the *Sparkler* in the midst of them, reading over the *Plurality of Worlds*. It was very entertaining to me to see them dividing their Speculations between Jellies and Stars, and making a sudden Transition from the Sun to an Apricot, or from the Copernican System to the figure of Cheese-cake.

A second Reason why Women should apply themselves to useful Knowledge rather than Men, is because they have that natural Gift of *Speech* in greater Perfection. Since they have so excellent a Talent, such a *Copia Verborum*, or plenty of Words, 'tis Pity they should not put it to some Use. If the Female Tongue will be in Motion, why should it not be set to go right? Could they discourse about the Spots in the Sun, it might divert them from publishing the Faults of their Neighbours: Could they talk of the different Aspects and Conjunctions of the Planets, they need not be at the Pains to comment upon Oglings and Clandestine Marriages. In short, were they furnished with Matters of Fact, out of Arts and Siences, it would now and then be of great Ease to their Invention.

THERE is another Reason why those especially who are Women of Quality, should apply themselves to Letters, namely, because their Husbands are generally Strangers to them.

IT is great pity there should be no Knowledge in a Family. For my own part, I am concerned when I go into a great House, where

where perhaps there is not a single Person that can Spell, unless it be by Chance the Butler, or one of the Footmen. What a Figure is the young Heir likely to make, who is a Dunce both by Father and Mother's side?

I F we look into the Histories of famous Women, we find many eminent Philosophers of this Sex. Nay, we find that several Females have distinguished themselves in those Sects of Philosophy which seem almost repugnant to their Natures. There have been famous Female *Pythagoreans*, notwithstanding most of that Philosophy consisted in keeping a Secret, and that the Disciple was to hold her Tongue five Years together. I need not mention *Portia*, who was a Stoick in Petticoats: Nor *Hipparchia*, the famous She Cynick, who arrived at such a Perfection in her Studies, that she Conversed with her Husband, or Man-planter, in broad Daylight, and in the open Streets.

LEARNING and Knowledge are Perfections in us, not as we are Men, but as we are reasonable Creatures, in which order of Beings the Female World is upon the same Level with the Male. We ought to consider in this Particular, not what is the Sex, but what is the Species to which they belong. At least, I believe every one will allow me, that a Female Philosopher is not so absurd a Character and so opposite to the Sex, as a Female Gamester; and that it is more irrational for a Woman to pass away half a dozen Hours at Cards or Dice, than in getting up Stores of

useful Learning. This therefore is another Reason why I would recommend the Studies of Knowledge to the Female World, that they may not be at a Loss how to employ those Hours that lie upon their Hands.

I might also add this Motive to my fair Readers, that several of their Sex, who have improved their Minds by Books and Literature, have raised themselves to the highest Posts of Honour and Fortune. A neighbouring Nation may at this time furnish us with a very remarkable Instance of this Kind, but I shall conclude this Head with the History of *Athenais*, which is a very signal Example to my present Purpose.

THE Emperor *Theodosius* being about the Age of one and twenty, and designing to take a Wife, desired his Sister *Pulcheria* and his Friend *Paulinus* to search his whole Empire for a Woman of the most exquisite Beauty and highest Accomplishments. In the midst of this Search, *Athenais*, a *Grecian* Virgin, accidentally offered her self. Her Father, who was an eminent Philosopher of *Athens*, and had bred her up in all the Learning of that Place, at his Death left her but a very small Portion, in which also she suffered great Hardships from the Injustice of her two Brothers. This forced her upon a Journey to *Constantinople*, where she had a Relation who represented her Case to *Pulcheria*, in order to obtain some Redress from the Emperor. By this Means that religious Princess became acquainted with *Athenais*, whom she found the most beautiful

beautiful Woman of her Age, and Educated under a long Course of Philosophy in the strictest Virtue, and most unspotted Innocence. *Pulcheria* was charmed with her Conversation, and immediately made her Reports to the Emperor her Brother *Theodosius*. The Character she gave made such an Impression on him, that he desired his Sister to bring her away immediately to the Lodgings of his Friend *Paulinus*, where he found her Beauty and her Conversation beyond the highest Idea he had framed of them. His Friend *Paulinus* converted her to Christianity, and gave her the Name of *Eudisia*; after which the Emperor publicly espoused her, and enjoyed all the Happiness in his Marriage which he promised himself from such a virtuous and learned Bride. She not only forgave the Injuries which her two Brothers had done her, but raised them to great Honours; and by several Works of Learning, as well as by an exemplary Life, made herself so dear to the whole Empire, that she had many Statues erected to her Memory, and is celebrated by the Fathers of the Church as the Ornament of her Sex.

N^o 156. *Wednesday, September 9.*

— — — — — *magni formica laboris*

*Ore trahit quodcunque potest, atque addit acervo,
 Quem struit haud ignara, ac non incauta futuri.
 Quæ, simul inuersum contristat Aquarius annum,
 Non usquam prorepat, & illis utitur ante
 Quæsitis patiens* — — — — —

Hor.

IN my last *Saturday's* Paper I supposed a Molehill, inhabited by Pismires or Ants, to be a lively Image of the Earth, Peopled by Human Creatures. This Supposition will not appear too forced or strained to those who are acquainted with the Natural History of these little Insects, in order to which I shall present my Reader with the Extract of a Letter upon this curious Subject, as it was Published by the Members of the *French Academy*, and since translated into *English*. I must confess I was never in my Life better entertained than with this Narrative, which is of undoubted Credit and Authority.

‘ IN a Room next to mine, which had
 ‘ been empty for a long time, there was up-
 ‘ on a Window a Box full of Earth, two Foot
 ‘ deep, and fit to keep Flowers in. That
 ‘ Kind of Parterre had been long uncultiva-
 ‘ ted ; and therefore it was covered with old
 ‘ Plaister, and a great deal of Rubbish that
 ‘ fell from the Top of the House, and from
 ‘ the Walls, which, together with the Earth
 ‘ for-

‘ formerly imbibed with Water, made a kind
 ‘ of a dry and barren Soil. That Place lying
 ‘ to the *South*, and out of the Reach of the
 ‘ Wind and Rain, besides the Neighbourhood
 ‘ of a Granery, was a most delightful Spot of
 ‘ Ground for Ants; and therefore they had
 ‘ made three Nests there, without doubt for
 ‘ the same Reason that Men build Cities in
 ‘ fruitful and convenient Places, near Springs
 ‘ and Rivers.

‘ HAVING a mind to cultivate some
 ‘ Flowers, I took a View of that Place, and
 ‘ removed a Tulip out of the Garden into
 ‘ that Box; but casting my Eyes upon the Ants,
 ‘ continually taken up with a thousand Cares,
 ‘ very inconsiderable with respect to us, but
 ‘ of the greatest Importance for them, they
 ‘ appear’d to me more worthy of my Curio-
 ‘ sity than all the Flowers in the World. I
 ‘ quickly remov’d the Tulip, to be the Admi-
 ‘ rer and Restorer of that little Common-
 ‘ wealth. This was the only thing they wan-
 ‘ ted; for their Policy, and the Order observed
 ‘ among them, are more perfect than those
 ‘ of the Wisest Republicks: And therefore
 ‘ they have nothing to fear, unless a new Le-
 ‘ gislator should attempt to change the Form
 ‘ of their Government.

‘ I made it my Business to procure them all
 ‘ Sorts of Conveniences. I took out of the
 ‘ Box every thing that might be troublesome
 ‘ to them; and frequently visited my Ants,
 ‘ and studied all their Actions. Being used to
 ‘ go to Bed very late, I went to see them

‘ work in a Moon-shiny Night; and I did fre-
 ‘ quently get up in the Night, to take a View
 ‘ of their Labours. I always found some going
 ‘ up and down, and very busie: One wou’d
 ‘ think that they never sleep. Every Body
 ‘ knows that Ants come out of their Holes
 ‘ in the Day time, and expose to the Sun the
 ‘ Corn, which they keep under Ground in
 ‘ the Night: Those who have seen Ant-hil-
 ‘ locks, have easily perceived those small Heaps
 ‘ of Corn about their Nests. What surprized
 ‘ me at first was, that my Ants never brought
 ‘ out their Corn, but in the Night when the
 ‘ Moon did shine, and kept it under Ground
 ‘ in the Day-time; which was contrary to
 ‘ what I had seen, and saw still practised by
 ‘ those Insects in other Places. I quickly
 ‘ found out the Reason of it: There was a Pid-
 ‘ geon-House not far from thence: Pidgeons
 ‘ and Birds would have eaten their Corn, if
 ‘ they had brought it out in the Day-time:
 ‘ ’Tis highly probable they knew it by Expe-
 ‘ rience; and I frequently found Pidgeons and
 ‘ Birds in that place, when I went to it in a
 ‘ Morning. I quickly deliver’d them from
 ‘ those Robbers: I frighed the Birds away
 ‘ with some Pieces of Paper tied to the End
 ‘ of a String over the Window. As for the
 ‘ Pidgeons, I drove them away several times;
 ‘ and when they perceived that the Place was
 ‘ more frequented than before, they never
 ‘ came to it again. What is most admirable,
 ‘ and what I could hardly believe, if I did not
 ‘ know it by Experience, is, That those Ants
 ‘ knew

' knew some Days after that they had nothing
 ' to fear, and began to lay out their Corn in
 ' the Sun. However, I perceiv'd they were
 ' not fully convinc'd of being out of all Dan-
 ' ger; for they durst not bring out their Pro-
 ' visions all at once, but by degrees, first in
 ' a small Quantity, and without any great Or-
 ' der, that they might quickly carry them a-
 ' way in case of my Misfortune, watching,
 ' and looking every way. At last, being per-
 ' suaded that they had nothing to fear, they
 ' brought out all their Corn, almost every
 ' Day, and in good Order, and carried it in
 ' at Night.

' THERE is a strait Hole in every Ants-
 ' Nest, about half an Inch deep; and then it
 ' goes down sloping into a place where they
 ' have their Magazine, which I take to be a
 ' different Place from that where they Rest
 ' and Eat. For 'tis highly improbable that an
 ' Ant, which is a very cleanly Insect, and
 ' throws out of her Nest all the small Remains
 ' of the Corn on which she feeds, as I have
 ' observed a thousand times, would fill up her
 ' Magazine, and mix her Corn with Dirt and
 ' Ardure.

' THE Corn, that is laid up by Ants, would
 ' shoot under Ground, if those Insects did not
 ' take care to prevent it. They bite off all
 ' the Buds before they lay it up; and there-
 ' fore the Corn that has lain in their Nests will
 ' produce nothing. Any one may easily make
 ' this Experiment, and even plainly see that
 ' there is no Bud in their Corn. But tho' the

‘ Bud be bitten off, there remains another In-
 ‘ convenience, that Corn must needs swell
 ‘ and rot under Ground; and therefore it
 ‘ could be of no use for the Nourishment of
 ‘ Ants. Those Insects prevent that Inconve-
 ‘ nience by their Labour and Industry, and
 ‘ contrive the Matter so, that Corn will keep
 ‘ as dry in their Nests as in our Granaries.

‘ THEY gather many small Particles of
 ‘ dry Earth, which they bring every Day out
 ‘ of their Holes, and place them round to heat
 ‘ them in the Sun. Every Ant brings a small
 ‘ Particle of that Earth in her Pincers, lays
 ‘ it by the Hole, and then goes and fetches
 ‘ another. Thus, in less than a Quarter of
 ‘ an Hour, one may see a vast Number of
 ‘ such small Particles of dry Earth heap’d up
 ‘ round the Hole. They lay their Corn un-
 ‘ der Ground upon that Earth, and cover it
 ‘ with the same. They perform’d this Work
 ‘ almost every Day, during the Heat of the
 ‘ Sun; and tho’ the Sun went from the Win-
 ‘ dow about Three or Four a Clock in the
 ‘ Afternoon, they did not remove their Corn
 ‘ and their Particles of Earth, because the
 ‘ Ground was very hot, till the Heat was
 ‘ over.

‘ IF any one should think that those Animals
 ‘ should use Sand, or small Particles of Brick
 ‘ or Stone, rather than take so much Pains a-
 ‘ bout dry Earth; I answer, that upon such
 ‘ an Occasion nothing can be more pro-
 ‘ per than Earth heated in the Sun. Corn
 ‘ does not keep upon Sand: Besides, a Grain
 ‘ of

‘ of Corn that is cut, being deprived of
 ‘ its Bud, would be fill’d with small san-
 ‘ dy Particles, that could not easily come
 ‘ out. To which I add, that Sand con-
 ‘ sists of such small Particles, that an Ant
 ‘ could not take them up one after another;
 ‘ and therefore those Insects are seldom to
 ‘ be seen near Rivers, or in a very sandy
 ‘ Ground.

‘ AS for the small Particles of Brick or Stone,
 ‘ the least Moistness would join them together,
 ‘ and turn them into a kind of Mastick, which
 ‘ those Insects could not divide. Those Par-
 ‘ ticles sticking together, could not come out
 ‘ of an Ants-Nest, and would spoil its Sym-
 ‘ metry.

‘ WHEN Ants have brought out those
 ‘ Particles of Earth, they bring out their Corn
 ‘ after the same manner, and place it round
 ‘ that Earth: Thus one may see two Heaps
 ‘ surrounding their Hole, one of dry Earth,
 ‘ and the other of Corn; and then they fetch
 ‘ out a Remainder of dry Earth, on which
 ‘ doubtless their Corn was laid up.

‘ THOSE Insects never go about this Work
 ‘ but when the Weather is clear, and the Sun
 ‘ very hot. I observ’d, that those little Animals
 ‘ having one Day brought out their Corn
 ‘ at Eleven a Clock in the Forenoon, remo-
 ‘ ved it, against their usual Custom, before
 ‘ One in the Afternoon: The Sun being very
 ‘ hot, and the Sky very clear, I could per-
 ‘ ceive no Reason for it. But half an Hour
 ‘ after

after the Sky began to be overcast, and there fell a small Rain which the Ants foresaw; whereas the *Milan* Almanack had foretold that there would be no Rain upon that Day.

I have said before, that those Ants which I did so particularly consider, fetch'd their Corn out of a Garret. I went very frequently into that Garret: There was some old Corn in it; and because every Grain was not alike, I observed that they chose the best.

I know, by several Experiments, that those little Animals take great Care to provide themselves with Wheat when they can find it, and always pick out the best; but they can make shift without it. When they can get no Wheat they take Rye, Oats, Millet, and even Crums of Bread, but seldom any Barley, unless it be in a time of great Scarcity, and when nothing else can be had.

BEING willing to be more particularly informed of their Forecast and Industry, I put a small Heap of Wheat in a Corner of the Room, where they kept: And to prevent their fetching Corn out of the Garret, I shut up the Window, and stopt all the Holes. Tho' Ants are very knowing, I don't take them to be Conjurers; and therefore they could not guess that I had put some Corn in that Room. I perceived for several Days that they were very much perplexed, and went a great way to fetch their Provisions. I was not willing for some time to
 ' make

‘ make them more easie; for I had a Mind to
 ‘ know, whether they would at last find out
 ‘ the Treasure, and see it at a great Distance,
 ‘ and whether Smelling enabled them to know
 ‘ what is good for their Nourishment. Thus
 ‘ they were some time in great Trouble, and
 ‘ took a great deal of Pains: They went up
 ‘ and down a great way looking out for some
 ‘ Grains of Corn: They were sometimes dis-
 ‘ appointed, and sometimes they did not like
 ‘ their Corn after many long and painful Ex-
 ‘ cursions. What appeared to me wonderful,
 ‘ was, That none of them came Home with-
 ‘ out bringing something: one brought a
 ‘ Grain of Wheat, another a Grain of Rye
 ‘ or Oats, or a Particle of dry Earth, if she
 ‘ could get nothing else.

‘ THE Window, upon which those Ants
 ‘ had made their Settlement, looked into a
 ‘ Garden, and was two Stories high. Some
 ‘ went to the further end of the Garden, others
 ‘ to the Fifth Story, in quest of some Corn.
 ‘ It was a very hard Journey for them, espe-
 ‘ cially when they came Home loaded with
 ‘ a pretty large Grain of Corn, which must
 ‘ needs be a heavy Burthen for an Ant, and
 ‘ as much as she can bear. The bringing of
 ‘ that Grain from the middle of the Garden
 ‘ to the Nest, took up four Hours; whereby
 ‘ one may judge of the Strength, and pro-
 ‘ digious Labour of those little Animals. It
 ‘ appears from thence, that an Ant works
 ‘ as hard as a Man, who should carry a very
 ‘ heavy Load on his Shoulders almost every
 ‘ Day

‘ Day for the space of four Leagues. ’Tis
‘ true, those Insects don’t take so much Pains
‘ upon a flat Ground; but then how great is
‘ the Hardship of a poor Ant, when she car-
‘ ries a Grain of Corn to the second Story,
‘ climbing up a Wall with her Head down-
‘ wards, and her Backside upwards? None
‘ can have a true Notion of it, unless they
‘ see those little Animals at work in such a
‘ Situation. The frequent Stops they make
‘ in the most convenient Places, are a plain
‘ Indication of their Weariness. Some of
‘ them were strangely perplexed, and could
‘ not get to their Journey’s end. In such a
‘ Case, the strongest Ants, or those that are
‘ not so weary, having carried their Corn to
‘ their Nest, came down again to help them.
‘ Some are so unfortunate as to fall down
‘ with their Load, when they are almost
‘ come Home: When this happens they sel-
‘ dom lose their Corn, but carry it up again.
‘ I saw one of the smallest carrying a large
‘ Grain of Wheat with incredible Pains:
‘ When she came to the Box, where the Nest
‘ was, she made so much haste that she fell
‘ down with her Load, after a very laborious
‘ March: Such an unluckly Accident would
‘ have vexed a Philosopher. I went down,
‘ and found her with the same Corn in her
‘ Paws: She was ready to climb up again.
‘ The same Misfortune happen’d to her Three
‘ Times: Sometimes she fell in the Middle
‘ of her Way, and sometimes higher; but she
‘ never let go her hold, and was not discour-
‘ aged.

' raged. At last, her Strength failed her: She
 ' stopt; and another Ant help'd her to car-
 ' ry her Load, which was one of the largest
 ' and finest Grains of Wheat that an Ant can
 ' carry. It happens sometimes, that a Corn
 ' slips out of their Paws, when they are climb-
 ' ing up: They take hold of it again, when
 ' they can find it; otherwise they look for
 ' another, or take something else, being a-
 ' shamed to return to their Nest without
 ' bringing something: This I have experi-
 ' mented, by taking away the Grain which
 ' they look'd for. All those Experiments may
 ' easily be made by any one that has Patience
 ' enough; They do not require so great a Pa-
 ' tience as that of Ants; but few People are
 ' capable of it.



N^o 157. *Thursday, September 10.*

*Go to the Ant thou Sluggard; consider her Ways, and
 be wise.* Solomon.

IT has been observed by Writers of Mora-
 lity, that in order to quicken Human In-
 dustry, Providence has so contriv'd it, that
 our daily Food is not to be procured with-
 out much Pains and Labour. The chase of
 Birds and Beasts, the several Arts of Fishing,
 with all the different kind of Agriculture, are ne-

necessary Scenes of Business, and give Employment to the greatest part of Mankind. If we look into the Brute Creation, we find all its Individuals engaged in a painful and laborious way of Life, to procure a necessary Subsistence for themselves, or those that grow up under them: The Preservation of their Being is the whole Business of it. An Idle Man is therefore a kind of Monster in the Creation. All Nature is busie about him; every Animal he sees reproaches him. Let such a Man, who lies as a Burthen or dead Weight upon the Species, and contributes nothing either to the Riches of the Commonwealth, or to the Maintenance of himself and Family, consider that Instinct with which Providence has endowed the Ant, and by which is exhibited an Example of Industry to rational Creatures. This is set forth under many surprising Instances in the Paper of Yesterday, and in the Conclusion of that Narrative, which is as follows:

‘ THUS my Ants were forced to make
‘ shift for a Livelihood, when I had shut up
‘ the Garret, out of which they used to fetch
‘ their Provisions At last, being sensible that
‘ it would be a long time before they could
‘ discover the small Heap of Corn, which
‘ I had laid up for them, I resolved to shew
‘ it to them.

‘ IN order to know how far their Industry
‘ could reach, I contrived an Expedient, which
‘ had good Success: The thing will appear
‘ incredible to those, who never considered,
‘ that

‘ that all Animals of the same Kind, which
 ‘ form a Society, are more knowing than o-
 ‘ thers. I took one of the largest Ants, and
 ‘ threw her upon that small Heap of Wheat.
 ‘ She was so glad to find her self at Liberty,
 ‘ that she ran away to her Nest, without car-
 ‘ rying off a Grain; but she observed it: For
 ‘ an Hour after all my Antshad Notice given
 ‘ them of such a Provision; and I saw most
 ‘ of them very busie in carrying away the
 ‘ Corn I had laid up in the Room. I leave it
 ‘ to you to judge, whether it may not be said,
 ‘ that they have a particular Way of commu-
 ‘ nicating their Knowledge to one another;
 ‘ for otherwise how could they know, one or
 ‘ two Hours after, that there was Corn in
 ‘ that place? It was quickly exhausted; and
 ‘ I put in more, but in a small Quantity, to
 ‘ know the true Extent of their Appetite or
 ‘ prodigious Avarice; for I make no doubt
 ‘ but they lay up Provisions against the Win-
 ‘ ter: We read it in Holy Scripture; a Thou-
 ‘ sand Experiments teach us the same; and I
 ‘ don’t believe that any Experiment has been
 ‘ made that shews the contrary.

‘ I have said before, that there were Three
 ‘ Ants-Nest in that Box or *Parterre*, which
 ‘ formed, if I may say so, Three different Ci-
 ‘ ties, governed by the same Laws, and ob-
 ‘ serving the same Order, and the same Cu-
 ‘ stoms. However there was this Difference,
 ‘ that the Inhabitans of one of those Holes
 ‘ seem’d to be more Knowing and Industri-
 ‘ ous than their Neighbours. The Ants of that
 ‘ Nest

‘ Nest were disposed in a better Order; their
‘ Corn was finer; they had a greater Plenty
‘ of Provisions; their Nest was furnished with
‘ more Inhabitants, and they were bigger and
‘ stronger: It was the Principal and the Ca-
‘ pital Nest. Nay, I observed that those Ants
‘ were distinguish’d from the rest, and had
‘ some Pre-eminence over them.

‘ THO’ the Box-full of Earth, where the
‘ Ants had made their Settlement, was gene-
‘ rally free from Rain; yet it rained some-
‘ times upon it, when a certain Wind blew.
‘ It was a great Inconvenience for those In-
‘ sects: Ants are afraid of Water; and when
‘ they go a great way in quest of Provisions,
‘ and are surpris’d by the Rain, they shelter
‘ themselves under some Tile, or something
‘ else, and don’t come out ’till the Rain is
‘ over. The Ants of the Principal Nest found
‘ out a wonderful Expedient to keep out the
‘ Rain: There was a small Piece of a flat Slate,
‘ which they laid over the Hole of their Nest,
‘ in the Day time, when they foresaw it would
‘ Rain, and almost every Night. Above Fifty
‘ of those little Animals, especially the strong-
‘ est, surrounded that Piece of Slate, and drew
‘ it equally in a wonderful Order: They re-
‘ moved it in the Morning; and nothing
‘ could be more Curious than to see those
‘ little Animals about such a Work. They
‘ had made the Ground uneven about their
‘ Nest, insomuch, that the Slate did not lye
‘ flat upon it, but left a free Passage under-
‘ neath. The Ants of the two other Nests
‘ did

‘ did not so well succeed in keeping out the
 ‘ Rain: They laid over their Holes several
 ‘ Pieces of old and dry Plaister one upon the
 ‘ other; but they were still troubled with
 ‘ the Rain, and the next Day they took a
 ‘ world of Pains to repair the Damage. Hence
 ‘ it is, that those Insects are so frequently to
 ‘ be found under Tiles, where they settle
 ‘ themselves to avoid the Rain. Their Nests
 ‘ are at all times covered with those Tiles,
 ‘ without any Incumbrance, and they lay out
 ‘ their Corn and their dry Earth in the Sun
 ‘ about the Tiles, as one may see every Day.
 ‘ I took care to cover the two Ants-Nests that
 ‘ were troubled with the Rain: As for the
 ‘ Capital Nest, there was no need of exerci-
 ‘ sing my Charity towards it.

‘ *M. de la Loubere* says in his Relation of
 ‘ *Siam*, that in a certain Part of that Kingdom,
 ‘ which lies open to great Inundations, all the
 ‘ Ants make their Settlements upon Trees:
 ‘ No Ants-Nests are to be seen any where else.
 ‘ I need not insert here what that Author
 ‘ says about those Insects: You may see his
 ‘ Relation.

‘ **HERE** follows a Curious Experiment,
 ‘ which I made upon the same Ground, where
 ‘ I had three Ants Nests. I undertook to
 ‘ make a Fourth, and went about it in the
 ‘ following manner. In a Corner of a Kind
 ‘ of a Terrass, at a considerable Distance from
 ‘ the Box, I found a Hole swarming with
 ‘ Ants much larger than all those I had alrea-
 ‘ dy seen; but they were not so well provi-

ded with Corn, nor under so good a Government. I made a Hole in the Box like that of an Ants-Nest, and laid, as it were, the Foundations of a new City. Afterwards I got as many Ants as I could out of the Nest in the Terrass, and put them into a Bottle, to give them a new Habitation in my Box; and because I was afraid they would return to the Terrass, I destroyed their old Nest, pouring boyling Water into the Hole, to kill those Ants that remained in it. In the next place, I filled the new Hole with the Ants that were in the Bottle; but none of them would stay in it: They went away in less than two Hours; which made me believe, that it was impossible to make a fourth Settlement in my Box.

TWO or three Days after, going accidentally over the Terrass, I was very much surprised to see the Ants Nest which I had destroy'd very artfully repaired. I resolved then to destroy it entirely, and to settle those Ants in my Box. To succeed in my Design, I put some Gun-powder and Brimstone into their Hole, and sprung a Mine, whereby the whole Nest was overthrown; and then I carried as many Ants as I could get, into the place which I designed for them. It happened to be a very Rainy Day, and it rained all Night; and therefore they remained in the new Hole all that time. In the Morning, when the Rain was over, most of them went away to
re-

‘ repair their old Habitation; but finding it
‘ impracticable by reason of the Smell of the
‘ Powder and Brimstone, which kills them,
‘ they came back again, and settled in the
‘ Place I had appointed for them. They
‘ quickly grew acquainted with their Neigh-
‘ bours, and received from them all manner
‘ of Assistance out of their Holes. As for the
‘ Inside of their Nest, none but themselves
‘ were concerned in it, according to the in-
‘ violable Laws establish’d among those Ani-
‘ mals.

‘ AN Ant never goes into any other Nest
‘ but her own; and if she should venture to
‘ do it, she would be turn’d out, and severely
‘ punish’d. I have often taken an Ant out
‘ of one Nest, to put her into another; but
‘ she quickly came out, being warmly pur-
‘ su’d by two or three other Ants. I tried
‘ the same Experiment several times with
‘ the same Ant; but at last the other Ants
‘ grew impatient, and tore her to pieces. I
‘ have often frightened some Ants with my
‘ Fingers, and pursued them as far as another
‘ Hole, stopping all the Passages to prevent
‘ their going to their own Nest. It was very
‘ natural for them to fly into the next Hole:
‘ Many a Man would not be so cautious, and
‘ would throw himself out of the Windows, or
‘ into a Well, if he was pursued by Assassins.
‘ But the Ants I am speaking of, avoided
‘ going into any other Hole but their own,
‘ and rather tried all other ways of making

‘ their Escape: They never fled into another
‘ Nest, but at the last Extremity; and some-
‘ times rather chose to be taken, as I have
‘ often experienc’d. ’Tis therefore an invio-
‘ lable Custom among those Insects, not to go
‘ into any other Hole but their own. They
‘ don’t exercise Hospitality; but they are ve-
‘ ry ready to help one another out of their
‘ Holes. They put down their Loads at the
‘ Entrance of a neighbouring Nest; and those
‘ that live in it carry them in.

‘ THEY keep up a sort of Trade among
‘ themselves; and ’tis not true that those In-
‘ sects are not for lending: I know the con-
‘ trary: They lend their Corn; they make
‘ Exchanges; they are always ready to serve
‘ one another; and I can assure you, that
‘ more Time and Patience would have enabled
‘ me to observe a Thousand Things more
‘ Curious and Wonderful than what I have
‘ mentioned. For Instance, how they lend,
‘ and recover their Loans; whether it be in
‘ the same Quantity, or with Usury; whether
‘ they pay the Strangers that work for them,
‘ &c. I don’t think it impossible to examine
‘ all those Things; and it would be a great
‘ Curiosity to know by what Maxims they
‘ govern themselves: Perhaps such a Know-
‘ ledge might be of some Use to us.

‘ THEY are never attack’d by any Enemies
‘ in a Body, as it is reported of Bees: Their
‘ only Fear proceeds from Birds, which some-
‘ times eat their Corn when they lay it out in
‘ the Sun; but they keep it under Ground,
‘ when

‘ when they are afraid of Thieves. ’Tis said,
 ‘ that some Birds eat them; but I never saw
 ‘ any Instance of it. They are also infested
 ‘ by small Worms: but they turn them out,
 ‘ and kill them. I observed, that they pu-
 ‘ nish’d those Ants, which probably had been
 ‘ wanting to their Duty: Nay, sometimes
 ‘ they kill’d them; which they did in the
 ‘ following manner. Three or four Ants
 ‘ fell upon one, and pull’d her several ways,
 ‘ till she was torn in pieces. Generally speak-
 ‘ ing they live very quietly; from whence I
 ‘ infer that they have a very severe Discipline
 ‘ among themselves, to keep so good an Or-
 ‘ der; or that they are great Lovers of Peace,
 ‘ if they have no Occasion for any Discipline.

‘ WAS there ever a greater Union in any
 ‘ Commonwealth? Every thing is common
 ‘ among them; which is not to be seen any
 ‘ where else. Bees, of which we are told so
 ‘ many wonderful things, have each of them
 ‘ a Hole in their Hives; their Honey is
 ‘ their own; every Bee minds her own Con-
 ‘ cerns. The same may be said of all other
 ‘ Animals: They frequently fight, to deprive
 ‘ one another of their Portion. It is not so
 ‘ with Ants: They have nothing of their own:
 ‘ A Grain of Corn which an Ant carries
 ‘ home, is deposited in a common Stock: It
 ‘ is not designed for her own Use, but for
 ‘ the whole Community: There is no Distin-
 ‘ ction between a private and a common In-
 ‘ terest. An Ant never works for her self,
 ‘ but for the Society.

‘ **W**HATEVER Misfortune happens
 ‘ to them, their Care and Industry find out
 ‘ a Remedy for it; Nothing discourages them.
 ‘ If you destroy their Nests, they will be re-
 ‘ paired in two Days. Any Body may easily
 ‘ see how difficult it is to drive them out of
 ‘ their Habitations, without destroying the
 ‘ Inhabitants; for, as long as there are any
 ‘ left, they will maintain their Ground.

‘ I had almost forget to tell you, Sir, that
Mercury has hitherto prov’d a mortal Poi-
 ‘ son for them; and that it is the most effe-
 ‘ ctual way of destroying those Insects. I can
 ‘ do something for them in this Case: Per-
 ‘ haps you will hear in a little time that I have
 ‘ reconcil’d them to *Mercury*. G

N^o 158. *Friday, September 11.*

*Gnosſius hæc Rhadamanthus habet duriffima regna:
 Caſtigatque, auditque dolos: ſubigitque fateri
 Quæ quis apud ſuperos, furto lætatus inani,
 Diſtulit in ſeram commiſſa piacula mortem.*

Virg.

I Was Yeſterday purſuing the Hint which
 I mentioned in my laſt Paper, and com-
 paring together the Industry of Man with that
 of other Creatures; in which I could not but
 obſerve, that notwithstanding we are obliged
 by Duty to keep our ſelves in conſtant Em-
 ploy, after the ſame manner as inferior Ani-
 mals are prompted to it by Inſtinct, we fall
 very ſhort of them in this Particular. We are
here

here the more inexcusable, because there is a greater variety of Business to which we may apply our selves. Reason opens to us a large Field of Affairs, which other Creatures are not capable of. Beasts of Prey, and I believe of all other kinds, in their Natural State of Being, divide their time between Action and Rest. They are always at work or asleep. In short, their waking Hours are wholly taken up in seeking after their Food, or in consuming it. The Human Species only, to the great Reproach of our Natures, are filled with Complaints, that *the day hangs heavy on 'em*, that *they do not know what to do with themselves*, that *they are at a loss how to pass away their Time*, with many of the like shameful Murmurs, which we often find in the Mouths of those who are stiled Reasonable Beings. How monstrous are such Expressions among Creatures, who have the Labours of the Mind, as well as those of the Body, to furnish them with proper Employments; who besides the Business of their proper Callings and Professions, can apply themselves to the Duties of Religion, to Meditation, to the Reading of useful Books, to Discourse; in a word, who may exercise themselves in the unbounded Pursuits of Knowledge and Virtue, and every Hour of their Lives make themselves wiser or better than they were before.

AFTER having been taken up for some time in this course of Thought, I diverted myself with a Book, according to my usual Custom, in order to unbend my Mind before I

went to Sleep. The Book I made use of on this occasion was *Lucian*, where I amused my Thoughts for about an Hour among the Dialogues of the Dead, which in all probability produced the following Dream.

I was conveyed, methought, into the Entrance of the Infernal Regions, where I saw *Rhadamanthus*, one of the Judges of the Dead, seated in his Tribunal. On his left Hand stood the Keeper of *Erebus*, on his Right the Keeper of *Elysium*. I was told he sat upon Women that Day, there being several of the Sex lately arrived, who had not yet their Mansions assigned them. I was surprized to hear him ask every one of them the same Question, namely, *what they had been doing*? Upon this Question being proposed to the whole Assembly they stared one upon another, as not knowing what to Answer. He then Interrogated each of them separately. Madam, says he, to the first of them, you have been upon the Earth about Fifty Years: What have you been doing there all this while? Doing, says he, really I don't know what I have been doing: I desire I may have time given me to recollect. After about half an Hour's pause she told him, that she had been playing at Crimp; upon which *Rhadamanthus* beckoned to the Keeper on his Left Hand, to take her into Custody. And you, Madam, says the Judge, that look with such a soft and languishing Air; I think you set out for this Place in your Nine and twentieth Year, what have you been doing all this while? I had a great deal of Business on my Hands,

Hands, says she, being taken up the first Twelve Years of my Life, in dressing a Jointed Baby, and all the remaining part of it in reading Plays and Romances. Very well, says he, you have employed your Time to good purpose. Away with her. The next was a plain Country Woman; Well Mistress, says *Rhadamanthus*, and what have you been doing? An't please your Worship, says she, I did not live quite Forty Years; and in that time brought my Husband seven Daughters, made him nine thousand Cheeses, and left my eldest Girl with him, to look after his House in my Absence, and who I may venture to say is as pretty a House-wife as any in the Country. *Rhadamanthus* smiled at the Simplicity of the good Woman, and order'd the Keeper of *Elysium* to take her into his Care. And you, fair Lady, says he, what have you been doing these Five and thirty Years? I have been doing no Hurt, I assure you, Sir, said she. That is well, says he, but what Good have you been doing? The Lady was in great Confusion at this Question, and not knowing what to answer, the two Keepers leaped out to seize her at the same time; the one took her by the Hand to convey her to *Elysium*, the other caught hold of her to carry her away to *Erebus*. But *Rhadamanthus* observing an ingenuous Modesty in her Countenance and Behaviour, bid them both let her loose, and set her aside for a Re-examination when he was more at Leisure. An old Woman, of a proud and sower Look, presented her self next at the Bar, and being asked what she

she had been doing? Truly, says she, I lived threescore and ten Years in a very wicked World, and was so angry at the Behaviour of a parcel of young Flirts, that I past most of my last Years in condemning the Follies of the Times; I was every Day blaming the filly Conduct of People about me, in order to deter those I conversed with from falling into the like Errors and Miscarriages. Very well, says *Rhadamanthus*, but did you keep the same watchful Eye over your own Actions? Why truly, says she, I was so taken up with publishing the Faults of others, that I had no time to consider my own. Madam, says *Rhadamanthus*, be pleased to file off to the Left, and make Room for the venerable Matron that stands behind you. Old Gentlewoman, says he, I think you are fourscore? You have heard the Question, what have you been doing so long in the World? Ah, Sir! says she, I have been doing what I should not have done, but I had made a firm Resolution to have changed my Life, if I had not been snatched off by an untimely End. Madam, says he, you will please to follow your Leader; and spying another of the same Age, interrogated her in the same Form. To which the Matron reply'd, I have been the Wife of a Husband who was as dear to me in his old Age as in his Youth. I have been a Mother, and very happy in my Children, whom I endeavoured to bring up in every thing that is good. My eldest Son is blest by the Poor, and beloved by every one that knows him. I lived with-

in

in my own Family, and left it much more wealthy than I found it. *Rhadamanthus*, who knew the Value of the old Lady, smiled upon her in such a manner, that the Keeper of *Elysium*, who knew his Office, reached out his Hand to her. He no sooner touched her but her Wrinkles vanished, her Eyes sparkled, her Checks glow'd with Blushes, and she appeared in full Bloom and Beauty. A young Woman observing that this Officer, who conducted the happy to *Elysium*, was so great a *Beautifyer*, long'd to be in his Hands, so that pressing through the Croud, she was the next that appeared at the Bar. And being asked what she had been doing the five and twenty Years that she had past in the World, I have endeavoured, says she, ever since I came to Years of Discretion, to make my self Lovely and gain Admirers. In order to it I past my Time in bottling up May-dew, inventing White-washes, mixing Colours, cutting out Patches, consulting my Glasse, suiting my Complexion, tearing off my Tucker, sinking my Stays—*Rhadamanthus*, without hearing her out, gave the Sign to take her off. Upon the Approach of the Keeper of *Erebus* her Colour faded, her Face was puckered up with Wrinkles, and her whole Person lost in Deformity.

I was then surpris'd with a distant Sound of a whole Troop of Females that came forward laughing, singing and dancing. I was very desirous to know the Reception they would

would meet with, and withal was very apprehensive, that *Radamanthus* would spoil their Mirth: But at their nearer Approach the Noise grew so very great that it awakened me.

I lay some time, reflecting in my self on the Oddness of this Dream, and could not forbear asking my own Heart, what I was doing? I answered my self, that I was writing *Guardians*. If my Readers make as good a Use of this Work as I design they should, I hope it will never be imputed to me as a Work that is vain and unprofitable.

I shall conclude this Paper with recommending to them the same short Self-Examination. If every one of them frequently lays his Hand upon his Heart, and considers what he is doing, it will check him in all the idle, or, what is worse, the vitious Moments of Life, lift up his Mind when it is running on in a Series of indifferent Actions, and encourage him when he is engaged in those which are virtuous and laudable. In a Word, it will very much alleviate that Guilt which the best of Men have Reason to acknowledge in their daily Confessions, of *leaving undone those things which they ought to have done, and of doing those things which they ought not to have done.*

✠

Satur day,

N^o 159. *Saturday, September 12.*

*Præsens vel imo tollere de gradu
Mortale corpus, vel superbos
Vertere funeribus triumphos.*

Hor.

S I R,

‘ **H**AVING read over your Paper of
 ‘ *Tuesday* last, in which you recom-
 ‘ mend the Pursuits of Wisdom and Know-
 ‘ ledge to those of the Fair Sex, who have
 ‘ much Time lying upon their Hands, and a-
 ‘ mong other Motives make use of this, That
 ‘ several Women, thus accomplished, have
 ‘ raised themselves by it to considerable Posts
 ‘ of Honour and Fortune: I shall beg leave
 ‘ to give you an Instance of this Kind, which
 ‘ many now living can testify the Truth of,
 ‘ and which I can assure you is Matter of Fact.
 ‘ ABOUT twelve Years ago I was fami-
 ‘ liarly acquainted with a Gentleman, who
 ‘ was in a Post that brought him a yearly Re-
 ‘ venue, sufficient to live very handsomly up-
 ‘ on. He had a Wife, and no Child but a
 ‘ Daughter, whom he bred up, as I thought,
 ‘ too high for one that could expect no o-
 ‘ ther Fortune than such a one as her Father
 ‘ could raise out of the Income of his Place;
 ‘ which as they managed it was scarce suffi-
 ‘ cient for their ordinary Expences. Miss *Bet-*
 ‘ *ty* had always the best Sort of Cloaths, and
 was

‘ was hardly allowed to keep Company but
 ‘ with those above her Rank; so that it was
 ‘ no Wonder she grew proud and haughty
 ‘ towards those she looked upon as her Infe-
 ‘ riors. There liv’d by them a Barber who
 ‘ had a Daughter about Miss’s Age, that
 ‘ could speak *French*, had read several Books
 ‘ at her leisure Hours, and was a perfect Mi-
 ‘ stress of her Needle and in all Kinds of Fe-
 ‘ male Manufacture. She was at the same
 ‘ time a pretty, modest, witty Girl. She was
 ‘ hired to come to Miss an Hour or two eve-
 ‘ ry Day, to talk *French* with her and teach
 ‘ her to Work, but Miss always treated her
 ‘ with great Contempt; and when *Molly* gave
 ‘ her any Advice, rejected it with Scorn.

‘ ABOUT the same time several young
 ‘ Fellows made their Addresses to Miss *Bet-
 ‘ ty*, who had indeed a great deal of Wit and
 ‘ Beauty, had they not been infected with so
 ‘ much Vanity and Self-conceit. Among the
 ‘ rest was a plain sober young Man, who lo-
 ‘ ved her almost to Distraction. His Passion
 ‘ was the common Talk of the Neighbour-
 ‘ hood, who used to be often discoursing of
 ‘ Mr. T——’s Angel, for that was the Name
 ‘ he always gave her in ordinary Conversati-
 ‘ on. As his Circumstances were very indif-
 ‘ ferent, he being a younger Brother, Mrs.
 ‘ *Betty* rejected him with Disdain. Insomuch
 ‘ that the young Man, as is usual among those
 ‘ who are crossed in Love, put himself aboard
 ‘ the Fleet, with a Resolution to seek his
 ‘ Fortune, and forget his Mistress. This was
 ‘ very

‘ very happy for him, for in a very few Years,
 ‘ being concerned in several Captures, he
 ‘ brought home with him an Estate of about
 ‘ twelve thousand Pounds.

‘ MEAN while Days and Years went on,
 ‘ Miss liv’d high and learnt but little, most of
 ‘ her time being employed in reading Plays
 ‘ and practising to dance, in which she arrived
 ‘ at great Perfection. When of a sudden, at
 ‘ a Change of Ministry, her Father lost his
 ‘ Place, and was forced to leave *London*,
 ‘ where he could no longer live upon the Foot
 ‘ he had formerly done. Not many Years af-
 ‘ ter I was told the poor Gentleman was dead,
 ‘ and had left his Widow and Daughter in a
 ‘ very desolate Condition, but I could not
 ‘ learn where to find them, tho’ I made what
 ‘ Inquiry I could; and I must own, I im-
 ‘ mediately suspected their Pride would not
 ‘ suffer them to be seen or relieved by any of
 ‘ their former Acquaintance. I had left en-
 ‘ quiring after them for some Years, when I
 ‘ happen’d, not long ago, as I was asking at
 ‘ a House for a Gentleman I had some Busi-
 ‘ ness with, to be led into a Parlor by a hand-
 ‘ some young Woman, who I presently fan-
 ‘ cy’d was that very Daughter I had so long
 ‘ sought in vain. My Suspicion increased,
 ‘ when I observed her to blush at the Sight of
 ‘ me, and to avoid, as much as possible, look-
 ‘ ing upon, or speaking to me: Madam, said
 ‘ I, are not you Mrs. such a one? At which
 ‘ Words the Tears ran down her Cheeks, and
 ‘ she would fain have retired without giving
 ‘ me

‘ me an Answer; but I stopp’d her, and be-
‘ ing to wait a while for the Gentleman I was
‘ to speak to, I resolv’d not to lose this Op-
‘ portunity of satisfying my Curiosity. I could
‘ not well discern by her Dress, which was
‘ genteel tho’ not fine, whether she was the
‘ Mistress of the House, or only a Servant:
‘ But supposing her to be the first, I am glad,
‘ Madam, said I, after having long inquired
‘ after you, to have so happily met with you,
‘ and to find you Mistress of so fine a Place.
‘ These Words were like to have spoiled
‘ all, and threw her into such a Disorder, that
‘ it was some time before she could re-
‘ cover her self; but as soon as she was able to
‘ speak, Sir, said she, you are mistaken; I
‘ am but a Servant. Her Voice fell in these
‘ last Words, and she burst again into Tears.
‘ I was sorry to have occasioned in her so much
‘ Grief and Confusion, and said what I could
‘ to Comfort her. Alas, Sir, said she, my
‘ Condition is much better than I deserve, I
‘ have the kindest and best of Women for
‘ my Mistress. She is Wife to the Gentleman
‘ you come to speak withall. You know her
‘ very well, and have often seen her with me.
‘ To make my Story short, I found that my
‘ late Friend’s Daughter was now a Servant to
‘ the Barber’s Daughter, whom she had for-
‘ merly treated so disdainfully. The Gentleman
‘ at whose House I now was, fell in Love
‘ with *Moll*, and being Master of a great For-
‘ tune, married her, and lives with her as
‘ happily, and as much to his Satisfaction as he
‘ could desire. He treats her with all the
‘ Friend-

Friendship and Respect possible, but not with more than her Behaviour and good Qualities deserve. And 'twas with a great deal of Pleasure I heard her Maid dwell so long upon her Commendation. She informed me, that after her Father's Death, her Mother and she lived for a while together in great Poverty. But her Mother's Spirit could not bear the Thoughts of asking Relief of any of her own, or her Husband's Acquaintance; so that they retired from all their Friends, 'till they were Providentially discover'd by this new married Woman, who heaped on 'em Favours upon Favours. Her Mother died shortly after, who, while she lived, was better pleased to see her Daughter a Beggar, than a Servant. But being freed by her Death, she was taken into this Gentlewoman's Family, where she now liv'd, tho' much more like a Friend or a Companion, than like a Servant.

I went home full of this strange Adventure, and about a Week after chancing to be in Company with Mr. T. the rejected Lover, whom I mentioned in the beginning of my Letter, I told him the whole Story of his Angel, not questioning but he would feel on this Occasion, the usual Pleasure of a resenting Lover, when he hears that Fortune has avenged him of the Cruelty of his Mistress. As I was recounting to him at large these several Particulars, I observed that he covered his Face with his Hand, and that his Breast heaved as tho' it wou'd have

‘ bursted, which I took at first to have been
 ‘ a Fit of Laughter; but upon lifting up his
 ‘ Head I saw his Eyes all red with Weeping.
 ‘ He forced a Smile at the end of my Sto-
 ‘ ry, and we parted.

‘ About a Fortnight after I received from
 ‘ him the following Letter.

Dear Sir,

‘ I Am infinitely obliged to you for bring-
 ‘ ing me News of my Angel. I have
 ‘ since married her, and think the low Cir-
 ‘ cumstances she was reduced to a piece of
 ‘ good Luck to both of us, since it has quite
 ‘ removed that little Pride and Vanity, which
 ‘ was the only part of her Character that I
 ‘ disliked, and given me an Opportunity of
 ‘ showing her the constant and sincere Affe-
 ‘ ction, which I professed to her in the time
 ‘ of her Prosperity.

Yours, R. T.

N^o 160. *Monday, September 14.*

Solventur risu tabule, tu missus abibes.

Hor.

FROM Writing the History of Lions, I
 lately went off to that of Ants, but
 to my great Surprise, I find that some of
 my good Readers have taken this last to
 be a work of Invention, which was only a
 plain Narrative of matter of Fact. They will
 seve-

several of them have it that my last *Thursday* and *Friday's* Papers are full of concealed Satyr, and that I have attacked People in the shape of Pismires, whom I durst not meddle with in the shape of Men. I must confess that I write with Fear and Trembling ever since that ingenious Person the *Examiner* in his little Pamphlet, which was to make way for one of his following Papers, found out Treason in the word *Expect*.

But I shall for the future leave my Friend to manage the Controversie in a separate Work, being unwilling to fill with Disputes a Paper which was undertaken purely out of Good-will to my Country-men. I must therefore declare that those Jealousies and Suspicions, which have been raised in some weak Minds, by means of the two abovementioned Discourses concerning Ants or Pismires, are altogether Groundless. There is not an Emmit in all that whole Narrative who is either Whig or Tory; and I could heartily wish, that the Individuals of all Parties among us, had the Good of their Country at Heart, and endeavoured to advance it by the same Spirit of Frugality, Justice, and mutual Benevolence, as are visibly exercised by Members of those little Common-wealths.

AFTER this short Preface, I shall lay before my Reader a Letter or two which occasioned it.

Mr. IRONSIDE,

I Have laid a Wager, with a Friend of mine, about the Pidgeons that used to peck up the Corn which belonged to the Ants. I say that by these Pidgeons you mean the *Palatines*. He will needs have it that they were the *Dutch*. We both agree that the Papers upon the Strings which frightened them away, were *Pamphlets*, *Examiners*, and the like. We beg you will satisfy us in this particular, because the Wager is very considerable, and you will much oblige two of your

Daily Readers.

Old IRON,

WHY so Rusty? Will you never leave your Innuendos? Do you think it hard to find out who is the Tulip in your last *Thursday's* Paper? Or can you imagine that three Nests of Ants is such a Disguise, that the plainest Reader cannot see three Kingdoms through it? The blowing up of the Neighbouring Settlement, where there was a Race of poor Beggarly Ants, under a worse Form of Government, is not so difficult to be explained as you imagine. *Dunkirk* is not yet Demolished. Your Ants are Enemies to Rain are they! Old *Birmingham*, no more of your Ants, if you don't intend to stir up a Nest of Hornets.

Will. Wasp.

Dear

Dear GUARDIAN,

‘**C**ALLING in Yesterday at a Coffee-
 ‘ House in the City, I saw a very short
 ‘ Corpulent angry Man reading your Paper
 ‘ about the Ants. I observed that he reddened
 ‘ and swell’d over every Sentence of it. Af-
 ‘ ter having perused it throughout he laid it
 ‘ down upon the Table, called the Woman
 ‘ of the Coffee-house to him, and asked her,
 ‘ in a magisterial Voice, if she knew what
 ‘ she did in taking in such Papers! The Woman
 ‘ was in such a Confusion, that I thought it
 ‘ a Piece of Charity to interpose in her Be-
 ‘ half, and asked him whether he had found
 ‘ any thing in it of dangerous Import. Sir, said
 ‘ he, it is a Republican Paper from one End to
 ‘ the other, and if the Author had his De-
 ‘ serts——He here grew so exceeding cho-
 ‘ lerick and fierce, that he could not pro-
 ‘ ceed; ’till after having recovered himself,
 ‘ he laid his Finger upon the following Sen-
 ‘ tence, and read it with a very stern Voice
 ‘ ——*Tho’ Ants are very knowing, I don’t*
 ‘ *take them to be Conjurers: And therefore*
 ‘ *they could not guess that I had put some Corn*
 ‘ *in that Room. I perceived for several Days*
 ‘ *that they were very much perplexed, and*
 ‘ *went a great way to fetch their Provisions.*
 ‘ *I was not willing for some time to make them*
 ‘ *more easie; For I had a mind to know, whe-*
 ‘ *ther they would at last find out the Treasure,*
 ‘ *and see it at a great Distance, and whether*
 ‘ *Smelling enabled them to know what is good*
 ‘ *for their Nourishment.* Then throwing the

‘ Paper upon the Table; Sir, says he, these
 ‘ things are not to be suffered—I would
 ‘ engage out of this Sentence to draw up
 ‘ an Indictment that — He here lost his
 ‘ Voice a second time, in the Extremity of
 ‘ his Rage, and the whole Company, who
 ‘ were all of them Tories, bursting out into
 ‘ a sudden Laugh, he threw down his Pen-
 ‘ ny in great Wrath, and retir’d with a most
 ‘ formidable Frown.

‘ THIS, Sir, I thought fit to acquaint
 ‘ you with, that you may make what Use
 ‘ of it you please. I only wish that you
 ‘ would sometimes diversifie your Papers with
 ‘ many other Pieces of natural History,
 ‘ whether of Insects or Animals; this being
 ‘ a Subject which the most common Rea-
 ‘ der is capable of understanding, and which
 ‘ is very diverting in its Nature; besides,
 ‘ that it highly redounds to the Praise of
 ‘ that Being who has inspired the several
 ‘ Parts of the sensitive World with such won-
 ‘ derful and different Kinds of Instinct as en-
 ‘ able them to provide for themselves, and
 ‘ preserve their Species in that State of Exi-
 ‘ stence wherein they are placed. There is
 ‘ no Party concerned in Speculations of this
 ‘ Nature, which instead of enflaming those
 ‘ unnatural Heats that prevail among us, and
 ‘ take up most of our Thoughts, may divert
 ‘ our Minds to Subjects that are useful, and
 ‘ suited to reasonable Creatures. Dissertations
 ‘ of this kind are the more proper for your
 ‘ Purpose, as they do not require any Depth
 of

‘ of Mathematicks, or any previous Science,
 ‘ to qualifie the Reader for the understand-
 ‘ ing of them. To this I might add, that it is a
 ‘ Shame for Men to be ignorant of these Worlds
 ‘ of Wonders which are transacted in the midst
 ‘ of them, and not to be acquainted with
 ‘ those Objects which are every where before
 ‘ their Eyes. To which I might further add,
 ‘ that several are of Opinion, there is no o-
 ‘ ther Use in many of these Creatures than
 ‘ to furnish Matter of Contemplation and
 ‘ Wonder to those Inhabitants of the Earth
 ‘ who are its only Creatures that are capable
 ‘ of it.

I am, S I R,

Your constant Reader,

and Humble Servant.

After having presented my Reader with
 this Sett of Letters, which are all upon the
 same Subject, I shall here insert one that has
 no Relation to it. But it has always been my
 Maxim never to refuse going out of my Way
 to do any honest Man a Service, especially
 when I have an Interest in it my Self.

Most Venerable NESTOR,

‘ **A**S you are a Person that very eminently
 ‘ distinguish your self in the Promotion
 ‘ of the Publick Good, I desire your Friend-
 ‘ ship in signifying to the Town, what con-
 ‘ cerns the greatest Good of Life, *Health*. I
 ‘ do assure you, Sir, there is in a Vault, un-
 ‘ der the *Exchange* in *Cornhill*, over-against

‘ *Pope’s-Head Alley*, a Parcel of *French Wines*,
 ‘ full of the Seeds of good Humour, Chear-
 ‘ fulness and Friendly Mirth. I have been
 ‘ told, the Learned of our Nation agree,
 ‘ there is no such thing as Bribery in Liquors,
 ‘ therefore I shall presume to send you of it,
 ‘ lest you should think it inconsistent with In-
 ‘ tegrity to recommend what you do not un-
 ‘ derstand by Experience. In the mean time
 ‘ please to Insert this, that every Man may
 ‘ judge for himself.

✧

I am, S I R, &c.

N^o 161. Thursday, September 15.

——— *incultum generoso pectus honesto.* Perf.

EVERY Principle that is a Motive to good Actions ought to be encouraged, since Men are of so different a Make, that the same Principle does not work equally upon all Minds. What some Men are prompted to by Conscience, Duty, or Religion, which are only different Names for the same thing, others are prompted to by *Honour*.

THE Sense of Honour is of so fine and delicate a Nature, that it is only to be met with in Minds which are naturally Noble, or in such as have been cultivated by great Examples, or a refined Education. This Paper therefore is chiefly designed for those who by means of any of these Advantages are, or ought

ought to be, actuated by this glorious Principle.

BUT as nothing is more pernicious than a Principle of Action when it is misunderstood, I shall consider Honour with respect to three sorts of Men. First of all, with regard to those who have a right Notion of it. Secondly, with regard to those who have a mistaken Notion of it. And thirdly, with regard to those who treat it as Chimerical, and turn it into Ridicule.

IN the first place, true Honour, tho' it be a different Principle from Religion, is that which produces the same Effects. The Lines of Action, tho' drawn from different Parts, terminate in the same Point. Religion embraces Virtue, as it is enjoined by the Laws of God; Honour, as it is graceful and ornamental to Human Nature. The Religious Man *fears*, the Man of Honour *scorns* to do an ill Action. The former considers Vice as something that is beneath him, the other as something that is offensive to the Divine Being. The one as what is *unbecoming*, the other as what is *forbidden*. Thus *Seneca* speaks in the natural and genuine Language of a Man of Honour, when he declares that were there no God to see or punish Vice, he would not commit it, because it is of so mean, so base, and so vile a Nature.

I shall conclude this Head with the Description of Honour in the Part of young *Juba*.

*Honour's a sacred Tye, the Law of Kings,
The noble Mind's distinguishing Perfection,*

That

*That aids and strengthens Virtue where it meets her,
And imitates her Actions where she is not,
It ought not to be sported with* ——— Cato.

IN the second place we are to consider those who have mistaken Notions of Honour, and these are such as establish any thing to themselves for a Point of Honour, which is contrary either to the Laws of God, or of their Country; who think it more honourable to Revenge, than to forgive an Injury; who make no Scruple of telling a Lie, but would put any Man to Death that accuses them of it; who are more careful to guard their Reputation by their Courage, than by their Virtue. True Fortitude is indeed so becoming in Human Nature, that he who wants it scarce deserves the Name of a Man; but we find several who so much abuse this Notion, that they place the whole Idea of Honour in a kind of Brutal Courage; by which means we have had many among us who have called themselves Men of Honour, that would have been a disgrace to a Gibbet. In a word, the Man who sacrifices any Duty of a reasonable Creature to a prevailing Mode or Fashion, who looks upon any thing as honourable that is displeasing to his Maker, or destructive to Society, who thinks himself obliged by this Principle to the Practice of some Virtues and not of others, is by no means to be reckoned among true Men of Honour.

TIMOGENES was a lively Instance of one acted by false Honour. *Timogenes* would smile at a Man's Jest who ridiculed his Maker,

ker, and, at the same time, run a Man through the Body that spoke ill of his Friend. *Timogenes* would have scorn'd to have betray'd a Secret, that was entrusted with him, tho' the Fate of his Country depended upon the Discovery of it. *Timogenes* took away the Life of a young Fellow, in a Duel, for having spoken ill of *Belinda*, a Lady whom he himself had seduced in her Youth, and betrayed into Want and Ignominy. To close his Character, *Timogenes*, after having ruined several poor Tradesmen's Families, who had trusted him, sold his Estate to satisfy his Creditors; but, like a Man of Honour, disposed of all the Money, he could make of it, in the paying off his Play Debts, or to speak in his own Language, his Debts of Honour.

IN the third Place, we are to consider those Persons, who treat this Principle as chimerical, and turn it into Ridicule. Men who are professedly of no Honour are of a more profligate and abandoned Nature than even those who are acted by false Notions of it, as there is more Hopes of a Heretick than of an Atheist. These Sons of Infamy consider Honour with old *Syphax*, in the Play before-mentioned, as a fine imaginary Notion, that leads astray young unexperienced Men, and draws them into real Mischiefs, while they are engaged in the Pursuits of a Shadow. These are generally Persons who, in *Shakespeare's* Phrase, are worn and hackney'd in the Ways of Men; whose Imaginations are grown
Callous,

Callous, and have lost all those delicate Sentiments which are natural to Minds that are innocent and undepraved. Such old battered Miscreants ridicule every thing as Romantick that comes in Competition with their present Interest, and treat those Persons as Visionaries, who dare stand up in a corrupt Age, for what has not its immediate Reward joined to it. The Talents, Interest, or Experience of such Men, make them very often useful in all Parties, and at all Times. But whatever Wealth and Dignities they may arrive at, they ought to consider, that every one stands as a Blot in the Annals of his Country who arrives at the Temple of *Honour* by any other Way than through that of *Virtue*. 13

N^o 162. *Wednesday, September 16.*

Proprium hoc esse prudentiæ, conciliare sibi animos hominum & ad usus suos adjungere. Cicer.

I Was the other Day in Company at my Lady *Lizard's*, when there came in among us their Cousin *Tom*, who is one of those Country Squires that set up for plain honest Gentlemen who speak their Minds. *Tom* is in short a lively impudent Clown, and has Wit enough to have made him a pleasant Companion, had it been polished and rectified by good Manners. *Tom* had not been a Quarter of an Hour with us, before he set every one

in

in the Company a Blushing, by some blunt Question, or unlucky Observation. He asked the *Sparkler* if her Wit had yet got her a Husband; and told her eldest Sister she looked a little Wan under the Eyes, and that it was time for her to look about her, if she did not design to lead Apes in the other World. The good Lady *Lizard*, who suffers more than her Daughters on such an Occasion, desired her Cousin *Thomas* with a Smile, not to be so severe on his Relations; to which the Booby replied, with a rude Country Laugh, If I be not mistaken Aunt, you were a Mother at Fifteen, and why do you expect that your Daughters should be Maids till Five and twenty? I endeavoured to divert the Discourse, when without taking Notice of what I said, Mr. *Ironside*, says he, you fill my Cousin's Heads with your fine Notions as you call them, can you teach them to make a Pudding? I must confess he put me out of Countenance with his Rustick Raillery, so that I made some Excuse, and left the Room.

THIS Fellow's Behaviour made me Reflect on the Usefulness of Complaisance, to make all Conversation agreeable. This, tho' in itself it be scarce reckoned in the number of Moral Virtues, is that which gives a Lustre to every Talent a Man can be possess of. It was *Plato's* Advice to an unpolish'd Writer, that he should Sacrifice to the Graces. In the same manner I would advise every Man of Learning, who would not appear in the World a meer Scholar, or Philosopher, to
make

make himself Master of the Social Virtue which I have here mentioned.

COMPLAISANCE renders a Superior amiable, an Equal agreeable, and an Inferior acceptable. It smooths Distinction, sweetens Conversation, and makes every one in the Company pleased with himself. It produces Good-nature and mutual Benevolence, encourages the Timorous, soothes the Turbulent, humanises the Fierce, and distinguishes a Society of Civilised Persons from a Confusion of Savages. In a word, Complaisance is a Virtue that blends all Orders of Men together in a Friendly Intercourse of Words and Actions, and is suited to that Equality in Human Nature which every one ought to consider, so far as is consistent with the Order and OEconomy of the World.

IF we could look into the secret Anguish and Affliction of every Man's Heart, we should often find, that more of it arises from little imaginary Distresses, such as Checks, Frowns, Contradictions, Expressions of Contempt, and (what *Shakespeare* reckons among other Evils under the Sun,)

*The poor Man's Contumely,
The Insolence of Office, and the Spurns
That patient Merit of the unworthy takes,*

than from the more real Pains and Calamities of Life. The only Method to remove these imaginary Distresses as much as possible out of Human Life, wou'd be the Universal Practice of such an Ingenuous Complaisance as I have been

been here describing, which, as it is a Virtue, may be defined to be a *constant Endeavour to please those whom we converse with, so far as we may do it Innocently*. I shall here add, that I know nothing so effectual to raise a Man's Fortune as Complaisance, which recommends more to the Favour of the Great, than Wit, Knowledge, or any other Talents whatsoever. I find this Consideration very prettily illustrated by a little wild *Arabian Tale*, which I shall here abridge, for the sake of my Reader, after having again warned him, that I do not recommend to him such an impertinent or vicious Complaisance as is not consistent with Honour and Integrity.

Schacabac being reduced to great Poverty, and having eat nothing for two Days together, made a Visit to a noble *Barmecide* in *Persia*, who was very hospitable, but withal a great Humorist. The *Barmecide* was sitting at his Table that seemed ready covered for an Entertainment. Upon hearing *Schacabac's* Complaint, he desired him to sit down and fall on. He then gave him an empty Plate, and asked him how he liked his Rice-Soup. *Schacabac*, who was a Man of Wit, and resolved to comply with the *Barmecide* in all his Humours, told him 'twas admirable, and, at the same time, in Imitation of the other, lifted up the empty Spoon to his Mouth with great Pleasure. The *Barmecide* then asked him, if he ever saw whiter Bread? *Schacabac*, who saw neither Bread nor Meat, If I did not like it,

' it, you may be sure, says he, I should not
 ' eat so heartily of it. You oblige me mighti-
 ' ly, reply'd the *Barmecide*, pray let me help
 ' you to this Leg of a Goose. *Schacabac* reach-
 ' ed out his Plate, and received nothing on
 ' it with great Chearfulness. As he was eat-
 ' ing very heartily on this imaginary Goose,
 ' and crying up the Sauce to the Skies, the
 ' *Barmecide* desired him to keep a Corner of
 ' his Stomach for a roasted Lamb, fed with
 ' Pistacho-Nuts, and after having call'd for
 ' it, as tho' it had really been served up,
 ' Here is a Dish, says he, that you will see
 ' at no Body's Table but my own. *Schacabac*
 ' was wonderfully delighted with the Taste of
 ' it, which is like nothing, says he, I ever eat
 ' before. Several other nice Dishes were serv-
 ' ed up in Idea, which both of them com-
 ' mended and feasted on after the same man-
 ' ner. This was followed by an invisible *Dis-*
 ' *sert*, no part of which delighted *Schacabac*
 ' so much as a certain Lozenge, which the *Bar-*
 ' *mecide* told him was a Sweet-meat of his
 ' own Invention. *Schacabac* at length, being
 ' courteously reproached by the *Barmecide*,
 ' that he had no Stomach, and that he eat
 ' nothing, and, at the same time, being tired
 ' with moving his Jaws up and down to no
 ' Purpose, desired to be excused, for that
 ' really he was so full he could not eat a Bit more.
 ' Come then, says the *Barmecide*, the Cloth
 ' shall be removed, and you shall taste of my
 ' Wines, which I may say, without Vanity,
 ' are the best in *Persia*. He then filled both
 ' their

‘ their Glasses out of an empty Decanter.
 ‘ *Schacabac* would have excused himself from
 ‘ drinking so much at once, because he said
 ‘ he was a little Quarrellsome in his Liquor ;
 ‘ however being prest to it, he pretended to
 ‘ take it off, having before-hand praised the
 ‘ Colour, and afterwards the Flavour. Being
 ‘ ply’d with two or three other imaginary
 ‘ Bumpers of different Wines, equally deli-
 ‘ cious, and a little vexed with this fantastick
 ‘ Treat, he pretended to grow flustred, and
 ‘ gave the *Barmecide* a good Box on the Ear,
 ‘ but immediately recovering himself, Sir,
 ‘ says he, I beg ten thousand Pardons, but I
 ‘ told you before, that it was my Misfortune
 ‘ to be Quarrellsome in my Drink. The *Bar-*
 ‘ *mecide* could not but smile at the Humour
 ‘ of his Guest, and instead of being angry at
 ‘ him, I find, says he, thou art a complaisant
 ‘ Fellow, and deservest to be entertained in
 ‘ my House. Since thou canst accommodate
 ‘ thy self to my Humour, we will now eat
 ‘ together in good Earnest. Upon which, cal-
 ‘ ling for his Supper, the Rice-Soup, the Goose,
 ‘ the Pistaco-Lamb, the several other nice
 ‘ Dishes, with the *Dissert*, the Lozenges, and
 ‘ all the Variety of *Persian* Wines, were serv-
 ‘ ed up successively, one after another ; and
 ‘ *Schacabac* was feasted in Reality, with those
 ‘ very things which he had before been enter-
 ‘ tained with in Imagination.

N^o 163. *Thursday, September 16.**— miserum est alienâ vivere quadrâ. Juv.*

WHEN I am disposed to give my self a Day's Rest, I order the Lion to be opened, and search into that Magazine of Intelligence for such Letters as are to my Purpose. The first I looked into comes to me from one who is Chaplain to a great Family. He treats himself, in the beginning of it, after such a Manner, as I am persuaded no Man of Sense would treat him. Even the Lawyer and the Physician, to a Man of Quality, expect to be used like Gentlemen, and much more may any one of so superior a Profession. I am by no means for encouraging that Dispute, whether the Chaplain or the Master of the House be the better Man, and the more to be respected. The two Learned Authors, Doctor *Hicks*, and Mr. *Collier*, to whom I might add several others, are to be excused if they have carried the Point a little too high in Favour of the Chaplain, since in so corrupt an Age as that we live in, the Popular Opinion runs so far into the other Extream. The only Controversie, between the Patron and the Chaplain, ought to be which should promote the good Designs and Interests of each other most, and for my own part, I think it is the happiest Circumstance, in a great Estate or Title, that it qualifies a Man for chusing, out of

of such a learned and valuable Body of Men as that of the *English* Clergy, a Friend, a spiritual Guide, and a Companion. The Letter I have received, from one of this Order, is as follows.

Mr. GUARDIAN,

I Hope you will not only indulge me in the Liberty of two or three Questions, but also in the Solution of them.

I have had the Honour, many Years, of being Chaplain to a noble Family, and of being accounted the highest Servant in the House, either out of Respect to my Cloth, or because I lie in the uppermost Garret.

WHILST my old Lord lived, his Table was always adorned with useful Learning and innocent Mirth, as well as cover'd with Plenty. I was not looked upon as a Piece of Furniture, fit only to sanctifie and garnish a Feast, but treated as a Gentleman, and generally desired to fill up the Conversation an Hour after I had done my Duty. But now my young Lord is come to the Estate, I find I am looked upon as a *Censor Morum*, an Obstacle to Mirth and Talk, and suffered to retire constantly, with *Prosperity to the Church* in my Mouth. I declare solemnly, Sir, that I have heard nothing, from all the fine Gentlemen who visit us, more remarkable, for half a Year, than that one young Lord was seven times drunk at *Genoa*, and another had an Affair with a famous Courtesan at *Venice*. I have lately

‘ taken the Liberty to stay three or four
‘ Round beyonds the Church, to see what
‘ Topicks of Discourse they went upon, but,
‘ to my great Surprise, have hardly heard a
‘ Word all the time besides the Toasts. Then
‘ they all stare full in my Face, and shew all
‘ the Actions of Uneasiness till I am gone. Im-
‘ mediately upon my Departure, to use the
‘ Words in an old Comedy, *I find by the*
‘ *Noise they make, that they had a mind to be*
‘ *private.* I am at a Loss to imagine what
‘ Conversation they have among one another,
‘ which I may not be present at, since I love
‘ innocent Mirth as much as any of them, and
‘ am shocked with no Freedoms whatsoever,
‘ which are consistent with Christianity. I
‘ have, with much ado, maintained my Post
‘ hitherto at the Dissert, and every Day eat
‘ Tart in the Face of my Patron, but how
‘ long I shall be invested with this Privilege
‘ I do not know. For the Servants, who do
‘ not see me supported as I was in my old
‘ Lord’s time, begin to brush very familiarly
‘ by me, and thrust aside my Chair, when
‘ they set the Sweetmeats on the Table. I
‘ have been born and educated a Gentleman,
‘ and desire you will make the Publick sensi-
‘ ble, that the Christian Priesthood was nev-
‘ er thought in any Age or Country to debase
‘ the Man who is a Member of it. Among
‘ the great Services which your useful Papers
‘ daily do to Religion, this perhaps will not
‘ be

‘ be the least, and will lay a very great Obligation on your unknown Servant,

G. W.

Venerable NESTOR,

‘ **I** Was very much pleased with your Paper
 ‘ of the 7th Instant, in which you recom-
 ‘ mend the Study of useful Knowledge to Wo-
 ‘ men of Quality or Fortune. I have since
 ‘ that met with a very elegant Poem, written
 ‘ by the famous Sir *Thomas More*; it is inscri-
 ‘ bed to a Friend of his, who was then seek-
 ‘ ing out a Wife; he advises him on that Oc-
 ‘ casion to overlook Wealth and Beauty, and
 ‘ if he desires a happy Life, to join himself
 ‘ with a Woman of Virtue and Knowledge.
 ‘ His Words on this last Head are as follow.

*Proculque stulta sit
 Parvis labellulis
 Semper Loquacitas,
 Proculque Rusticum
 Semper Silentium.
 Sic illa vel modò
 Instrueta literis,
 Vel talis ut modò
 Sit apta literis.
 Felix, quibus bene
 Priscis ab omnibus
 Possit libellulis
 Vitam beantia
 Haurire dogmata.*

*Armata cum quibus
 Nec illa prosperis
 Superba turgeat,
 Nec illa turbidis
 Misella lugeat
 Prostrata casibus.
 Fucunda sic erit
 Semper necunquam erit
 Gravis, molestave
 Vitæ comes tuæ
 Quæ docta parvulos
 Docebit & tuos
 Cum lacte literas
 Olim nepotulos.*

Ff 3

Jam

*Jam te juvaverit
 Viros relinquere,
 Doctæque conjugis
 Sinu quiescere,
 Dum grata te fovet.
 Manuque mobili
 Dum plectra personat
 Et voce (quâ nec est
 Progne sororcula
 Tuæ suavior)
 Amena cantilat
 Apollo quæ velit
 Audire carmina.
 Jam te juvaverit
 Sermonè blandulo,
 Docto tamen dies
 Noctesque ducere.
 Notare verbula
 Mellita maximis
 Non absque gratiis
 Ab ore melleo
 Semper fluentia,
 Quibus coerceat
 Si quando te levet
 Inane Gaudium,
 Quibus levaverit
 Si quando deprimat
 Te moror anxius.*

*Certabit in quibus
 Summa eloquentia
 Jamcum omnium gravi
 Rerum Scientia.
 Talem olim ego putem
 Et vatis Orphei
 Fuisse conjugem,
 Necunquam ab inferis
 Curasset improbo
 Labore fæminam
 Referre Rusticam.
 Talemque credimus
 Nasonis inclitam,
 Quæ vel patrem queat
 Equare carmine
 Fuisse filiam
 Talemque suspicor
 (Qua nulla charior
 Unquam fuit patri
 Quo nemo doctior)
 Fuisse Tulliam:
 Talisque quæ tulit
 Gracchos duos, fuit
 Quæ quos tulit, bonis
 Instruxit artibus.
 Nec profuit minus
 Magistra quàm parens.*

THE Sense of this elegant Description is as follows,

' MAY you meet with a Wife who is not
 ' always stupidly Silent, nor always prating
 ' Nonsense! May she be Learned, if possible,
 or

‘ or at least capable of being made so! A
 ‘ Woman thus accomplished will be always
 ‘ drawing Sentences and Maxims of Virtue
 ‘ out of the best Authors of Antiquity. She
 ‘ will be *Herself* in all Changes of Fortune,
 ‘ neither blown up in Prosperity, nor broken
 ‘ with Adversity. You will find in her an
 ‘ Even cheerful good-humoured Friend, and
 ‘ an Agreeable Companion for Life. She will
 ‘ infuse Knowledge into your Children with
 ‘ their Milk, and from their Infancy train
 ‘ them up to Wisdom. Whatever Compa-
 ‘ ny you are engaged in you will long to be
 ‘ at Home, and retire with Delight from the
 ‘ Society of *Men*, into the Bosom of one who
 ‘ is so dear, so knowing and so amiable. If
 ‘ she touches her Lute, or Sings to it any of
 ‘ her own Compositions, her Voice will sooth
 ‘ you in your Solitudes, and sound more
 ‘ sweetly in your Ear than that of the Night-
 ‘ ingale. You will waste with Pleasure whole
 ‘ Days and Nights in her Conversation, and
 ‘ be ever finding out new Beauties in her Dis-
 ‘ course. She will keep your Mind in perpe-
 ‘ tual Serenity, restrain its Mirth from being
 ‘ dissolute, and prevent its Melancholy from
 ‘ being painful.

‘ SUCH was doubtless the Wife of *Or-*
 ‘ *pheus*, for who would have undergone what
 ‘ he did to have recovered a foolish Bride?
 ‘ Such was the Daughter of *Ovid*, who was
 ‘ his Rival in Poetry. Such was *Tullia* as she
 ‘ is celebrated by the most learned and the
 ‘ most fond of Fathers. And such was the

‘ Mother of the two *Gracchi*, who is no less
 ‘ famous for having been their Instructor than
 ‘ their Parent. G

N^o 164. *Friday, September 18.*

simili frondescit virga metallo.

Virg.

AN eminent Prelate of our Church observes that there is no way of Writing so proper, for the refining and polishing a Language, as the translating of Books into it, if he who undertakes it has a competent Skill of the one Tongue, and is a Master of the other. When a Man writes his own Thoughts, the Heat of his Fancy, and the Quickness of his Mind, carry him so much after the Notions themselves, that for the most part he is too warm to judge of the Aptness of Words, and the Justness of Figures; so that he either neglects these too much, or overdoes them; But when a Man translates, he has none of these Heats about him; and therefore the *French* took no ill Method, when they intended to reform and beautifie their Language, in setting their best Writers on work to translate the *Greek* and *Latin* Authors into it. Thus far this Learned Prelate; and another lately deceas'd, tells us, that the way of leaving verbal Translations, and chiefly regarding the Sense and Genius of the Author, was scarce heard

heard of in *England* before this present Age. As for the Difficulty of translating well, every one, I believe, must allow my Lord *Roscommon* to be in the right, when he says,

*'Tis true, Composing is the nobler Part,
But good Translation is no easie Art:
For tho' Materials have long since been found,
Yet both your Fancy, and your Hands are bound;
And by improving what was writ before,
Invention labours less, but Judgment more.*

Dryden judiciously Remarks, that a Translator is to make his Author appear as charming as possibly he can, provided he maintains his Character, and makes him not unlike himself. And a too close and servile Imitation, which the same Poet calls treading on the Heels of an Author, is deservedly laugh'd at by Sir *John Denham*. I conceive it, says he, a vulgar Error in translating Poets, to affect being *fidus interpres*: Let that Care be with them who deal in Matters of Fact, or Matters of Faith; but whosoever aims at it in Poetry, as he attempts what is not required, so shall he never perform what he attempts; for 'tis not his Business alone to translate Language into Language, but Poesie into Poesie; and Poesie is of so subtle a Spirit, that in pouring out of one Language into another, it will all evaporate, and if a new Spirit is not added in the Transfusion, there will remain nothing but a *caput mortuum*, there being certain Graces and Happinesse peculiar to every Language, which give Life and Energy to the Words: And whosoever offers at verbal Translations,

flations, shall have the Misfortune of that young Traveller, who lost his own Language abroad, and brought home no other instead of it: For the Grace of the *Latin* will be lost by being turn'd into *English* Words, and the Grace of the *English* by being turn'd into the *Latin* Phrase.

AFTER this Collection of Authorities out of some of our greatest *English* Writers, I shall present my Reader, with a Translation, in which the Author has conformed himself to the Opinion of these great Men. The Beauty of the Translation is sufficient to recommend it to the Publick, without acquainting them that the Translator is Mr. *Eusden* of *Cambridge*, who obliged them in the *Guardian* of *August* the 6th, with the Court of *Venus* out of the same *Latin* Poet, which was highly applauded by the best Judges in Performances of this Nature.

The Speech of *Pluto* to *Proserpine*, from the second Book of her Rape, by *Claudian*.

Cease, cease, fair Nymph, to lavish precious Tears,
 And discompose your Soul with airy Fears.
 Look on *Sicilia's* glitt'ring Courts with Scorn;
 A nobler Sceptre shall that Hand adorn.
 Imperial Pomp shall sooth a gen'rous Pride;
 The Bridegroom never will disgrace the Bride.
 If you above Terrestrial Thrones aspire,
 From Heav'n I spring, and Saturn was my Sire.
 The Pow'r of *Pluto* stretches all around,
 Uncircumscrib'd by Nature's utmost Bound:
 Where Matter, mould'ring, dies, where Forms decay,
 Thro' the vast trackless Void extends my Sway.

Mark

Mark not with mournful Eyes the fainting Light,
Nor tremble at this Interval of Night.
A fairer Scene shall open to your View,
An Earth more verdant, and a Heav'n more blue.
Another Phœbus gilds those happy Skies,
And other Stars, with purer Flames, arise.
There chaste Adorers shall their Praises join,
And with the choicest Gifts enrich your Shrine.
The blissful Climes no Change of Ages knew,
The Golden first began, and still is new.
That Golden Age your World awhile could boast,
But here it flourish'd, and was never lost.
Perpetual Zephyrs breath thro' fragrant Bow'rs,
And painted Meads smile with unbidden Flow'rs:
Flow'rs of immortal Bloom, and various Hue;
No Rival Sweets in your own Enna grew.
In the Recess of a cool, Sylvan Glade
A Monarch Tree projects no vulgar Shade.
Encumber'd with their Wealth, the Branches bend,
And Golden Apples to your Reach descend.
Spare not the Fruit, but pluck the blooming Oar,
The yellow Harvest will encrease the more.
But I too long on trifling Themes explain,
Nor speak th'unbounded Glories of your Reign.
Whole Nature owns your Pow'r: Whate'er have Birth,
And live, and move o'er all the face of Earth;
Or in old Ocean's mighty Caverns sleep,
Or sportive roll along the foamy Deep;
Or on stiff Pinnions Airy Journies take,
Or cut the floating Stream, or stagnant Lake:
In vain they labour to preserve their Breath,
And soon fall Victims to your Subject, Death.
Unnumber'd Triumphs swift to you he brings
Hail! Goddess of all Sublunary Things!
Empires, that sink above, here rise again,
And Worlds unpeopled crow'd th'Elysian Plain.
The Rich, the Poor, the Monarch, and the Slave,
Know no superior Honours in the Grave.

Proud

*Proud Tyrants once, and lawrell'd Chiefs shall come,
 And kneel, and trembling wait from you their Doom.
 The Impious, forc'd, shall then their Crimes disclose,
 And see past Pleasures teem with future Woes;
 Deplore in Darknes your impartial Sway,
 While spotless Souls enjoy the Fields of Day.
 When ripe for second Birth, the Dead shall stand
 In shiv'ring Throngs on the Lethæan Strand,
 That Shade, whom you approve, shall first be brought
 To quaff Oblivion in the pleasing Draught.
 Whose Thread of Life, just spun, you would renew,
 But nod, and Clotho shall re-wind the Clue.
 Let no distrust of Pow'r your Joys abate,
 Speak what you wish, and what you speak, is Fate.
 The Ravisher thus sooth'd the weeping Fair,
 And check'd the Fury of his Steeds with Care:
 Possess'd of Beauty's Charms, he calmly rode,
 And Love first soften'd the relentless God.*

N^o 165. *Saturday, September 19.*

Decipit Exemplar, vitiis imitabile —

Hor.

IT is a melancholy Thing to see a Coxcomb
 at the Head of a Family. He scatters In-
 fection through the whole House. His Wife
 and Children have always their Eyes upon him:
 If they have more Sense than himself, they are
 out of Countenance for him; If less, they sub-
 mit their Understandings to him, and make dai-
 ly Improvements in Folly and Impertinence. I
 have been very often secretly concerned,
 when I have seen a Circle of pretty Children
 cramped

cramped in their natural Parts, and prattling even below themselves, while they are talking after a couple of silly Parents. The Dulness of a Father often extinguishes a Genius in the Son, or gives such a wrong Cast to his Mind, as it is hard for him ever to wear off. In short, where the Head of a Family is weak, you hear the Repetitions of his insipid Pleasantries, shallow Conceits, and topical Points of Mirth, in every Member of it. His Table, his Fire-side, his Parties of Diversion, are all of them so many standing Scenes of Folly.

THIS is one Reason why I would the more recommend the Improvements of the Mind to my Female Readers, that a Family may have a double Chance for it, and if it meets with Weakness in one of the Heads, may have it made up in the other. It is indeed an unhappy Circumstance in a Family, where the Wife has more Knowledge than the Husband; but it is better it should be so, than that there should be no Knowledge in the whole House. It is highly expedient that at least one of the Persons, who sits at the Helm of Affairs, should give an Example of good Sense to those, who are under them in these little Domestick Governments.

IF Folly is of ill Consequence in the Head of a Family, Vice is much more so, as it is of a more pernicious and of a more contagious Nature. When the Master is a Profligate, the Rake runs through the House. You hear the Sons talking loosely and swearing
after

after their Father, and see the Daughters either familiarized to his Discourse, or every Moment blushing for him.

THE very Footman will be a fine Gentleman in his Master's Way. He improves by his Table-talk, and repeats in the Kitchen what he learns in the Parlor. Invest him with the same Title and Ornaments, and you would scarce know him from his Lord. He practises the same Oaths, the same Ribaldry, the same way of joking.

IT is therefore of very great Concern to a Family, that the Ruler of it should be wise and virtuous. The first of these Qualifications does not indeed lie within his Power; but tho' a Man cannot abstain from being weak, he may from being vicious. It is in his Power to give a good Example of Modesty, of Temperance, of Frugality, of Religion, and of all other Virtues, which tho' the greatest Ornaments of Human-Nature, may be put in Practice by Men of the most ordinary Capacities.

AS Wisdom and Virtue are the proper Qualifications in the Master of a House, if he is not accomplished in both of them, it is much better that he should be deficient in the former than in the latter, since the Consequences of Vice are of an infinitely more dangerous Nature than those of Folly.

WHEN I read the Histories that are left us of *Pythagoras*, I cannot but take Notice of the extraordinary Influence which that great Philosopher, who was an Illustrious Pattern
of

of Virtue and Wisdom, had on his private Family. This excellent Man, after having perfected himself in the Learning of his own Country, travelled into all the known parts of the World, on purpose to Converse with the most Learned Men of every Place; by which means he gleaned up all the Knowledge of the Age, and is still admired by the greatest Men of the present Times, as a Prodigy of Science. His Wife *Theano* wrote several Books; and after his Death taught his Philosophy in his Publick School, which was frequented by numberless Disciples of different Countries. There are several excellent Sayings recorded of her. I shall only mention one, because it does Honour to her Virtue, as well as to her Wisdom. Being asked by some of her Sex, in how long a time a Woman might be allowed to pray to the Gods, after having conversed with a Man? *If it were her Husband, says she, the next Day; if a Stranger, never.* *Pythagoras* had by this Wife two Sons and three Daughters. His two Sons, *Telauges* and *Mnesarchus*, were both eminent Philosophers, and were joined with their Mother in the Government of the *Pythagorean* School. *Arignote* was one of his Daughters, whose Writings were extant, and very much Admired in the Age of *Porphyrus*. *Damo* was another of his Daughters, in whose Hands *Pythagoras* left his Works, with a Prohibition to communicate them to Strangers, which she observed to the hazard of her Life; and tho' she was offered great Sum for them,

them, rather chose to live in Poverty, than not obey the Commands of her beloved Father. *Myia* was the third of the Daughters, whose Works and History were very famous, even in *Lucian's* Time. She was so signally Virtuous, that for her unblemished Behaviour in her Virginity, she was chosen to lead up the Chorus of Maids in a National Solemnity; and for her exemplary Conduct in Marriage, was placed at the Head of all the Matrons, in the like Publick Ceremony. The Memory of this Learned Woman was so precious among her Countrymen, that her House was after her Death converted into a Temple, and the Street she lived in called by the Name of the *Musæum*. Nor must I omit, whilst I am mentioning this great Philosopher under his Character as the Master of a Family, that two of his Servants so improved themselves under him, that they were instituted into his Sect, and make an eminent Figure in the List of *Pythagoreans*. The Names of these two Servants were *Astræus* and *Zamolxes*. This single Example sufficiently shows us both the Influence and the Merit of one, who discharges as he ought the Office of a good Master of a Family; which, if it were well observed in every House, would quickly put an end to that universal Depravation of Manners, by which the present Age is so much distinguished, and which it is more easie to Lament than to Reform.



N^o 166. Monday, September 21.*aliquisque malo fuit usus in illo.* Ov. Met.

CHARITY is a Virtue of the Heart, and not of the Hands, says an old Writer. Gifts and Alms are the Expressions, not the Essence of this Virtue. A Man may bestow great Sums on the Poor and Indigent without being Charitable, and may be Charitable when he is not able to bestow any thing. Charity is therefore a Habit of good Will, or Benevolence, in the Soul, which disposes us to the Love, Assistance and Relief of Mankind, especially of those who stand in need of it. The poor Man who has this excellent frame of Mind, is no less intitled to the Reward of this Virtue than the Man who founds a College. For my own part, I am Charitable to an Extravagance this way. I never saw an Indigent Person in my Life, without reaching out to him some of this imaginary Relief. I cannot but Sympathise with every one I meet that is in Affliction; and if my Abilities were equal to my Wishes, there shou'd be neither Pain nor Poverty in the World.

TO give my Reader a right Notion of my self in this Particular, I shall present him with the secret History of one of the most remarkable Parts of my Life.

I was once engaged in search of the Philosophers Stone. It is frequently observed of

Men who have been busied in this Pursuit, that tho' they have failed in their principal Design, they have however made such Discoveries in their way to it, as have sufficiently recompenced their Inquiries. In the same manner, tho' I cannot boast of my Success in that Affair, I do not repent of my engaging in it, because it produced in my Mind, such an habitual Exercise of Charity, as made it much better than perhaps it would have been, had I never been lost in so pleasing a Delusion.

AS I did not question but I should soon have a new *Indies* in my Possession, I was perpetually taken up in considering how to turn it to the Benefit of Mankind. In order to it I employed a whole Day in walking about this great City, to find out proper Places for the Erection of Hospitals. I had likewise entertained that Project, which has since succeeded in another Place, of building Churches at the Court end of the Town, with this only difference, that instead of Fifty, I intended to have built a Hundred, and to have seen 'em all finished in less than one Year.

I had with great Pains and Application got together a List of all the *French* Protestants; and by the best Accounts I could come at, had calculated the Value of all those Estates and Effects which every one of them had left in his own Country for the Sake of his Religion, being fully determined to make it up to him, and return some of them the double of what they had lost.

AS

AS I was one Day in my Laboratory, my Operator, who was to fill my Coffers for me, and used to foot it from the other End of the Town every Morning, complain'd of a Sprain in his Leg, that he had met with over-against St. *Clement's*-Church. This so affected me, that as a standing Mark of my Gratitude to him, and out of Compassion to the rest of my Fellow-Citizens, I resolved to new Pave every Street within the Liberties, and entered a *Memorandum* in my Pocket-book accordingly. About the same time I entertained some Thoughts of mending all the Highways on this side the *Tweed*, and of making all the Rivers in *England* Navigable.

BUT the Project I had most at Heart was the settling upon every Man in *Great Britain* three Pounds a Year (in which Sum may be comprised, according to Sr *William Pettit's* Observations, all the Necessities of Life) leaving to 'em whatever else they could get by their own Industry to lay out on Superfluities.

I was above a Week debating in my self what I should do in the matter of *Impropriations*; but at length came to a Resolution to buy them all up, and restore 'em to the Church.

AS I was one Day walking near St. *Paul's* I took some time to Survey that Structure, and not being entirely satisfied with it, tho' I could not tell why, I had some Thoughts of pulling it down, and building it up anew at my own Expence.

FOR my own part, as I have no Pride in me, I intended to take up with a Coach and six, half a dozen Footmen, and live like a private Gentleman.

IT happened about this time that publick Matters looked very gloomy, Taxes came hard, the War went on heavily, People complained of the great Burthens that were laid upon them: This made me resolve to set aside one Morning, to consider seriously the State of the Nation. I was the more ready to enter on it, because I was obliged, whether I would or no, to sit at home in my Morning Gown, having, after a most incredible Expence, pawned a new Suit of Cloaths, and a Full-bottomed Wig, for a Sum of Mony which my Operator assured me was the last he should want to bring all our Matters to bear. After having considered many Projects, I at length resolved to beat the common Enemy at his own Weapons, and laid a Scheme which would have blown him up in a Quarter of a Year, had things succeeded to my Wishes. As I was in this golden Dream some-body knocked at my Door. I opened it, and found it was a Messenger that brought me a Letter from the Laboratory. The Fellow looked so miserably poor, that I was resolved to make his Fortune before he deliver'd his Message: but seeing he brought a Letter from my Operator, I concluded I was bound to it in Honour, as much as a Prince is to give a Reward to one that brings him the first News of a Victory. I knew this was the long-expected Hour of Projection,

jection, and which I had waited for, with great Impatience, above half a Year before. In short, I broke open my Letter in a transport of Joy, and found it as follows.

S I R,

‘ **A F T E R** having got out of you every
‘ thing you can conveniently spare, I
‘ scorn to trespass upon your generous Nature,
‘ and therefore must ingenuously confess to
‘ you, that I know no more of the Philoso-
‘ phers Stone than you do. I shall only tell
‘ you for your Comfort, that I never yet could
‘ bubble a Block-head out of his Mony. They
‘ must be Men of Wit and Parts who are for
‘ my Purpose. This made me apply my self
‘ to a Person of your Wealth and Ingenuity.
‘ How I have succeeded you your self can best
‘ tell.

Your Humble Servant to command,

Thomas White.

‘ I have locked up the Laboratory, and laid
‘ the Key under the Door.

I was very much shocked at the unworthy Treatment of this Man, and not a little mortified at my Disappointment, tho’ not so much for what I my self, as what the Publick suffered by it. I think however I ought to let the World know what I designed for them, and hope that such of my Readers who find they had a Share in my good Intentions, will accept of the Will for the Deed.

G g 3

Tuesday,

N° 167. Tuesday, September 22.

Fata viam invenient ————— *Virg.*

THE following Story is lately Translated out of an *Arabian* Manuscript, which I think has very much the Turn of an Oriental Tale, and as it has never before been Printed, I question not but it will be highly acceptable to my Reader.

THE Name of *Helim* is still famous through all the Eastern Parts of the World. He is called among the *Persians*, even to this Day, *Helim* the great Physician. He was acquainted with all the Powers of Simples, understood all the Influences of the Stars, and knew the Secrets that were Engraved on the Seal of *Solomon* the Son of *David*. *Helim* was also Governor of the Black Palace, and chief of the Physicians to *Alnareschin* the great King of *Persia*.

ALNARESCHIN was the most dreadful Tyrant that ever reigned in this Country. He was of a fearful, suspicious and cruel Nature, having put to Death upon very slight Jealousies and Surmises five and thirty of his Queens, and above twenty Sons whom he suspected to have conspired against his Life. Being at length wearied with the Exercise of so many Cruelties in his own Family, and fearing lest the whole Race of *Caliphs* should be

be entirely lost, he one Day sent for *Helim*, and spoke to him after this manner. *Helim*, said he, *I have long admired thy great Wisdom, and retired way of living. I shall now show thee the entire Confidence which I place in thee. I have only two Sons remaining who are as yet but Infants. It is my design that thou take them home with thee, and educate them as thy own. Train them up in the humble unambitious Pursuits of Knowledge. By this means shall the Line of Caliphs be preserved, and my Children succeed after me, without aspiring to my Throne whilst I am yet alive.* The Words of my Lord the King shall be obeyed, said *Helim*. After which he bowed, and went out of the King's Presence. He then received the Children into his own House, and from that time bred them up with him in the Studies of Knowledge and Virtue. The young Princes loved and respected *Helim* as their Father, and made such Improvements under him, that by the Age of One and twenty they were instructed in all the Learning of the *East*. The Name of the eldest was *Ibrahim*, and of the youngest *Abdallah*. They lived together in such a perfect Friendship, that to this Day it is said of intimate Friends, that they live together like *Ibrahim* and *Abdallah*. *Helim* had an only Child, who was a Girl of a fine Soul, and a most beautiful Person. Her Father omitted nothing in her Education, that might make her the most accomplished Woman of her Age. As the young Princes were in a manner excluded from the rest of the World, they frequently

conversed with this lovely Virgin, who had been brought up by her Father in the same Course of Knowledge and of Virtue. *Abdallah*, whose Mind was of a softer Turn than that of his Brother, grew by degrees so enamoured of her Conversation, that he did not think he lived when he was not in Company with his beloved *Balsora*, for that was the Name of the Maid. The Fame of her Beauty was so great, that at length it came to the Ears of the King, who pretending to visit the young Princes his Sons, demanded of *Helim* the sight of *Balsora* his fair Daughter. The King was so enflamed with her Beauty and Behaviour, that he sent for *Helim* the next Morning, and told him it was now his design to recompence him for all his faithful Services; and that in order to it, he intended to make his Daughter Queen of *Persia*. *Helim*, who knew very well the Fate of all those unhappy Women who had been thus advanced, and could not but be privy to the secret Love which *Abdallah* bore his Daughter, *Far be it*, said he, *from the King of Persia to contaminate the Blood of the Caliphs, and join himself in Marriage with the Daughter of his Physician*. The King, however, was so impatient for such a Bride, that without hearing any Excuses, he immediately order'd *Balsora* to be sent for into his Presence, keeping the Father with him, in order to make her sensible of the Honour which he designed her. *Balsora*, who was too modest and humble to think her Beauty had made such an

an Impression on the King, was a few Moments after brought into his Presence as he had commanded.

SHE appeared in the King's Eye as one of the Virgins of *Paradise*. But upon hearing the Honour which he intended her, she fainted away, and fell down as Dead at his Feet. *Helim* wept, and after having recovered her out of the Trance into which she was fallen, represented to the King, that so unexpected an Honour was too great to have been communicated to her all at once; but that, if he pleased, he would himself prepare her for it. The King bid him take his own way, and dismiss him. *Balsora* was convey'd again to her Father's House, where the Thoughts of *Abdallab* renewed her Affliction every Moment; insomuch that at length she fell into a raging Fever. The King was informed of her Condition by those that saw her. *Helim* finding no other means of extricating her from the Difficulties she was in, after having composed her Mind, and made her acquainted with his Intentions, gave her a certain Potion, which he knew would lay her asleep for many Hours; and afterwards, in all the seeming Distress of a disconsolate Father, informed the King she was dead. The King, who never let any Sentiments of Humanity come too near his Heart, did not much trouble himself about the Matter; however, for his own Reputation, he told the Father, that since 'twas known through the Empire that *Balsora* died at a time when he designed her for

for his Bride, it was his Intention that she should be honoured as such after her Death, that her Body should be laid in the Black Palace, among those of his Deceased Queens.

IN the mean time *Abdallah*, who had heard of the King's design, was not less afflicted than his beloved *Balsora*. As for the several Circumstances of his Distress, as also how the King was informed of an irrecoverable Distemper into which he was fallen, they are to be found at length in the History of *Helim*. It shall suffice to acquaint my Reader, that *Helim*, some Days after the supposed Death of his Daughter, gave the Prince a Potion of the same nature with that which had laid asleep *Balsora*.

IT is the Custom among the *Persians*, to convey in a private manner the Bodies of all the Royal Family, a little after their Death, into the Black Palace, which is the Repository of all who are descended from the *Caliphs*, or any way allied to them. The Chief Physician is always Governor of the Black Palace, it being his Office to Embalm and Preserve the Holy Family after they are Dead, as well as to take care of them while they are yet Living. The Black Palace is so called from the Colour of the Building, which is all of the finest polished black Marble. There are always burning in it five thousand everlasting Lamps. It has also a hundred folding Doors of Ebony, which are each of them watched Day and Night by a hundred Negroes, who are to take care that no body enters, besides the Governor.

HE-

HE LIM, after having convey'd the Body of his Daughter into this Repository, and at the appointed time received her out of the Sleep into which she was fallen, took care some time after to bring that of *Abdallah* into the same place. *Balsora* watched over him, till such time as the Dose he had taken lost its effect. *Abdallah* was not acquainted with *Helim's* Design when he gave him this sleepy Potion. It is impossible to describe the Surprise, the Joy, the Transport he was in at his first awaking. He fancied himself in the Retirements of the Blest, and that the Spirit of his dear *Balsora*, who he thought was just gone before him, was the first who came to congratulate his Arrival. She soon informed him of the Place he was in, which, notwithstanding all its Horrors, appeared to him more sweet than the Bower of *Mahomet*, in the Company of his *Balsora*.

HE LIM, who was supposed to be taken up in the embalming of the Bodies, visited the Place very frequently. His greatest Perplexity was how to get the Lovers out of it, the Gates being watched in such a manner as I have before related. This Consideration did not a little disturb the two interred Lovers. At length *Helim* bethought himself, that the first Day of the Full Moon, of the Month *Tizpa*, was near at Hand. Now it is a received Tradition among the *Persians*, that the Souls of those of the Royal Family, who are in a State of Bliss, do, on the first full Moon after their Decease, pass through the Eastern Gate of the Black Palace, which

which is therefore called the Gate of *Paradise*; in order to take their flight for that happy Place. *Helim* therefore having made due Preparations for this Night, dress'd each of the Lovers in a Robe of Azure Silk, wrought in the finest Looms of *Persia*, with a long Trail of Linnen whither than Snow, that floated on the Ground behind them. Upon *Abdallah's* Head he fixed a Wreath of the greenest Mirtle, and on *Balsora's* a Garland of the freshest Roses. Their Garments were scented with the richest Perfumes of *Arabia*. Having thus prepared every thing, the Full Moon was no sooner up, and shining in all its Brightness, but he privately opened the Gate of *Paradise*, and shut it after the same manner, as soon as they had pass'd through it. The Band of Negroes, who were posted at a little Distance from the Gate, seeing two such beautiful Apparitions, that show'd themselves to Advantage by the Light of the Full Moon, and being ravished with the Odour that flowed from their Garments, immediately concluded 'em to be the Ghosts of the two Persons lately deceased. They fell upon their Faces as they past through the midst of them, and continued prostrate on the Earth till such time as they were out of Sight. They reported the next Day what they had seen, but this was looked upon, by the King himself, and most others, as the Compliment that was usually paid to any of the deceased of his Family. *Helim* had placed two of his own Mules at about a Mile's Distance from the black Temple, on the Spot which they had agreed upon for their

Rendezvous. He here met them, and conducted them to one of his own Houses, which was situated on Mount *Khacan*. The Air on this Mountain was so very healthful, that *Helim* had formerly transported the King thither, in order to recover over him out of a long Fit of Sickness; which succeeded so well that the King made him a Present of the whole Mountain, with a beautiful House and Gardens that were on the Top of it. In this Retirement lived *Abdallah* and *Balsora*. They were both so fraught with all kinds of Knowledge, and possess'd with so constant and mutual a Passion for each other, that their Solitude never lay heavy on them. *Addallah* applied himself to those Arts which were agreeable to his manner of living, and the Situation of the Place, insomuch that in a few Years he converted the whole Mountain into a kind of Garden, and covered every Part of it with Plantations or Spots of Flowers. *Helim* was too good a Father to let him want any thing that might conduce to make his Retirement pleasant.

IN about ten Years after their Abode in this Place the old King died, and was succeeded by his Son *Ibrahim*, who, upon the supposed Death of his Brother, had been called to Court, and entertained there as Heir to the *Persian* Empire. Tho' he was for some Years inconsolable for the Death of his Brother, *Helim* durst not trust him with the Secret, which he knew would have fatal Consequences, should it by any means come to the Knowledge of the old King. *Ibrahim* was no sooner mounted

ted to the Throne, but *Helim* sought after a proper Opportunity of making a Discovery to him, which he knew would be very agreeable to so good-natured and generous a Prince. It so happened, that before *Helim* found such an Opportunity as he desired, the new King *Ibrahim*, having been separated from his Company in a Chase, and almost fainting with Heat and Thirst, saw himself at the Foot of Mount *Khacan*; he immediately ascended the Hill, and coming to *Helim*'s House demanded some Refreshments. *Helim* was very luckily there at that time, and after having set before the King the choicest of Wines and Fruits, finding him wonderfully pleased with so seasonable a Treat, told him that the best Part of his Entertainment was to come, upon which he opened to him the whole History of what had past. The King was at once astonished and transported at so strange a Relation, and seeing his Brother enter the Room with *Balsora* in his Hand, he leaped off from the *Sofa* on which he sat, and cry'd out '*'tis he! 'tis my Abdallah!* — having said this he fell upon his Neck, and wept. The whole Company, for some time, remained silent, and shedding Tears of Joy. The King at length, after having kindly reproached *Helim* for depriving him so long of such a Brother, embraced *Balsora* with the greatest Tenderness, and told her, that she should now be a Queen indeed, for that he would immediately make his Brother King of all the conquer'd Nations on the other side the *Tygris*. He easily

ly discovered in the Eyes of our two Lovers that instead of being transported with the Offer, they preferred their present Retirement to Empire. At their Request therefore he changed his Intentions, and made them a Present of all the open Country as far as they could see from the Top of Mount *Khacan*. *Abdallah* continuing to extend his former Improvements, beautify'd this whole Prospect with Groves and Fountains, Gardens and Seats of Pleasure, till it became the most delicious Spot of Ground within the Empire, and is therefore called the Garden of *Persia*. This *Caliph*, *Ibrahim*, after a long and happy Reign, died without Children, and was succeeded by *Abdallah*, a Son of *Abdallah* and *Balsora*. This was that King *Abdallah* who afterwards fixed the Imperial Residence upon Mount *Khacan*, which continues at this time to be the Favourite Palace of the *Persian* Empire. G

N^o 168. *Wednesday, September 23.*

— *loci jam recitata revolvimus* —

Hor.

S I R,

I Observe that many of your late Papers have represented to us the Characters of ' accomplished Women; but among all of them ' I do not find a Quotation which I expected ' to have seen in your Works: I mean the ' Character of the Mistress of a Family, as it ' is drawn out at length in the Book of *Proverbs*.

‘ *verbs.* For my part, considering it only as
‘ a Human Composition, I do not think that
‘ there is any Character in *Theophrastus*, which
‘ has so many beautiful Particulars in it, and
‘ which is drawn with such an Elegance of
‘ Thought and Phrase. I wonder that it is
‘ not written in Letters of Gold in the great
‘ Hall of every Country Gentleman.

‘ WHO can find a Virtuous Woman? For
‘ her Price is far above Rubies.

‘ THE Heart of her Husband doth safely
‘ trust in her, so that he shall have no need
‘ of Spoil.

‘ SHE will do him Good, and not Evil,
‘ all the Days of her Life.

‘ She seeketh Wooll and Flax, and worketh
‘ willingly with her Hands.

‘ SHE is like the Merchants Ships, she
‘ bringeth her Food from afar.

‘ SHE riseth also while it is yet Night, and
‘ giveth Meat to her Household, and a Por-
‘ tion to her Maidens.

‘ SHE considereth a Field, and buyeth it;
‘ with the Fruit of her Hands she planted a
‘ Vineyard.

‘ SHE girdeth her Loins with Strength,
‘ and strengthneth her Arms.

‘ SHE perceiveth that her Merchandize
‘ is good; Her Candle goeth not out by
‘ Night

‘ SHE layeth her Hands to the Spindle,
‘ and her Hands hold the Distaff.

‘ SHE stretcheth out her Hand to the
‘ Poor; yea, she reacheth forth her Hands
‘ to the Needy.

‘ SHE

‘ SHE is not afraid of the Snow for her
‘ Household, for all her Household are cloathed
‘ with Scarlet.

‘ SHE maketh herself Coverings of Tape-
‘ stry, her cloathing is Silk and Purple.

‘ HER Husband is known in the Gates,
‘ when he sitteth among the Elders of the
‘ Land.

‘ SHE maketh fine Linnen, and selleth
‘ it, and delivereth Girdles unto the Mer-
‘ chant.

‘ STRENGTH and Honour are her
‘ cloathing, and she shall rejoyce in Time to
‘ come.

‘ SHE openeth her Mouth with Wisdom,
‘ and in her Tongue is the Law of Kind-
‘ nefs.

‘ SHE looketh well to the ways of her
‘ Household, and eateth not the Bread of I-
‘ dlenefs.

‘ HER Children arise up, and call her
‘ Blessed; her Husband also, and he praiseth
‘ her.

‘ MANY Daughters have done virtuous-
‘ ly, but thou excellest them all.

‘ FAVOUR is deceitful, and Beauty is
‘ vain; but a Woman that feareth the Lord,
‘ she shall be praised.

‘ GIVE her of the Fruit of her Hands,
‘ and let her own Works praise her in the
‘ Gates.

Your humble Servant.

SIR,

I ventured to your Lion with the following Lines, upon an Assurance, that, if you thought them not proper Food for your Beast, you would at least permit him to tear them.

From *Anacreon*.

*Αἰε Ζωεῖσθων ἀεὶ καὶ, &c.

BEST and happiest Artizan,
 Best of Painters, if you can
 With your many coloured Art
 Paint the Mistress of my Heart:
 Describe the Charms, you hear from me,
 (Her Charms you cou'd not paint and see)
 And make the absent Nymph appear,
 As if her lovely self was here.
 First draw her easie-flowing Hair
 As soft and black, as she is fair;
 And, if your Art can rise so high,
 Let breathing Odours round her fly.
 Beneath the Shade of flowing Jet
 The Iv'ry Forehead smoothly set.
 With Care the sable Brows extend,
 And in two Arches nicely bend,
 That the fair Space which lies between
 The meeting Shade may scarce be seen.
 The Eye must be uncommon Fire,
 Sparkle, languish, and desire,
 The Flames unseen must yet be felt,
 Like Pallas kill, like Venus melt.

The

*The Rosie Cheeks must seem to glow
 Amidst the white of new falln Snow.
 Let her Lips Persuasion wear,
 In Silence elegantly fair,
 As if the blushing Rivals strove,
 Breathing and inviting Love.
 Below her Chin be sure to deck
 With ev'ry Grace her polish'd Neck,
 While all that's pretty, soft and sweet,
 In the swelling Bosom meet.
 The rest in purple Garments veil,
 Her Body, not her Shape conceal;
 Enough—the lovely Work is done,
 The breathing Paint will speak anon.*

I am, S I R,

Your Humble Servant.

Mr. IRONSIDE,

THE Letter which I sent you some time
 ago, and was subscribed *English To-*
ry, has made, as you must have observed, a
 very great Bustle in Town. There are come
 out against me two *Pamphlets* and two
Examiners; but there are Printed on my
 Side a Letter to the GUARDIAN about
Dunkirk, and a Pamphlet called *Dunkirk*
 or *Dover*. I am no proper Judge who
 has the better of the Argument, the *Exa-*
miner or my self: But I am sure my Seconds
 are better than his. I have address'd a De-
 fence against the ill Treatment I have re-
 ceived for my Letter, (which ought to have

H h 2

made

‘ made every Man in *England* my Friend) to
 ‘ the Bayliff of *Stockbridge*, becaufe, as the
 ‘ World goes, I am to think my self very
 ‘ much obliged to that honest Man, and e-
 ‘ steem him my Patron, who allowed that
 ‘ Fifty was a greater Number than One and
 ‘ twenty, and returned me accordingly to
 ‘ serve for that Borough.

‘ There are very many scurrilous Things
 ‘ said against me; but I have turned them to
 ‘ my Advantage, by quoting them at large,
 ‘ and by that means swelling the Volume to
 ‘ 1 s. Price. If I may be so free with my self,
 ‘ I might put you in mind upon this Occa-
 ‘ sion, of one of those Animals which are fa-
 ‘ mous for their Love of Mankind, that when
 ‘ a Bone is thrown at them, fall to eating it,
 ‘ instead of flying at the Person who threw
 ‘ it. Please to read the Account of the Chan-
 ‘ nel, by the Map at *Will's*, and you will find
 ‘ what I represent concerning the Importance
 ‘ of *Dunkirk*, as to its Situation, very just.

I am, S I R,

Very often your great Admirer,

Richard Steele.

Thursday,

N^o 169. Thursday, September 24.*Coelumque tueri**Jussit*

Ovid.

IN fair Weather, when my Heart is cheer-
red and I feel that Exaltation of Spirits
which results from Light and Warmth, joined
with a beautiful Prospect of Nature, I regard
my self as one placed by the Hand of God in
the midst of an ample Theatre, in which the
Sun, Moon and Stars, the Fruits also, and Ve-
getables of the Earth, perpetually changing
their Positions, or their Aspects, exhibit an
Elegant Entertainment to the Understanding,
as well as to the Eye.

THUNDER and Lightning, Rain and
Hail, the painted Bow, and the glaring Co-
mets, are Decorations of this mighty Theatre.
And the Sable Hemisphere studded with
Spangles, the blue Vault at Noon, the glo-
rious Gildings and rich Colours in the Hori-
zon, I look on as so many successive Scenes.

WHEN I consider things in this Light,
methinks it is a sort of Impiety to have no At-
tention to the Course of Nature, and the Re-
volutions of the Heavenly Bodies. To be re-
gardless of those *Phænomena* that are placed
within our View, on purpose to entertain our
Faculties, and display the Wisdom and Pow-
er of their Creator, is an Affront to Provi-
dence of the same kind, (I hope it is not Im-
pious to make such a Simile) as it wou'd be

to a good Poet, to fit out his Play without minding the Plot or Beauties of it.

AND yet how few are there who attend to the Drama of Nature, its Artificial Structure, and those admirable Machines, whereby the Passions of a Philosopher are gratefully agitated, and his Soul affected with the sweet Emotions of Joy and Surprise?

HOW many Fox-hunters and Rural Squires are to be found in *Great Britain*, who are ignorant that they have all this while lived on a Planet; that the Sun is several thousand times bigger than the Earth; and that there are other Worlds within our View, greater and more glorious than our own. Ay, but, says some illiterate Fellow, I enjoy the World, and leave others to contemplate it. Yes, you eat and drink, and run about upon it, that is, you enjoy it as a Brute; but to enjoy it as a Rational Being is to know it, to be sensible of its Greatness and Beauty, to be delighted with its Harmony, and by these Reflections to obtain just Sentiments of the Almighty Mind that framed it.

THE Man who, unembarrassed with vulgar Cares, leisurely attends to the flux of things in Heaven, and things on Earth, and observes the Laws by which they are governed, hath secured to himself an easie and convenient Seat, where he beholds with Pleasure all that passes on the Stage of Nature; while those about him are, some fast asleep, and others struggling for the highest Places, or turning their Eyes from the Entertainment prepared by
Provi-

Providence, to play at Push-pin with one another.

WITHIN this ample Circumference of the World, the glorious Lights that are hung on high, the Meteors in the middle Region, the various Livery of the Earth, and the Profusion of good things that distinguish the Seasons, yield a Prospect which annihilates all Human Grandeur. But when we have seen frequent Returns of the same Things, when we have often viewed the Heaven and the Earth in all their various Array, our Attention flags and our Admiration ceases. All the Art and Magnificence in Nature, could not make us pleased with the same Entertainment, presented a hundred Years successively to our View.

I am led into this way of Thinking by a Question started the other Night, *viz.* Whether it were possible that a Man should be weary of a fortunate and healthy Course of Life? My Opinion was, that the bare Repetition of the same Objects, abstracted from all other Inconveniencies, were sufficient to create in our Minds a distaste of the World; and that the Abhorrence old Men have of Death, proceeds rather from a Distrust of what may follow, than from the Prospect of losing any present Enjoyments. For (as an ancient Author somewhere expresses it) when a Man has seen the Vicissitudes of Night and Day, Winter and Summer, Spring and Autumn, the returning Faces of the several Parts of Nature, what is there further to detain his Fancy here below?

THE Spectacle indeed is glorious, and may bear viewing several times. But in a very few Scenes of revolving Years, we feel a Satiety of the same Images, the Mind grows impatient to see the Curtain drawn and behold new Scenes disclosed, and the Imagination is in this Life filled with a confused Idea of the next.

DEATH, considered in this Light, is no more than passing from one Entertainment to another. If the present Objects are grown tiresome and distastful, it is in order to prepare our Minds for a more exquisite Relish of those which are fresh and new. If the good things we have hitherto enjoyed are transient, they will be succeeded by those which the inexhaustible Power of the Deity will supply to eternal Ages. If the Pleasures of our present State are blended with Pain and Uneasiness, our future will consist of sincere unmixed Delights. Blessed Hope! the Thought whereof turns the very Imperfections of our Nature into Occasions of Comfort and Joy.

BUT what Consolation is left to the Man who hath no Hope or Prospect of these things? View him in that Part of Life when the natural Decay of his Faculties concurs with the frequency of the same Objects to make him weary of this World, when, like a Man who hangs upon a Precipice, his present Situation is uneasy, and the Moment that he quits his Hold, he is sure of sinking into Hell or Annihilation.

THERE

THERE is not any Character so hateful as his who Invents Racks and Tortures for Mankind. The *Free-Thinkers* make it their Business to introduce Doubts, Perplexities and Despair into the Minds of Men, and, according to the Poet's Rule, are most justly punished by their own Schemes.

N^o 170. *Thursday, September 25.*

— *Timeo Danaos & Dona ferentes.* Virg.

Most Venerable NESTOR, London, *Sept. 22.*

THE Plan laid down in your first Paper gives me a Title and Authority to apply to you, in behalf of the trading World. According to the general Scheme you proposed in your said first Paper you have not professed only to entertain Men of Wit and polite Taste, but also to be useful to the Trader and the Artificer. You cannot do your Country greater Service than by informing all Ranks of Men amongst us, that the greatest Benefactor to them all is the Merchant. The Merchant advances the Gentleman's Rent, gives the Artificer Food, and supplies the Courtier's Luxury. But give me leave to say, that neither you nor all your Clan of Wits, can put together so useful and commodious a Treatise for the Welfare of your Fellow Subjects as that which an Eminent Merchant of this City has lately written. It is called *General Maxims of Trade,*

‘ *Trade, particularly applied to the Commerce*
 ‘ *between Great Britain and France.* I have
 ‘ made an Extract of it, so as to bring it with-
 ‘ in the Compass of your Paper, which take
 ‘ as follows.

‘ I. That Trade which exports Manufa-
 ‘ ctures made of the Product of the Country,
 ‘ is undoubtedly Good; such is the sending a-
 ‘ broad our *Yorkshire* Cloth, *Colchester* Bays,
 ‘ *Exeter* Serges, *Norwich* Stuffs, &c. Which
 ‘ being made purely of *British* Wool, as much
 ‘ as those Exports amount to, so much is the
 ‘ clear Gain of the Nation.

‘ II. That Trade which helps off the Con-
 ‘ sumption of our Superfluities, is also visibly
 ‘ advantageous; as the exporting of Allum,
 ‘ Copperas, Leather, Tin, Lead, Coals, &c.
 ‘ So much as the exported Superfluities a-
 ‘ mount unto, so much also is the clear Na-
 ‘ tional Profit.

‘ III. The importing of foreign Materials
 ‘ to be manufactured at home, especially when
 ‘ the Goods, after they are manufactured, are
 ‘ mostly sent abroad, is also, without Dispute,
 ‘ very beneficial; as for Instance *Spanish* Wool,
 ‘ which for that Reason is exempted from pay-
 ‘ ing any Duties.

‘ IV. THE Importation of foreign Mate-
 ‘ rials to be manufactured here, although the
 ‘ manufactured Goods are chiefly consumed
 ‘ by us, may also be beneficial; especially
 ‘ when the said Materials are procured in Ex-
 ‘ change for our Commodities; as Raw-Silk,
 ‘ Gro-

‘ Grogram-Yarn, and other Goods brought
‘ from *Turkey*.

‘ V. FOREIGN Materials, wrought up here
‘ into such Goods as would otherwise be im-
‘ ported ready manufactured, is a Means of
‘ saving Money to the Nation: Such is the
‘ Importation of Hemp, Flax, and Raw-Silk;
‘ ’tis therefore to be wondered at, that These
‘ Commodities are not exempt from all Du-
‘ ties, as well as *Spanish Wool*.

‘ VI. A Trade may be call’d good which
‘ exchanges Manufactures for Manufactures,
‘ and Commodities for Commodities. *Ger-*
‘ *many* takes as much in Value of our Wool-
‘ len and other Goods, as we do of their Lin-
‘ nen: By this Means Numbers of People are
‘ employ’d on both Sides, to their mutual Ad-
‘ vantage.

‘ VII. AN Importation of Commodities,
‘ bought partly for Money and partly for
‘ Goods, may be of National Advantage; if
‘ the greatest Part of the Commodities thus
‘ imported, are again exported, as in the Case
‘ of *East-India* Goods: And generally all Im-
‘ ports of Goods which are re-exported, are
‘ beneficial to a Nation.

‘ VIII. The carrying of Goods from one
‘ foreign Country to another, is a profitable
‘ Article in Trade: Our Ships are often thus
‘ employ’d between *Portugal, Italy*, and the
‘ *Levant*, and sometimes in the *East-Indies*.

‘ IX. WHEN there is a Necessity to im-
‘ port Goods which a Nation cannot be with-
‘ out, although such Goods are chiefly pur-
‘ chased

‘ chased with Money, it cannot be accounted
 ‘ a bad Trade; as our Trade to *Norway* and
 ‘ other Parts, from whence are imported Na-
 ‘ val Stores and Materials for Building.

‘ BUT a Trade is disadvantageous to a
 ‘ Nation,

‘ 1. WHICH brings in Things of meer
 ‘ Luxury and Pleasure, which are intirely, or
 ‘ for the most Part, consumed among us; and
 ‘ such I reckon the Wine Trade to be, espe-
 ‘ cially when the Wine is purchased with Mo-
 ‘ ney, and not in Exchange for our Commo-
 ‘ dities.

‘ 2. MUCH worse is that Trade which
 ‘ brings in a Commodity that is not only con-
 ‘ sumed amongst us, but hinders the Con-
 ‘ sumption of the like Quantity of ours: As
 ‘ is the Importation of Brandy, which hin-
 ‘ ders the spending of our Extracts of Malt
 ‘ and Mollasses; therefore very prudently
 ‘ charged with excessive Duties.

‘ 3. THAT Trade is eminently bad,
 ‘ which supplies the same Goods as we ma-
 ‘ nufacture our selves, especially if we can
 ‘ make enough for our Consumption: And I
 ‘ take this to be the Case of the Silk Manu-
 ‘ facture; which, with great Labour and In-
 ‘ dustry, is brought to Perfection in *London*,
 ‘ *Canterbury*, and other Places.

‘ 4. THE Importation upon easie Terms
 ‘ of such Manufactures as are already intro-
 ‘ duc’d in a Country, must be of bad Conse-
 ‘ quence, and check their Progress; as it would
 ‘ undoubtedly be the Case of the Linnen and

‘ Pa-

‘Paper Manufactures in *Great Britain*, (which
 ‘are of late very much improved) if those
 ‘Commodities were suffered to be brought
 ‘in without paying very high Duties.

‘LET us now judge of our Trade with
 ‘*France* by the Fore-going Maxims.

‘I. THE Exportation of our Woollen
 ‘Goods to *France*, is so well barr’d against,
 ‘that there is not the least Hope of reaping
 ‘any Benefit by this Article. They have their
 ‘Work done for half the Price we pay for
 ‘ours. And since they send great Quantities of
 ‘Woollen Goods to *Italy, Spain, Portugal,*
 ‘*Turkey, the Rhine*, and other Places, although
 ‘they pay a Duty upon Exportation, ’tis a De-
 ‘monstration, that they have more than is suf-
 ‘ficient for their own Wear, and consequent-
 ‘ly no great Occasion for any of ours. The
 ‘*French* cannot but be so sensible of the Ad-
 ‘vantage they have over us in Point of Cheap-
 ‘ness, that I don’t doubt they will give us
 ‘Leave to import into *France* not only Wool-
 ‘len Goods, but all other Commodities what-
 ‘soever upon very easie Duties, provided we
 ‘permit them to import into *Great Britain*
 ‘Wines, Brandies, Silks, Linnen, and Pa-
 ‘per, upon paying the same Duties as others
 ‘do. And when that’s done, you’ll send lit-
 ‘tle more to *France* than now you do, and
 ‘they’ll import into *Great Britain* ten times
 ‘more than now they can.

‘II. AS to our Superfluities, it must be
 ‘own’d the *French* have Occasion for some of
 ‘them, as Lead, Tin, Leather, Copperas,
 ‘Coals,

‘ Coals, Allum, and several other things of
 ‘ small Value, as also some few of our Planta-
 ‘ tion Commodities: But these Goods they
 ‘ will have whether we take any of theirs or
 ‘ no, because they want them. All these Com-
 ‘ modities together that the *French* want
 ‘ from us, may amount to about 200000 *l.*
 ‘ yearly.

‘ III. AS to Materials; I don’t know of a-
 ‘ ny one sort useful to us that ever was import-
 ‘ ed from *France* into *England*. They have
 ‘ indeed Hemp, Flax, and Wooll, in abund-
 ‘ ance, and some Raw-Silk; but they are too
 ‘ wise to let us have any, especially as long
 ‘ as they entertain any Hopes we shall be so
 ‘ self-denying, as to take those Materials from
 ‘ them after they are manufactur’d.

‘ IV. EXCHANGING Commodities for
 ‘ Commodities (if for the like Value on both
 ‘ Sides) might be beneficial; but ’tis far from
 ‘ being the Case between us and *France*: Our
 ‘ Ships went constantly in Ballast (except now
 ‘ and then some Lead) to *St. Malo, Morlaix,*
 ‘ *Nantes, Rochelle, Bourdeaux, Bayone, &c.*
 ‘ and ever come back full of Linnen, Wines,
 ‘ Brandy and Paper: And if it was so before
 ‘ the *Revolution*, when one of our Pounds
 ‘ Sterling cost the *French* but thirteen Li-
 ‘ vres, what are they like to take from us (ex-
 ‘ cept what they of Necessity want) now that
 ‘ for each Pound Sterling they must pay us
 ‘ twenty Livres, which inhances the Price of
 ‘ all *British* Commodities to the *French* a-
 ‘ bove fifty *per Cent*.

‘ V. GOODS

‘ V. GOODS imported to be re-export-
 ‘ ed, is certainly a National Advantage; but
 ‘ few or no *French* Goods are ever exported
 ‘ from *Great Britain*, except to our Planta-
 ‘ tions; but are all consumed at Home;
 ‘ therefore no Benefit can be reap’d this Way
 ‘ by the *French* Trade.

‘ VI. LETTING Ships to freight cannot
 ‘ be but of some Profit to a Nation; but ’tis
 ‘ very rare if the *French* ever make use of a-
 ‘ ny other Ships than their own: They Victual
 ‘ and Mann cheaper than we, therefore no-
 ‘ thing is to be got from them by this Article.

‘ VII. THINGS that are of absolute Ne-
 ‘ cessity cannot be reckon’d prejudicial to a
 ‘ Nation; but *France* produces nothing that
 ‘ is necessary, or even convenient, or but which
 ‘ we had better be without, except *Claret*.

‘ VIII. If the Importation of Commodities
 ‘ of meer Luxury, to be consumed amongst
 ‘ us, be a sensible Disadvantage, the *French*
 ‘ Trade, in this Particular, might be highly
 ‘ pernicious to this Nation: For if the Duties
 ‘ on *French* Wines be lower’d to a considera-
 ‘ ble Degree, the least we can suppose would
 ‘ be imported into *England* and *Scotland* is
 ‘ 18000 Tuns a Year, which being most Cla-
 ‘ rets, at a moderate Computation, would cost
 ‘ in *France* 450000 *l*.

‘ IX. AS to Brandy; since we have laid
 ‘ high Duties upon it, the Distilling of Spi-
 ‘ rits from Malt and Molasses is much im-
 ‘ proved and encreased, by Means of which
 ‘ a good Sum of Mony is yearly saved to the
 ‘ Na-

‘ Nation; for very little Brandy hath been
‘ imported either from *Italy, Portugal, or*
‘ *Spain*, by reason that our *English* Spirits
‘ are near as good as those Countries Bran-
‘ dies: But as *French* Brandy is esteem’d, and
‘ is indeed very good, if the extraordinary
‘ Duty on that Liquor be taken off, there’s
‘ no doubt but great Quantities will be im-
‘ ported. We’ll suppose only 3000 Tons a
‘ Year, which will cost *Great Britain* about
‘ 70000 *l.* yearly, and prejudice besides the
‘ Extracts of our own Malt Spirits.

‘ X. LINNEN is an Article of more Con-
‘ sequence than many People are aware of:
‘ *Ireland, Scotland*, and several Counties in
‘ *England*, have made large Steps towards
‘ the Improvement of that useful Manufacture,
‘ both in Quantity and Quality; and with good
‘ Encouragement would doubtless, in a few
‘ Years, bring it to Perfection, and perhaps
‘ make sufficient for our own Consumption;
‘ which besides employing great Numbers of
‘ People, and improving many Acres of Land,
‘ would save us a good Sum of Mony, which
‘ is yearly laid out Abroad in that Commodi-
‘ ty. As the case stands at present, it im-
‘ proves daily; but if the Duties on *French*
‘ Linnen be reduc’d, ’tis to be fear’d it will
‘ come over so cheap, that our Looms must
‘ be laid aside, and 6 or 700000 *l.* a Year be
‘ sent over to *France* for that Commodity.

‘ XI. THE Manufacture of Paper is very
‘ near akin to that of Linnen. Since the high
‘ Duties laid on Foreign Paper, and that none
‘ hath

' hath been imported from *France*, where
 ' 'tis cheapest, the making of it is increased to
 ' such a Degree in *England*, that we import
 ' none of the lower sorts from Abroad, and
 ' make them all our selves: But if the *French*
 ' Duties be taken off, undoubtedly most of
 ' the Mills which are employed in the making
 ' of white Paper, must leave off their Work,
 ' and 30 or 40000 *l.* a Year be remitted over
 ' to *France* for that Commodity.

' XII. The last Article concerns the Silk
 ' Manufacture. Since the late *French* Wars
 ' 'tis increased to a mighty Degree, *Spittle-*
 ' *fields* alone manufactures to the value of two
 ' Millions a Year, and were daily improving,
 ' till the late Fears about lowering the *French*
 ' Duties. What pity! that so noble a Manu-
 ' facture, so extensive and so beneficial to an
 ' infinite Number of People, should run the
 ' Hazard of being ruined! 'Tis however to
 ' be feared, that if the *French* can import
 ' their wrought Silks upon easie Terms, they
 ' out-do us so much in Cheapness of Labour,
 ' and they have *Italian* and *Levant* Raw Silk
 ' upon so much easier Terms than we, besides
 ' great quantities of their own in *Provence*,
 ' *Languedoc* and other Provinces, that in all
 ' probability half the Looms in *Spittlefields*
 ' would be laid down, and our Ladies be a-
 ' gain cloathed in *French* Silks; the Loss that
 ' would accrue to the Nation by so great
 ' a Mischief, cannot be valued at less than
 ' 500000 *l.* a Year.

‘ TO Sum up all, if we pay to *France* yearly,

‘ For their Wines	450000
‘ For their Brandies	70000
‘ For their Linnen	600000
‘ For their Paper	30000
‘ For their Silks	500000

1650000

‘ AND they take from us in Lead,
 ‘ Tin, Leather, Allum, Copperas, }
 ‘ Coals, Horn Plates, &c. and Plan- } 200000
 ‘ tation Goods, to the Value of }

‘ *GREAT Britain* loses by the }
 ‘ Ballance of that Trade yearly } 1450000

‘ ALL which is humbly submitted to your
 ‘ Consideration by,

SIR, Your most humble Servant,

Generosity Thrift.

Advertisement, For the Protection of Honour, Truth, Virtue and Innocence.

Mr. IRONSIDE has ordered his Amanuensis to prepare for his Perusal whatever he may have gathered, from his Table-Talk, or otherwise, a Volume to be Printed in Twelves, called, The Art of Defamation discovered. This Piece is to consist of the true Characters of all Persons Calumniated by the Examiner; and after such Characters, the true and only method of sullyng them set forth in Examples from

from the Ingenious and Artificial Author, the said Examiner.

N. B. To this will be added the true Characters of Persons he has commended, with Observations to show, that Panegyrick is not that Author's Talent.

N^o 171. Saturday, September 26.

Fuit ista quondam in hac republicâ Virtus, ut viri fortes acrioribus suppliciis civem perniciosum, quàm acerbissimum hostem coercerent. Cicer. in Catilin.

I Have received Letters of Congratulation and Thanks from several of the most eminent Chocolate-houses and Coffee-houses, upon my late Gallantry and Success in opposing my self to the long Swords. One tells me, that whereas his Rooms were too little before, now his Customers can saunter up and down from Corner to Corner, and Table to Table, without any Lett or Molestation. I find I have likewise cleared a great many Alleys and By-Lanes, made the Publick Walks about Town more spacious, and all the Passages about the Court and the Exchange more free and open. Several of my Female Wards have sent me the kindest Billets upon this occasion, in which they tell me, that I have saved them some Pounds in the Year, by freeing their Fallbullows, Flounces and Hoops from the Annoyance both of Hilt

and Point. A Scout, whom I sent Abroad to observe the Posture, and to pry into the Intentions of the Enemy, brings me word, that the *Terrible Club* is quite blown up, and that I have totally routed the Men that seemed to delight in Arms. My Lion, whose Jaws are at all Hours open to Intelligence, informs me, that there are a few enormous Weapons still in Being; but that they are to be met with only in Gaming Houses, and some of the obscure Retreats of Lovers in and about *Drury-lane* and *Covent-Garden*. I am highly delighted with an Adventure that befel my witty Antagonist *Tom Swagger*, Captain of the Band of Long Swords. He had the Misfortune three Days ago to fall into Company with a Master of the Noble Science of Defence, who taking Mr. *Swagger*, by his Habit, his Mein, and the Airs he gave himself, to be one of the Profession, gave him a fair Invitation to *Marrow-bone*, to exercise at the usual Weapons. The Captain thought this so foul a Disgrace to a Gentleman, that he slunk away in the greatest Confusion, and has never been seen since at the *Tilt-yard* Coffee-house, nor in any of his usual Haunts.

AS there is nothing made in vain, and as every Plant, and every Animal, though never so noysom, has its use in the Creation; so these Men of Terror may be disposed of, so as to make a Figure in the Polite World. It was in this view, that I received a Visit last Night from a Person, who pretends to be employed

ployed here from several Foreign Princes in Negotiating Matters of less Importance. He tells me, that the continual Wars in *Europe* have, in a manner, quite drained the *Cantons* of *Switzerland* of their Supernumerary Subjects; and that he foresees there will be a great Scarcity of them to serve at the Entrance of Courts, and in the Palaces of great Men. He is of Opinion, this Want may very seasonably be supplied out of the great Numbers of such Gentlemen, as I have given Notice of in my Paper of the 25th past; and that his Design is in a few Weeks, when the Town fills, to put out publick Advertisements to this Effect, not questioning but it may turn to a good Account; ‘ That if any Persons of good
‘ Stature and fierce Demeanor, as well Mem-
‘ bers of the *Terrible Club*, as others of the
‘ like exteriour Ferocity, whose Ambition it
‘ is to cock and look big, without exposing
‘ themselves to any bodily Danger, will re-
‘ pair to his Lodgings, they shall (provided
‘ they bring their Swords with them) be fur-
‘ nished with Shoulder Belts, broad Hats,
‘ Red Feathers, and Halberts, and be tran-
‘ sported without farther Trouble into se-
‘ veral Courts and Families of Distinction,
‘ where they may Eat and Drink, and Strut
‘ at free Cost. As this Project was not com-
municated to me for a Secret, I thought it
might be for the Service of the abovesaid Per-
sons to divulge it with all convenient Speed;
that those who are disposed to employ
their Talents to the best Advantage,

and to shine in the Station of Life for which they seem to be born, may have time to adorn their upper Lip, by raising a quick-set Beard there in the form of Whiskers, that they may pass to all Intents and Purposes for true *Switzers*.

Indefatigable NESTOR,

‘GIVE me leave to thank you, in behalf
 ‘ of my self and my whole Family, for
 ‘ the daily Diversion and Improvement we
 ‘ receive from your Labours. At the same
 ‘ time I must acquaint you, that we have all
 ‘ of us taken a mighty Liking to your Lion.
 ‘ His Roarings are the Joy of my Heart ;
 ‘ and I have a little Boy, not three Years old,
 ‘ that talks of nothing else, and who, I hope,
 ‘ will be more afraid of him as he grows up.
 ‘ That your Animal may be kept in good
 ‘ Plight, and not Roar for want of Prey; I
 ‘ shall, out of my Esteem and Affection for
 ‘ you, contribute what I can towards his
 ‘ Sustenance; *Love me, Love my Lion*, says
 ‘ the Proverb. I will not pretend, at any
 ‘ time, to furnish out a full Meal for him;
 ‘ but I shall now and then send him a savou-
 ‘ ry Morsel, a Tid-Bit. You must know, I
 ‘ am but a kind of a Holiday Writer, and ne-
 ‘ ver could find in my Heart to set my Pen to
 ‘ a Work of above five or six Periods long.
 ‘ My Friends tell me my Performances are
 ‘ *little and pretty*. As they have no manner
 ‘ of Connexion one with the other, I write
 ‘ them upon loose Pieces of Paper, and throw
 ‘ them

‘ them into a Drawer by themselves; this
 ‘ Drawer I call the *Lion’s Pantry*. I give you
 ‘ my Word, I put nothing into it but what
 ‘ is clean and wholesome Nouriture. There-
 ‘ fore pray remember me to the Lion, and
 ‘ let him know, that I shall always pick and
 ‘ cull the *Pantry* for him; and there are
 ‘ Morfels in it, I can assure you, will make
 ‘ his Chaps to water.

I am, with the greatest Respect,

S I R,

*Your most Obedient Servant,
 and most Assiduous Reader.*

- I must ask Pardon of Mrs. *Dorothy Care*,
 that I have suffered her Billet to lie by me
 these three Weeks without taking the least
 Notice of it. But I believe the kind Warn-
 ing in it, to our Sex, will not be now too
 late.

Good Mr. IRONSIDE,

‘ I Have waited with Impatience for that
 ‘ same Unicorn, you promised should
 ‘ be erected for the Fair Sex. My Business
 ‘ is, before Winters comes on, to desire you
 ‘ would precaution your own Sex against
 ‘ being *Adamites*, by exposing their bare
 ‘ Breasts to the Rigor of the Season. It was
 ‘ this Practice amongst the Fellows, which
 ‘ at first encouraged our Sex to shew so much

‘ of their Necks. The downy Dock-leaves
 ‘ you speak of would make good Stomachers
 ‘ for the *Beaus*. In a Word, good NESTOR,
 ‘ so long as the Men take a Pride in shewing
 ‘ their hairy Skins, we may with a much bet-
 ‘ ter Grace set out our Snowy Chests to View;
 ‘ we are, we own, the weaker, but at the
 ‘ same time you must own much the more
 ‘ beautiful Sex.

I am, SIR,

Your Humble Reader,

Dorothy Care.

N^o 172. *Monday, September 28.*

Vitam excoluere per Artes.

Virg.

Mr. IRONSIDE,

I Have been a long time in Expectation of something from you on the Subject of Speech and Letters: I believe the World might be as agreeably entertain'd, on that Subject, as with any thing that ever came into the Lion's Mouth. For this End I send you the following Sketch. And am,

Yours,

Philogram.

‘ UPON taking a View of the several Species
 ‘ of living Creatures our Earth is stocked with,
 ‘ we may easily observe, that the lower Or-
 ders

‘ ders of them, such as Insects and Fishes, are
 ‘ wholly without a Power of making known
 ‘ their Wants and Calamities: Others, which
 ‘ are conversant with Man, have some few
 ‘ ways of expressing the Pleasure and Pain
 ‘ they undergo by certain Sounds and Ge-
 ‘ stures; but Man has articulate Sounds where-
 ‘ by to make known his inward Sentiments
 ‘ and Affections, tho’ his Organs of Speech
 ‘ are no other than what he has in common
 ‘ with many other less perfect Animals. But
 ‘ the use of Letters, as significative of these
 ‘ Sounds, is such an additional Improvement
 ‘ to them, that I know not whether we ought
 ‘ not to attribute the Invention of them to the
 ‘ Assistance of a Power more than Human.

‘ **THERE** is this great Difficulty which
 ‘ could not but attend the first Invention of
 ‘ Letters, to wit, That all the World must
 ‘ conspire in affixing steadily the same Signs
 ‘ to their Sounds, which affixing was at first
 ‘ as arbitrary as possible; there being no more
 ‘ Connexion between the Letters, and the
 ‘ Sounds they are expressive of, than there is
 ‘ between those Sounds and the Ideas of the
 ‘ Mind they immediately stand for: Notwith-
 ‘ standing which Difficulty, and the Variety
 ‘ of Languages, the *Powers* of the Letters in
 ‘ each are very nearly the same, being in all
 ‘ Places about Twenty Four.

‘ **BUT** be the Difficulty of the Invention
 ‘ as great as it will, the Use of it is manifest,
 ‘ particularly in the Advantage it has above
 ‘ the Method of conveying our Thoughts by
 ‘ Words

‘ Words or Sounds, because this way we are
 ‘ confined to narrow Limits of Place and
 ‘ Time ; whereas we may have occasion to
 ‘ correspond with a Friend at a distance, or
 ‘ a desire, upon a particular Occasion, to take
 ‘ the Opinion of an Honest Gentleman, who
 ‘ has been dead this thousand Years. Both
 ‘ which Defects are supplied by the Noble In-
 ‘ vention of Letters ; by this means we mate-
 ‘ rialize our Ideas, and make them as lasting
 ‘ as the Ink and Paper, their Vehicles. This
 ‘ making our Thoughts by *Art* visible to the
 ‘ Eye, which *Nature* had made intelligible
 ‘ only by the Ear, is next to the adding a sixth
 ‘ Sense, as it is a Supply in case of the De-
 ‘ fect of one of the five *Nature* gave us, name-
 ‘ ly Hearing, by making the Voice become
 ‘ visible.

‘ HAVE any of any School of Painters got-
 ‘ ten themselves an Immortal Name, by draw-
 ‘ ing a Face, or Painting a Landskip, by lay-
 ‘ ing down on a piece of Canvas a Represen-
 ‘ tation only of what Nature had given them
 ‘ Originals ? What Applauses will he merit,
 ‘ who first made his Ideas set to his Pencil,
 ‘ and drew to his Eye the Picture of his Mind !
 ‘ Painting represents the outward Man, or
 ‘ the Shell ; but can’t reach the Inhabitant
 ‘ within, or the very Organ by which the In-
 ‘ habitant is revealed : This Art may reach to
 ‘ represent a Face, but can’t paint a Voice.
 ‘ *Kneller* can draw the Majesty of the Queen’s
 ‘ Person ; *Kneller* can draw her Sublime Air,
 ‘ and paint her bestowing Hand as fair as the
 ‘ Lilly ;

‘ Lilly; but the Historian must inform Posterity, that she has one peculiar Excellence above all other Morals, that her Ordinary Speech is more charming than Song.

‘ BUT to drop the Comparison of this Art with any other, let us see the Benefit of it in itself. By it the *English* Trader may hold Commerce with the Inhabitants of the *East* or *West-Indies*, without the Trouble of a Journey. Astronomers seated at the distance of the Earth’s Diameter asunder, may confer; what is spoken and thought at one Pole, may be heard and understood at the other. The Philosopher who wish’d he had a Window to his Breast, to lay open his Heart to all the World, might as easily have reveal’d the Secrets of it this way, and as easily left them to the World, as wish’d it. This silent Art of speaking by Letters, remedies the Inconvenience arising from distance of Time, as well as Place, and is much beyond that of the *Egyptians*, who cou’d preserve their Mumies for ten Centuries. This preserves the Works of the Immortal part of Men, so as to make the Dead still useful to the Living. To this we are beholden for the Works of *Demosthenes* and *Cicero*, of *Seneca* and *Plato*; without it the *Iliad* of *Homer*, and *Æneid* of *Virgil* had died with their Authors, but by this Art those excellent Men still speak to us.

‘ I shall be glad if what I have said on this Art, give you any new Hints for the more useful or agreeable Application of it.

I am, S I R, &c.

I shall conclude this Paper with an Extract from a Poem in Praise of the Invention of Writing, *Written by a Lady*. I am glad of such a Quotation, which is not only another Instance how much the World is obliged to this Art, but also a shining Example of what I have heretofore asserted, that the Fair Sex are as capable as Men of the liberal Sciences; and indeed there is no very good Argument against the frequent Instruction of Females of Condition this way, but that they are but too too powerful without that Advantage. The Verses of the charming Author, are as follow.

*Blest be the Man! his Memory at least,
Who found the Art, thus to unfold his Breast;
And taught succeeding Times an easy way
Their secret Thoughts by Letters to convey;
To baffle Absence, and secure Delight,
Which, till that Time, was limited to Sight.
The parting Farewel spoke, the last Adieu,
The less'ning Distance past, then loss of View,
The Friend was gone, which some kind Moments gave,
And Absence separated, like the Grave.
When for a Wife the youthful Patriarch sent,
The Camels, Jewels, and the Steward went,
And wealthy Equipage, tho' grave and slow,
But not a Line, that might the Lover show.
The Ring and Bracelets woo'd her Hands and Arms.
But had she known of melting Words, the Charms
That under secret Seals in Ambush lie,
To catch the Soul, when drawn into the Eye,
The Fair Assyrian had not took his Guide,
Nor her soft Heart in Chains of Pearl been ty'd.*

Tuesday,

N^o 173. Tuesday, September 29.

————— *Nec sera comantem*
Narcissum, aut flexi tacuissem Vimen Acanthi,
Pallentesque Hederas, & amantes littora myrtos. Virg.

I Lately took a particular Friend of mine to my House in the Country, not without some Apprehension that it could afford little Entertainment to a Man of his Polite Taste, particularly in Architecture and Gardening, who had so long been conversant with all that is beautiful and great in either. But it was a pleasant Surprise to me, to hear him often declare, he had found in my little Retirement that Beauty which he always thought wanting in the most celebrated Seats, or if you will Villa's, of the Nation. This he described to me in those Verses with which *Martial* begins one of his Epigrams:

Baiana nostri Villa, Basse, Faustini,
Non otiosis ordinata myrtetis,
Viduaque platano, tonsilique buxeto,
Ingrata lati spatia detinet campi,
Sed rure vero, barbaroque lætatur.

THERE is certainly something in the amiable Simplicity of unadorned Nature, that spreads over the Mind a more noble sort of Tranquility, and a loftier Sensation of Pleasure,

ture, than can be raised from the nicer Scenes of Art.

THIS was the Taste of the Ancients in their Gardens, as we may discover from the Descriptions are extant of them. The two most celebrated Wits of the World have each of them left us a particular Picture of a Garden; wherein those great Masters, being wholly unconfined, and Painting at Pleasure, may be thought to have given a full Idea of what they esteemed most excellent in this way. These (one may observe) consist intirely of the useful Part of Horticulture, Fruit-Trees, Herbs, Water, &c. The Pieces I am speaking of are *Virgil's* Account of the Garden of the old *Corycian*, and *Homer's* of that of *Alcinous*. The first of these is already known to the *English* Reader, by the excellent Versions of Mr. *Dryden* and Mr. *Addison*. The other having never been attempted in our Language with any Elegance, and being the most beautiful Plan of this sort that can be imagined, I shall here present the Reader with a Translation of it.

The Gardens of *Alcinous*, from *Homer's*
Odys. 7.

Close to the Gates a spacious Garden lies,
From Storms defended and inclement Skies:
Four Acres was th' allotted Space of Ground,
Fenc'd with a green Enclosure all around.
Tall thriving Trees confest the fruitful Mold;
The red'ning Apple ripens here to Gold,
Here the blue Figg with luscious Juice o'erflows,
With deeper Red the full Pomegranate glows,

The

*The Branch here bends beneath the weighty Pear,
And verdant Olives flourish round the Year.
The balmy Spirit of the Western Gale
Eternal breathes on Fruits untaught to fail:
Each dropping Pear a following Pear supplies,
On Apples Apples, Figs on Figs arise:
The same mild Season gives the Blooms to blow,
The Buds to harden, and the Fruits to grow.*

*Here order'd Vines in equal Ranks appear
With all th' United Labours of the Year,
Some to unload the fertile Branches run,
Some dry the black'ning Clusters in the Sun,
Others to tread the liquid Harvest join,
The groaning Presses foam with Floods of Wine.
Here are the Vines in early Flow'r descry'd,
Here Grapes discolour'd on the Sunny Side,
And there in Autumn's richest Purple dy'd.*

*Beds of all various Herbs, for ever green,
In beauteous Order terminate the Scene.*

*Two plenteous Fountains the whole Prospect crown'd;
This thro' the Gardens leads its Streams around,
Visits each Plant, and waters all the Ground:
While that in Pipes beneath the Palace flows,
And thence its Current on the Town bestows;
To various Use their various Streams they bring,
The People one, and one supplies the King.*

SIR *William Temple* has remark'd, that this Description contains all the justest Rules and Provisions which can go toward composing the best Gardens. Its Extent was four *Acres*, which, in those times of Simplicity, was look'd upon as a large one, even for a Prince: It was inclos'd all round for Defence; and for Convenience

veniency join'd close to the Gates of the Palace.

HE mentions next the Trees, which were Standards, and suffered to grow to their full height. The fine Description of the Fruits that never failed, and the eternal Zephyrs, is only a more noble and poetical way of expressing the continual Succession of one Fruit after another throughout the Year.

THE *Vineyard* seems to have been a Plantation distinct from the *Garden*; as also the *Beds of Greens* mentioned afterwards at the Extremity of the Inclosure, in the Nature and usual Place of our *Kitchen Gardens*.

THE two Fountains are disposed very remarkably. They rose within the Inclosure, and were brought by Conduits or Ducts, one of them to Water all Parts of the Gardens, and the other underneath the Palace into the Town, for the Service of the Publick.

HOW contrary to this Simplicity is the modern Practice of Gardening; we seem to make it our Study to recede from Nature, not only in the various Tonsure of Greens into the most regular and formal Shapes, but even in monstrous Attempts beyond the reach of the Art it self: We run into Sculpture, and are yet better pleas'd to have our Trees in the most awkward Figures of Men and Animals, than in the most regular of their own.

*Hinc & nexilibus videas e frondibus hortos,
Implexos late muros, & Mœnia circum
Porrigere, & latas e ramis surgere turres;
Deflexam & Myrtum in Puppis, atque ærea rostra:*

In buxisque undare fretum, atque e rore rudentes.

Parte alià frondere suis tentoria Castris;

Scutaque spiculaque & jaculantia citria Vallos.

I believe it is no wrong Observation, that Persons of Genius, and those who are most capable of Art, are always most found of Nature, as such are chiefly sensible, that all Art consists in the Imitation and Study of Nature. On the contrary, People of the common Level of Understanding are principally delighted with the little Niceties and Fantastical Operations of Art, and constantly think that *finest* which is least Natural. A Citizen is no sooner Proprietor of a couple of Yews, but he entertains Thoughts of erecting them into Giants, like those of *Guild-hall*. I know an eminent Cook, who beautified his Country Seat with a Coronation Dinner in Greens, where you see the Champion flourishing on Horseback at one end of the Table, and the Queen in perpetual Youth at the other.

FOR the benefit of all my loving Countrymen of this curious Taste, I shall here publish a Catalogue of Greens to be disposed of by an eminent Town-Gardiner, who has lately applied to me upon this Head. He represents, that for the Advancement of a politer sort of Ornament in the Villa's and Gardens adjacent to this great City, and in order to distinguish those Places from the meer barbarous Countries of gross Nature, the World stands much in need of a Virtuoso Gardiner who has a Turn to Sculpture, and is thereby capable of improving upon the Ancients of his Professi-

on in the Imagery of Ever-greens. My Correspondent is arrived to such Perfection, that he cuts Family Pieces of Men, Women or Children. Any Ladies that please may have their own Effigies in Myrtle, or their Husbands in Horn-beam. He is a Puritan Wag, and never fails, when he shows his Garden, to repeat that Passage in the Psalms, *Thy Wife shall be as the fruitful Vine, and thy Children as Olive Branches round thy Table*. I shall proceed to his Catalogue, as he sent it for my Recommendation.

ADAM and *Eve* in Yew; *Adam* a little shatter'd by the fall of the Tree of Knowledge in the great Storm; *Eve* and the Serpent very flourishing.

THE Tower of *Babel*, not yet finished.

St. *GEORGE* in Box; his Arm scarce long enough, but will be in a Condition to stick the Dragon by next *April*.

A green *Dragon* of the same, with a Tail of Ground Ivy for the present.

N. B. *These two not to be Sold separately*.

EDWARD the *Black Prince* in Cypress.

A *Laurustine* Bear in Blossom, with a Juniper Hunter in Berries.

A Pair of Giants, *stunted*, to be sold cheap.

A Queen *Elizabeth* in *Phylyræa*, a little inclining to the Green Sickness, but of full growth.

ANOTHER Queen *Elizabeth* in Myrtle, which was very forward, but Miscarried by being too near a *Savine*.

AN old Maid of Honour in Wormwood.

A

A topping *Ben Johnson* in Lawrel.

DIVERS eminent Modern Poets in Bays, somewhat blighted, to be disposed of a Pennyworth.

A Quick-set Hog shot up into a Porcupine, by its being forgot a Week in rainy Weather.

A Lavender Pigg with Sage growing in his Belly.

NOAH's Ark in Holly, standing on the Mount; the Ribs a little damaged for want of Water.

A Pair of Maidenheads in Firr, in great forwardness.

N^o 174. *Wednesday, September 30.*

Salve Pæoniæ largitor nobilis undæ,

Salve Dardanii gloria magna soli:

Publica morborum requies, commune medentum

Auxilium, præsens numen, inempta salus. Claud.

IN publick Assemblies there are generally some envious splenetick People, who having no Merit to procure Respect, are ever finding Fault with those who distinguish themselves. This happens more frequently at those Places, where this Season of the Year calls Persons of both Sexes together for their Health. I have had Rheams of Letters from *Bath, Epsom, Tunbridge*, and *St. Wenefride's Well*; wherein I could observe that a Concern for Honour and Virtue proceeded from the want

of Health, Beauty, or fine Petticoats. A Lady, who subscribes her self *Eudofia*, writes a bitter Invektive against *Chloe* the celebrated Dancer; but I have learned, that she herself is lame of the Rheumatism. Another, who hath been a Prude, ever since she had the Small-Pox, is very bitter against the Coquets, and their indecent Airs; and a sharp Wit hath sent me a keen Epigram against the Gamesters; but I took Notice, that it was not written upon gilt Paper.

HAVING had several strange Pieces of Intelligence from the *Bath*; as, that more Constitutions were weakened there than repaired; that the Physicians were not more busie in destroying old Bodies, than the young Fellows in producing new ones; with several other Common-Place Strokes of Raillery: I resolved to look upon the Company there, as I returned lately out of the Country. It was a great Jest to see such a grave ancient Person, as I am, in an embroidered Cap and Brocade Night-Gown: But, besides the Necessity of complying with the Custom, by these Means I past undiscovered, and had a Pleasure, I much covet, of being alone in a Crowd. It was no little Satisfaction to me, to view the mixt Mass of all Ages and Dignities upon a Level, partaking of the same Benefits of Nature, and mingling in the same Diversions. I sometimes entertained my self, by observing what a large Quantity of Ground was hidden under spreading Petticoats; and what little Patches of Earth were covered by Creatures

tures with Wiggs and Hats, in Comparison to those Spaces that were distinguished by Flounces, Fringes, and Falbullows. From the Earth, my Fancy was diverted to the Water, where the Distinctions of Sex and Condition are concealed; and where the mixture of Men and Women hath given Occasion to some Persons of light Imaginations, to compare *the Bath* to the Fountain of *Salmacis*, which had the Virtue of joining the two Sexes in one Person; or to the Stream wherein *Diana* washed her self, when she bestowed Horns on *Aëteon*: But by one of a serious Turn, these healthful Springs may rather be likened to the *Stygian* Waters, which made the Body invulnerable; or to the River of *Lethe*, one Draught of which washed away all Pain and Anguish in a Moment.

A S I have taken upon me a Name which ought to abound in Humanity, I shall make it my Business, in this Paper, to cool and assuage those malignant Humours of Scandal which run throughout the Body of Men and Women there assembled; and, after the manner of those famous Waters, I will endeavour to wipe away all foul Aspersions, to restore Bloom and Vigour to decayed Reputations, and set injured Characters upon their Legs again. I shall herein regulate my self, by the Example of that good Man, who used to talk with Charity of the greatest Villains; nor was ever heard to speak with Rigor of any one, till he affirmed with Severity that *Nero* was a Wag.

HAVING thus prepared thee, gentle Reader, I shall not scruple to entertain thee with a Panegyric upon the Gamesters. I have indeed spoken incautiously heretofore of that Class of Men; but I should forfeit all Titles to Modesty, should I any longer oppose the common Sense of the Nobility and Gentry of the Kingdom. Were we to treat all those with Contempt, who are the Favourites of blind Chance, few Levees would be crowded. It is not the height of Sphere in which a Man moves, but the Manner in which he acts, that makes him truly valuable. When therefore I see a Gentleman lose his Money with Serenity, I recognize in him all the great Qualities of a Philosopher. If he storms, and invokes the Gods, I lament that he is not placed at the Head of a Regiment. The great Gravity of the Countenances round *Harrison's* Table, puts me in mind of a Council-board; and the indefatigable Application of the several Combatants, furnishes me with an unanswerable Reply to those gloomy Mortals, who censure this as an Idle Life. In short, I cannot see any Reason why Gentlemen should be hindered from raising a Fortune by those Means, which at the same time enlarge their Minds. Nor shall I speak dishonourably of some little Artifice and Fineness used upon these Occasions, since the World is so just to any Man who is become a Possessor of Wealth, as not to respect him the less, for the Methods he took to come by it.

UPON

UPON Considerations like these, the Ladies share in these Diversions. I must own, that I receive great Pleasure in seeing my pretty Country-women engaged in an Amusement, which puts them upon producing so many Virtues. Hereby they acquire such a Boldness, as raises them nearer that Lordly Creature, Man. Here they are taught such Contempt of Wealth, as may dilate their Minds, and prevent many Curtain Lectures. Their natural Tenderneſs is a Weakness here easily unlearned; and I find my Soul exalted, when I see a Lady sacrifice the Fortune of her Children with as little Concern as a *Spartan* or a *Roman* Dame. In such a Place as the *Bath* I might urge, that the Casting of a Die is indeed the properest Exercise for a fair Creature to assist the Waters; not to mention the Opportunity it gives to display the well-turned Arm, and to scatter to Advantage the Rays of the Diamond. But I am satisfied, that the Gamester Ladies have surmounted the little Vanities of showing their Beauty, which they so far neglect, as to throw their Features into violent Distortions, and wear away their Lillies and Roses in tedious Watching, and restless Elucubrations. I should rather observe, that their chief Passion is an Emulation of Manhood, which I am the more inclined to believe, because, in spite of all Slanders, their Confidence in their Virtue keeps them up all Night, with the most dangerous Creatures of our Sex. It is to me an undoubted Argument of their Ease of Conscience, that they go directly from

Church to the Gaming Table; and so highly reverence Play, as to make it a great part of their Exercise on *Sundays*.

THE *Water Poets* are an innocent Tribe, and deserve all the Encouragement I can give them. It would be barbarous to treat those Authors with Bitterness, who never write out of the *Season*, and whose Works are useful with the Waters. I made it my Care therefore to sweeten some four Critics who were sharp upon a few Sonnets, which, to speak in the Language of the *Bath*, were meer *Alkalies*. I took particular Notice of a *Lenitive Electuary*, which was wrapt up in some of these gentle Compositions; and am persuaded, that the pretty one who took it, was as much relieved by the Cover as the Medicine. There are a hundred general Topicks put into Metre every Year, *viz.* *The Lover is inflamed in the Water*; or, *he finds his Death where he sought his Cure*; or, *the Nymph feels her own Pain, without regarding her Lover's Torment*. These being for ever repeated, have at present a very good Effect; and a Physician assures me, that *Laudanum* is almost out of Doors at the *Bath*.

THE Physicians here are very numerous, but very good-natured. To these charitable Gentlemen I owe, that I was cured, in a Week's time, of more Distempers than I ever had in my Life. They had almost killed me with their Humanity. A Learned Fellow-Lodger prescribed me *a little something*, at my first coming, to keep up my Spirits; and the next Morning

Morning I was so much enlivened by another, as to have an Order to Bleed for my Fever. I was proffered a Cure for the Scurvy by a third, and had a Recipe for the Dropsie *gratis* before Night. In vain did I modestly decline these Favours; for I was awakened early in the Morning by an Apothecary, who brought me a Dose from one of my Well-wishers. I payed him, but withal told him severely, that I never took Physick. My Landlord hereupon took me for an *Italian* Merchant, that suspected Poison; but the Apothecary, with more Sagacity, guessed that I was certainly a Physician my self.

THE Oppression of Civilities which I underwent, from the Sage Gentlemen of the *Faculty*, frightened me from making such Enquiries into the Nature of these Springs, as would have furnished out a nobler Entertainment upon the *Bath*, than the loose Hints I have now thrown together. Every Man who hath received any Benefit there, ought, in proportion to his Abilities, to improve, adorn, or recommend it. A Prince should found Hospitals, the Noble and the Rich may diffuse their ample Charities. Mr. *Tompion* gave a Clock to the *Bath*, and I *Nestor Ironside* have dedicated a *Guardian*.

Thursday,

 N^o 175. *Thursday, October 1.*

Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo. Virg.

THE noble Genius of *Virgil* would have been exalted still higher, had he had the Advantage of Christianity. According to our Scheme of Thoughts, if the Word *Memores* in the Front of this Paper were changed into *Similes*, it would have very much heightened the Motive of Virtue in the Reader. To do good and great Actions meerly to gain Reputation, and transmit a Name to Posterity, is a vitious Appetite, and will certainly ensnare the Person who is moved by it, on some occasions, into a false Delicacy for fear of Reproach; and at others, into Artifices which taint his Mind, tho' they may enlarge his Fame. The Endeavour to make Men like you, rather than mindful of you, is not subject to such ill Consequences, but moves with its Reward in its own Hand; or, to speak more in the Language of the World, a Man with this Aim is as happy as a Man in an Office, that is paid out of Mony under his own Direction. There have been very worthy Examples of this Self-denying Virtue among us in this Nation; but I do not know of a nobler Example in this Taste, than that of the late Mr. *Boyle*, who founded a Lecture for the *Proof of the Christian Religion, against Atheists, and other notorious Infidels.* The Reward of perpetual

petual Memory amongst Men, which might possibly have some Share in this Sublime Charity, was certainly considered but in a second degree; and Mr. *Boyle* had it in his Thoughts to make Men imitate him, as well as speak of him, when he was gone off our Stage.

THE World has received much Good from this Institution, and the noble Emulation of great Men on the inexhaustible Subject of the Essence, Praise and Attributes of the Deity, has had the natural Effect, which always attends this kind of Contemplation, to wit, that he who writes upon it with a sincere Heart, very eminently excels whatever he has produced on any other Occasion. It eminently appears from this Observation, that a particular Blessing has been bestowed on this Lecture. This great Philosopher provided for us, after his Death, an Employment not only suitable to our Condition, but to his own at the same time. It is a Sight fit for Angels, to behold the Benefactor and the Persons obliged, not only in different Places, but under different Beings, employed in the same Work.

THIS worthy Man studied Nature, and traced all her Ways to those of her unsearchable Author. When he had found him, he gave this Bounty for the Praise and Contemplation of him. To one who has not ran through regular Courses of Philosophical Enquiries, (the other Learned Labourers in this Vineyard will forgive me) I cannot but principally recommend the Book, Entitled,
Physico-

Physico-Theology. Printed for *Willian Innys* in *St. Paul's Church-Yard*.

IT is written by Mr. *Derham*, Rector of *Upminster* in *Essex*. I do not know what *Upminster* is worth; but I am sure, had I the best Living in *England* to give, I should not think the Addition of it sufficient Acknowledgment of his Merit, especially since I am informed, that the Simplicity of his Life is agreeable to his useful Knowledge and Learning.

THE Praise of this Author seems to me to be the great Perspicuity and Method which render his Work intelligible and pleasing to People who are Strangers to such Enquiries, as well as to the Learned. It is a very desirable Entertainment to find Occasions of Pleasure and Satisfaction in those Objects and Occurrences which we have all our Lives, perhaps, over-looked, or beheld, without exciting any Reflections that made us wiser or happier. The plain good Man does, as with a Wand, show us the Wonders and Spectacles in all Nature, and the particular Capacities with which all living Creatures are endowed for their several Ways of Life; how the Organs of Creatures are made according to their different Paths in which they are to move, and provide for themselves and Families; whether they are to creep, to leap, to swim, to fly, to walk; whether they are to inhabit the Bowels of the Earth, the Coverts of the Wood, the muddy or clear Streams, to howl in Forests or converse in Cities. All Life, from that of a Worm to that of a Man, is explained;

plained ; and, as I may so speak, the wondrous Works of the Creation, by the Observations of this Author, lie before us as Objects that create Love and Admiration, which, without such Explications, strike us only with Confusion and Amusement.

THE Man who, before he had this Book, dressed and went out to loiter and gather up something to entertain a Mind too vacant, no longer needs News to give himself Amusement ; the very Air he breaths suggests abundant Matter for his Thoughts. He will consider that he has begun another Day of Life, to breath with all other Creatures in the same Mass of Air, Vapours, and Clouds, which surround our Globe ; and of all the numberless Animals that live by receiving momentary Life, or rather momentary and new Reprieves from Death, at their Nostrils, he only stands Erect, Conscious and Contemplative of the Benefaction.

A Man who is not capable of Philosophical Reflections from his own Education, will be as much pleased as with any other good News, which he has before heard : The Agitations of the Winds, and the falling of the Rains, are what are absolutely necessary for his Welfare and Accommodation. This kind of Reader will behold the *Light* with a new Joy, and a sort of reasonable Rapture. He will be led from the Appendages which attend and surround our Globe, to the Contemplation of the Globe it self, the Distribution of the Earth and Waters, the Variety
and

and Quantity of all Things provided for the Uses of our World: Then will his Contemplation, which was too diffused and general, be let down to Particulars, to different Soils and Moulds, to the Beds of Minerals and Stones, into Caverns and Vulcanos, and then again to the tops of Mountains, and then again to the Fields and Valleys.

WHEN the Author has acquainted his Reader with the Place of his Abode, he informs him of his Capacity to make himself easy and happy in it, by the Gift of Senses, by their ready Organs, by showing him the Structure of those Organs; the Disposition of the Ear for the Receipt of Sounds, of the Nostril for Smell, the Tongue for Taste, the Nerves to avoid Harms by our Feeling, and the Eye by our Sight.

THE whole Work is concluded (as it is the Sum of Fifteen Sermons in proof of the Existence of the Deity) with Reflections which apply each distinct part of it to an End, for which the Author may hope to be rewarded with an Immortality much more to be desired, than that of remaining in Eternal Honour among all the Sons of Men.

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